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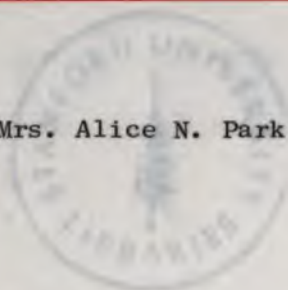


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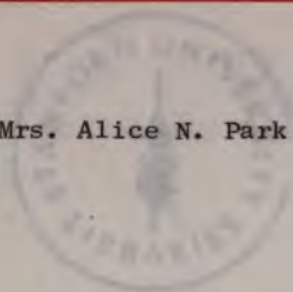


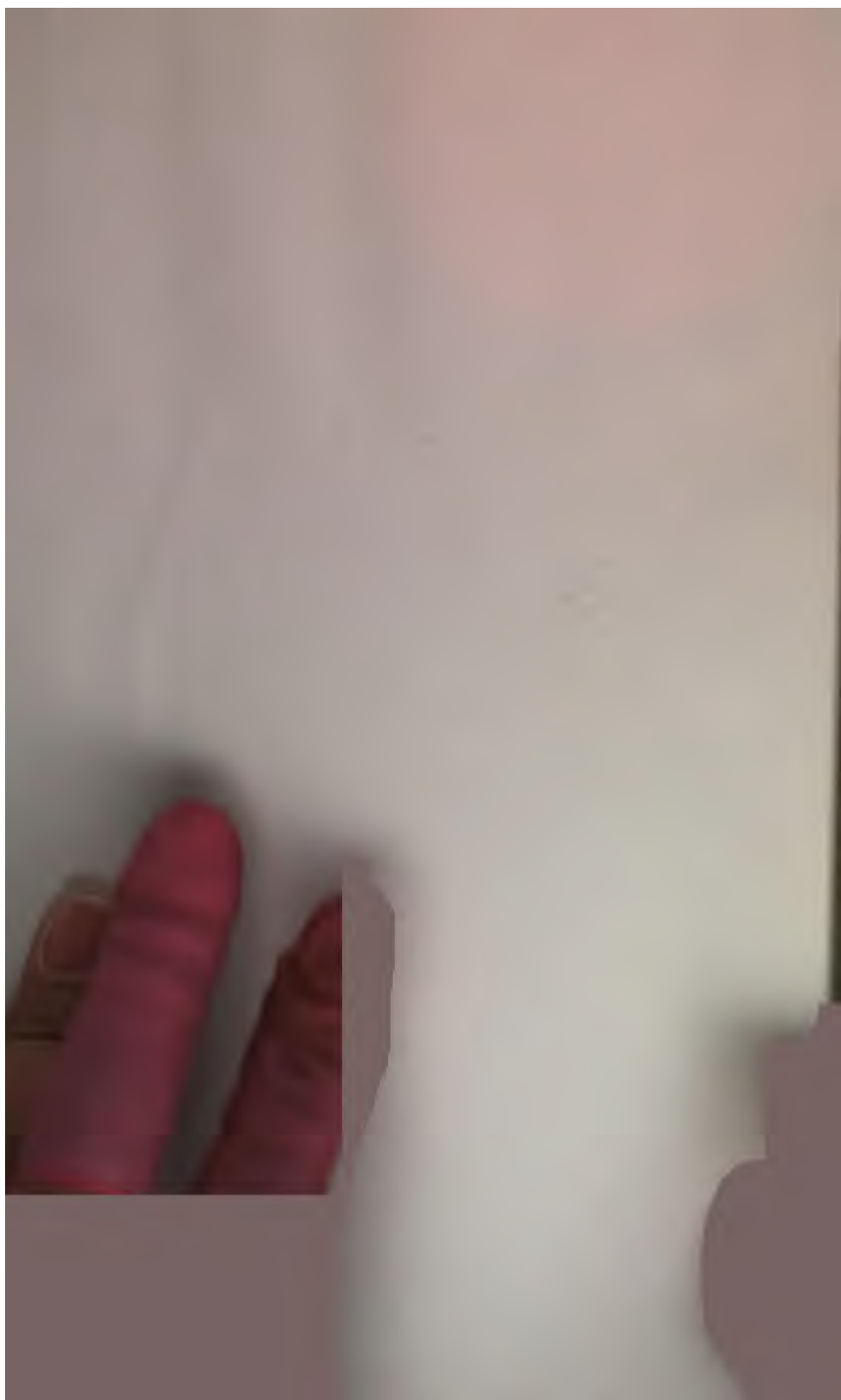
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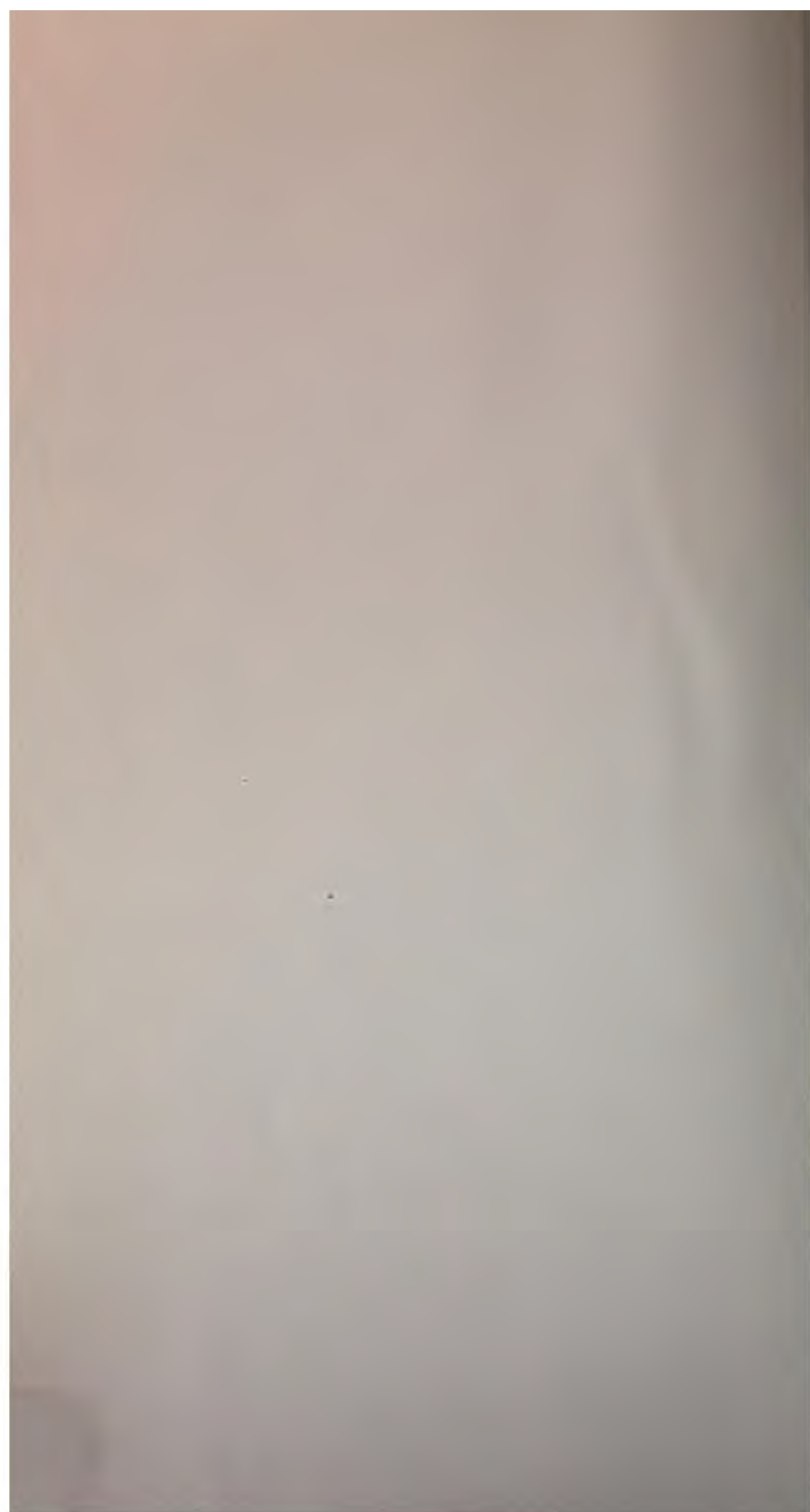
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THE HUMANE REVIEW⁸

MAY 1 1901

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CONTENTS.

WAR AT THE CENTURY'S
END. John M. Robertson.

THE MERCILESSNESS OF
SPORT. Lady Florence Dixie.

SPURIOUS REMEDIES FOR
CRIME.

Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D.

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Edith Carrington.

NOTES, REVIEWS, &c.

London :

Ernest Bell, 6, York Street,
Covent Garden.

Sport and War Ed. 82

CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
WAR AT THE CENTURY'S END. By John M. Robertson	1
THE MERCILESSNESS OF "SPORT." By Lady Florence Dixie	15
SPURIOUS REMEDIES FOR CRIME. By the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D.	26
THE ANNALS OF A SLUM-FAMILY. By "Commercial Traveller"	42
THE GAME LAWS. By J. Connell	49
THE HUMANIZATION OF THE BOARD SCHOOLS. By Charles Sheridan Jones	64
CAGED BIRDS. By Edith Carrington	68

NOTES AND REVIEWS.

NOTES.—"Sport and War"	82
REVIEWS.— <i>Nature in Downland; Memories of the Months; The Biography of a Grizzly; The Wild Animal Play for Children; Every Living Creature; Handbooks to the Great Public Schools; Poems of P. H. Savage; Leo Tolstoy's Writings; The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts; Billy and Hans</i>	86

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WAR AT THE CENTURY'S END.

I.

FOUR or five years ago the late Edward Bellamy, elaborating the picture of a better future which he had sketched in his "Looking Backward," inserted in his "Equality" a very optimistic account of modern warfare. Compared with the struggle for existence going on day by day in every civilised country, the practice of war, he writes, is "comparatively humane and altogether petty" as viewed by the man of the future, who has abolished alike the industrial and the physical war. "There were no women," says the retrospectively omniscient Dr. Leete, "no children, no old people, no cripples, allowed to go to war. The wounded were carefully looked after, whether by friends or foes, and nursed back to health. The rules of war forbade unnecessary cruelty, and at any time an honourable surrender, with good treatment, was open to the beaten. The battles generally took place on the frontiers, out of sight and sound of the masses. Wars were also very rare, often not one in a generation. Finally, the sentiments appealed to in international conflicts were, as a rule, those of courage and self-devotion. Often, indeed generally, the causes of the

A

wars were unworthy of the sentiments of self-devotion which the fighting called out, but the sentiments themselves belonged to the noblest order." And after drawing a lurid picture of the "economic struggle for existence," the doctrinaire of the future declares that his generation are even "able to sympathise with the declaration of some of the professional soldiers of your age that occasional wars, with their appeals, however false, to the generous and self-devoting passions, were absolutely necessary to prevent your society, otherwise so utterly sordid and selfish in its ideals, from dissolving into absolute putrescence."

Why Bellamy, who was so sensitive to the stress of the normal struggle and so convinced that it evoked only base instincts, should feel so airily about systematic slaughter, is not instantly clear. His very picture of the social trouble runs to a vision of "wounded, broken, and dying victims lying underfoot everywhere and shocking the eye in all directions." The argument seems to be that if such a spectacle be created of malice aforethought, at extreme personal risk, it must be ennobling to the operators, whereas its occurrence by way of social chance-medley can only degrade them—a fantastic theorem. But the explanation comes out in his subsequent fling at "the promoters of the universal peace societies," some of whom, apparently, had not leant to the social ideals of "Looking Backward." On their account, all workers for peace are flouted, all war is figured as a spiritual purification, the soldier is paraded as the saint of his period, and the very statistics of war are falsified.

To-day, the contrast between Bellamy's fancy picture and the latest records is too grievous to admit of any impulse to treat his tropes in his own fashion. The simple and stunning fact is that every statement made by him on the subject of war in the year 1897 is negated by history in the year 1900, in so far as it was not already contradicted by the mere list of the wars of the century, at which he does not seem ever to have glanced. Against his gross delusion that war is a purgation of base and selfish passions, we have simply to set the bare story of the deeds of the allied forces in China. Indeed, some of us who always repelled the sophistries of the war-

mongers may consent to save a fraction of Bellamy's credit by avowing that the reality far exceeds in horror any forecast we could have ventured on. And a sobered Bellamite might do worse than substitute for the theorem of the master this other: that the industrial warfare of the modern world has led the nations further than ever from the possibility of making war nobly.

II.

A year or two ago, in the absence of any published testimony as to recent warfare, the apologists of militarism were in a manner free to sentimentalise about its beneficence, its blessed effects on character, its value as a training for civic life. The countless tales of stupid cruelty wreaked by officers on men in the continental services, of which some scores had been collected by M. Hamon in his "*Psychologie du Militaire Professionnel*," were naturally ignored; and the testimonies of French politicians to the indisciplinatory and disintegrating influence of *their* army system were duly turned to the advantage of the German army. Frenchmen, so ran the obscure argument, are constitutionally averse to discipline: therefore the discipline of which they thus stand in special need can only make them more undisciplined; whereas the German takes to discipline naturally, and his resulting merits are consequently to be put to the credit of drill. As Englishmen were apparently supposed, in the terms of the argument, to need discipline, it was not very clear whether they were expected to develop thereunder the French or the German symptoms.

In view of the war in China, we are now able to test the militarist thesis by the pressure of facts—a pressure which it is to be hoped may be more perceptible to the publicists concerned than has been that of logic. In that war there have been employed troops of the three foremost military powers of Europe—Germany, Russia, and France—and withal troops from England and the United States, which thus far have not adopted the continental system of conscription. The interesting result is that the highly drilled troops of the Continent are found to take the palm for callous cruelty and for disorder of every description, save perhaps in the matter of loot, in which

regard the commercial habits of the British and American troops are said to have given them the advantage. It is just possible that the facts might be differently put by a historian on the continental side; but in the absence, thus far, of any available narrative of similar extent and circumstantiality, we are left to draw our conclusions from the memorable record contributed by Dr. E. J. Dillon to the *Contemporary Review* of January last under the title of "The Chinese Wolf and the European Lamb." By way of keeping the main facts under view I shall transcribe a few of the leading items of Dr. Dillon's testimony:—

"No quarter was given [by continental troops] to Chinese regular soldiers; in battles and skirmishes no prisoners were taken, and after easily-gained victories wounded enemies were put to death like venomous reptiles; nay, thousands of defenceless and well-meaning Chinamen were slaughtered in cold blood. . . . In Tungtschau and Peking, Chinese girls and women of all ages were raped first and bayoneted afterwards. . . ."

To this passage Dr. Dillon adds a foot-note:—

"The British forces took prisoners when possible, and looked after the wounded. . . . Down to the close of October, none of the other European troops approved the principle or imitated the practice, and some foreign officers accused the British of carrying humanity to the point of dangerous sentimentality."*

Of the practice of general massacre, Dr. Dillon repeatedly speaks:—

"Men, women, boys, girls, and babes in arms had been shot, stabbed, and hewn to bits in this labyrinth of streets" [near Tientsin] (p. 13).

"A father and a boy of eight had been shot down in the name of civilization while holding each other's hands and praying for mercy. And there they lay, hand still holding hand, while a brown dog was slowly eating one of the arms of the father" [at Koh So] (p. 14).

"I speak as an eye-witness when I say, for example, that over and over again the gutters of the city of Tungtschau ran red with blood; and I sometimes found it impossible to go my way without getting my boots bespattered with human gore. . . . No native's life or property was safe for an hour. . . . The thirst of blood had made men mad" (p. 17).

As regards outrages on women, Dr. Dillon speaks of rapes by officers (nationality not stated) who had their victims

* Article cited, *Contemporary Review*, January, 1901, p. 2.

bayoneted; he tells of cases in which women were raped to death; and he gives particulars of an episode in which some French soldiers, planning to violate some girls, shot their father and mother, but were prevented from accomplishing their end.

Atrocities of this class appear to be credited by him to the allied troops in general. As regards cold-blooded massacre, he appears to give the palm to the Russians, telling in particular how 300 unarmed and non-combatant coolies at Taku, seeking to get from the ships to the shore, were by them shot down for sport, to a man. Dr. Dillon cites Chinese testimony which bears out his own. "They and theirs, they declared, had been shot in skirmishes, killed in sport, and bayoneted in play" (p. 11). "The Russians killed every Chinaman they met. Of them we are in great fear" (p. 10). But he cites German testimony which goes to show that the army of the Kaiser was not far behind that of the Tsar in the work of massacre, albeit its performances in that line were carried out systematically, and not at random. Dr. Dillon cites in illustration a letter from a German soldier, dated Pekin, 26th August, 1900, to which, so far as I am aware, no contradiction has been offered, officially or unofficially. The following are the principal passages:—

"To-day, we were suddenly torn away from our mid-day meal. We had to hasten to the relief of German troops. We took 76 Chinese prisoners, tied them together by their pigtails . . . then some ruffianly fellows belaboured them mercilessly till the blood spurted forth from the whole body. . . . After the meal they were all sentenced to be shot. . . . Eight very young Chinese remained alive, the other 68 were shot, and I had orders to take part in the shooting . . . four men to one Chinaman; and at the word 'Present,' there was a universal wail for mercy. . . . Nothing further was heard but moaning and groaning, for each man was bored through by four bullets, and they fell backwards into the grave which they themselves had been made to dig before."* (Dillon, p. 18.)

As to the looting, Dr. Dillon's testimony is more than borne out by the letters of newspaper correspondents, which tell how the practice was generally joined in by the European civilians,

* Given in *Bremer Bürger Zeitung*, 31st October; *Frankfurter Zeitung*, 2nd November, and on 9th November, 1900. See also letters cited pp. 24, 25, given in *Krefelder Zeitung*, 8th November, and *Frankf. Zeit.*, 9th November, 1900.

male and female, at Peking and elsewhere; looting parties having become recognised amusements, conducted in the manner of picnics at home. The invasion of China by the allied forces, in short, has been a carnival of rapine and massacre, not to be matched in European history since the seventeenth century. Beside the deeds of the champions of Western civilization, the crimes of the half-civilized Boxers become almost insignificant. And the crowning lesson of the whole hideous episode is that the troops and the officers of the most highly militarised nations were the worst offenders.

III.

As against this staggering record it will probably be argued on the militarist side that the special savagery of the operations in China is due to the fact that there Europeans have been put in a position of sudden plenary power over what is regarded as a lower race; and that in a European war at this time of day such things would not happen. Doubtless the situation created in China was the most demoralising possible. The pettiest member of the European or Japanese forces, says Dr. Dillon, "had uncontrolled power over the life and limbs of the most highly cultivated Chinaman. From his decision there was no appeal. A Chinaman never knew what might betide him an hour hence, if a European lost his temper" (p. 17). Quite as bad a state of things, certainly, could not readily arise in Europe, save perhaps in the Turkish Empire: Chinese patience is abnormal. But such an apology—and I can imagine no other—is in reality a surrender of the case. What is claimed for military training is that it improves character and develops self-control; and self-control is properly tested only by opportunity for license. When it was found that in one year the systematically vaccinated British navy suddenly showed a considerable infection of small-pox, the official explanation was that a certain ship had entered an infected port. On this view, immunity from small-pox on the high seas was to be taken as proof of the efficacy of vaccination. If the value of militarism consists in improving character in so far as character meets no temptation, the discussion is at an end.

If, in warfare between races of similar civilization, it is really the resisting power of the beaten side that restrains the natural brutality of the victors, the pretence of the beneficence of soldierly training is beside the case. And when it is seen that the officers of the most highly trained European forces, from the highest to the lowest, are not *disposed* to put a check on the animalism of their men, the question arises whether there is any security that Europe in the twentieth century will not see such scenes as have been described for us by Dr. Dillon. The bonds of humanity, as between groups, are breakable by two forces: by the sense of racial superiority, and by extremity of racial hatred. And the two forces are equally efficient. There is, in fact, some reason to suppose that the instinct of nationalism, which on the whole has grown in intensity in modern times, has made possible greater stresses of hate in warfare. The Napoleonic wars, at all events, show little that is comparable with the horrors of the suppression of the Irish rebellion in 1798, or with the methods of the Germans in the war of 1870-1, to which attention has lately been called by Englishmen who, condemning the war in South Africa, yet deny the title of Germans to denounce either its purpose or its conduct. A measure which, after trial, was abandoned in South Africa by Lord Roberts, under pressure of protest from his own officers—the placing of non-combatants on endangered trains—had been copied from Prussian practice in France, as was admitted to me by a German of my acquaintance, who argued that “we Germans confess we are barbarians; but you English make such pretences to humanity!” It appears to be a special violence of national or racial feeling that leads in modern warfare to such developments as “the wholesale burning of Châteaudun, the inhabitants being compelled, with pistols at their throats, to fire their own dwellings; the pillage of Avallon in mid-winter, the residents being stripped of bedding and blankets; the despatch of hostages to remote regions of North Germany; the shooting of private persons guilty of protest; the bombardment of Paris; finally, the annexation of Alsace and two-thirds of Lorraine.”

And seeing that wars in these days tend to involve not less but more of the spirit of nationalism and of race, the chances seem to be that war will worsen in ferocity, despite all that

may be agreed upon in time of peace. Before long, perhaps, Englishmen will have waived their pretence to superior humanity. What is certain is that the present war has been latterly marked by methods which were emphatically repudiated by English generals in India two generations ago ; and that the British majority is complacent over a procedure in South Africa which it execrated when in force in Cuba.

That the South African campaign has been thus far a much less horrible affair than the campaign in China appears to be due to two causes : (1) that our troops, officers and men alike, have *not* passed through the mill of conscription ; and (2) the formidable resisting power of the enemy. As it is, however, we have not only worked enormous devastation but practised looting only less systematically in South Africa than in China. One of Mr. Kipling's songs, I observe, indicates loot as the genially avowed ideal of the Kiplingesque soldier. The practice of plunder, then, may now be taken as normal in modern warfare ; and wherever "civilised" troops come in contact with those of uncivilised or Asiatically civilised races, we may apparently expect the practice of massacre, not as an irregularity but as a systematic measure. It is noteworthy that in the Chinese campaign the Japanese generals, finding *their* troops guilty of savagery, energetically put it down, thus setting to the bulk of the European troops an example which they did not follow ; but this restraint on the Japanese side was presumably a result of the fact that the Japanese racial instinct was not specially provoked as against the Chinese, and that the Japanese officers, on the contrary, racially resented the European attitude towards Asiatics. It is hardly to be expected that a general purification of warfare will ensue on the entrance of Japan into the list of militarist powers. Much more likely is it that Japan will follow the law of development exhibited in the European armies.

IV.

It would be strange if, while military practice is thus reverting to old-world models in the matter of cruelty to men, women, and children, it should show any improvement as regards the treatment of animals. There is not, indeed, the *motive* for

cruelty to animals that arises as between warring races; but inasmuch as cruelty to animals is mostly a matter of mere callousness and lack of self-control, it is bound to increase wherever callousness and ferocity are fostered. And in our own campaign in South Africa, it seems clear, beasts of burden have suffered frightfully for sheer lack of intelligent consideration, throughout our whole military service. Mr. McHugh, one of the war correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph*, has declared that, "Of the minor questions affecting transport, such as bad and careless feeding and management of the animals, ill-fitting equipment, the ignorance and cruelty of the native drivers, the stupid want of knowledge of officers placed in charge of transport and supply columns, it would be possible to fill a volume."* Here the direct cruelty is charged chiefly on natives. "The native driver in South Africa," Mr. McHugh goes on, "whether Cape boy or Kaffir, is by instinct a cruel brute; and provided he got the cattle along, he was allowed a free hand as to how he did it. With him there was only one way; and oxen and mules were literally beaten to death on the march." But this charge is flatly countered by Mr. Billington in the book which Mr. McHugh thus prefaces, for he testifies that "a Kaffir attends to his oxen, of which he is really fond, far better than white men do," and again, that "a good Kaffir driver scarcely ever hits an ox. He swishes his long whip over their heads and makes most hideous noises, but gets far more work out of them than if he were always terrifying them with the lash."† From my own limited experience, I would give similar testimony concerning the half-caste and Hottentot drivers. If oxen were often beaten to death by natives, it was probably owing to sheer pressure from their white superiors, which is at times, no doubt, unavoidable, but is too often a display of unintelligence.

As regards the ill-usage of horses by our men of all grades, the testimonies are numerous. One man at the front writes as follows, under date 16th December, 1900:—

"We kill far more of our own horses than the Boers do by the way we use them. The majority of the men know as much about horses as the

* Introduction to "A Mule-Driver at the Front." By R. C. Billington. Chapman and Hall.

† Work cited, pp. 56, 59.

horses know about them, so they get sore backs, and have to be shot. Then, no matter what you know about a horse, it must go under some time, as, according to text-book regulations, they travel three miles an hour, and as De Wet does not wait for us always, they travel from four a.m. till six p.m. at a walking pace, giving the horse or man no time for food. Then, when the enemy is reported about three miles ahead, we gallop at a break-neck pace till the horse drops from exhaustion. Of course the Boers, with their three miles' start and well-managed horses, go off at a gentle canter, leaving a dozen or so to snipe at us as we come up. . . .

"On this journey I have actually interfered on behalf of the Dutch, and tried to stop the wanton destruction that goes on on every farm we pass. I take a fowl or a duck for myself every day, or else I would starve, as biscuits are not always forthcoming. But when a man kills a calf because he wants veal, and his mate a sheep because he wants trotters, and so on, I draw the line."

It thus appears that the soldiers of the more "civilised" nations are far less considerate of animals than the Boers, who handle their beasts thriftily, as so much valuable property, whereas the trooper appears to regard his horse very much as he does his gun. If one breaks, he must get another. Afrikanders, so far as my observation goes, invariably give their horses frequent short rests, so as to prevent their becoming rigid through strain: only when De Wet has been very hard pressed do we hear of his having to abandon horses stiff with overwork. That our own service, on the other hand, is needlessly cruel in the field, is inferable from the fact that it is gratuitously cruel to animals before they reach the field. Take the published testimony of Mr. Hall Edwards, now or lately at the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, Deelfontein:—

"The first thing which strikes one in travelling through this vast country is the terrible waste of horseflesh which a large war entails. The whole line, from miles this side of Bloemfontein to Pretoria, is strewn with the carcasses of dead horses, which even at the present time are left poisoning the air of the veldt. How is it (one may be pardoned for asking) that so many horses were left to die on a march which bears no comparison with many made by the Boers? Are our horses worse treated than those in the hands of our enemy? And do our men show as much consideration for the poor creatures as do the Boers, who virtually live with their horses? To the first question I am sorry to have to answer 'Yes,' and to the second 'No.'"

"Little or no rest is given to the poor animals after their sea voyage, and to anyone who has seen them land it must be obvious that they

require much. It is, indeed, a pitiable sight to see the poor frightened creatures brought off the ships. Many of them can hardly stand, and some of them immediately fall down from sheer exhaustion. They are driven hither and thither by a number of niggers who have not the slightest sympathy with them, are hurried into a train, and, before one can say 'Jack Robinson,' are on their way to the front. The journey up country, which frequently occupies (or rather did until recently) from five to eight days, must be most trying. At least two-thirds of the poor beasts have to travel in open trucks, where, packed like sardines, they are exposed to the cruel heat of the blazing South African sun. Very frequently they never reach their destination; they are urgently needed at some point on the line, and are taken from the trucks, saddled, loaded with kit, and at once start on the trek. What can be expected of horses treated in this fashion? They commence to fall out before the first mile is covered, and the column leaves in its wake a line of ghastly corpses, which poison the air and act as happy hunting grounds for unattached germs."

To this may be added a statement several times made to me last year in South Africa, namely, that there was no provision whatever for the feeding or watering of the horses between the times of their entering and their leaving the train. It seemed incredible; but I had the assurance given me at two up-country junctions in Cape Colony, and at Glencoe Junction in Natal. At the last place I was told by a station official that a train load of remounts, then standing there, would remain all night without their being either fed or watered, though they had had nothing since leaving Durban. And the way in which the horses in these trains constantly gnawed the waggons seemed to corroborate the statement. It is a matter of recent military history, further, that when the head of the cavalry commissariat was changed last year his first act was to double the horse-ration all round, thereby admitting the truth of the assertion of an occasional military correspondent of the *Times*, that the majority of the horses which had been lost up to that point had died of semi-starvation.

Oxen, naturally, fare no better than horses. From a transport officer in Natal I learned that in the division to which he was attached, the weekly death-rate of the trek-oxen was about sixty, and that every road in the Transvaal had been lined with their rotting carcasses. And during General French's march from Machadodorp to Ermelo in October last,

harassed by strong Boer commandoes, the British force lost 380 oxen in three days through forced marching. This may reasonably be set down to stress of warfare; but Mr. McHugh affirms that many of the officers in charge of transport columns "knew nothing whatever of oxen or mules; and they would not accept guidance from the better-informed civilian contractors. The result was that waggons were overloaded and animals were kept, as I have myself seen on occasion, for over forty hours without food or water."

V.

Whether, then, we consider the conditions under which modern warfare is carried on in the outlying territories in which it mostly takes place, or the fashion in which it is conducted on the part of the most highly militarised nations, we are led more insistently than ever to ask whether military training or military practice can possibly fail to make men less fit for the life of civilised peace. Faced as we are by the prospect of conscription in Britain, we have every day more pressing need to think the matter out, apart from any detail question of international policy. We know, of course, that since the advent of Lord Roberts to the chief command at the Cape, the British army has been somehow transformed to a legion of angels, not to be named in the same century with the troops commanded—and described—by the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. As Lord Roberts recently told the Council of the Army Temperance Association, "It was remarked to me on many occasions [in South Africa] *how very different the men were from almost all former campaigns*. They had, of course, not many opportunities of getting strong drink; but when they did . . . they were equally remarkable for their good behaviour." My own humble sources of information on these matters in South Africa were chiefly the soldiers themselves; and somehow they never suggested the view taken by Lord Roberts. The notices posted up wherever troops were stationed, too, seemed to show that officers had to work hard to keep their men from liquor. And when one realised the men's hardships in the way

of cold, hunger, thirst, rags, bad boots, vermin, and inability to wash, one felt it was a matter of course that many, as they themselves testified, drank hard whenever they got the chance. One orderly avowed to me that, of his own accord, he had never gone to bed otherwise than "vermin proof" from the week of his landing at Cape Town. Two sergeants, who genially avowed their own weakness in that direction, testified that when their regiment had been at a certain place where no liquor was procurable, the health of the men was very good, whereas when they were stationed at a town that gave facilities for drinking "half the men were in hospital in a fortnight." A discharged volunteer, again, gave me an amusing account of the struggles of his officers to keep the men from getting drunk at an outlying place. He himself had been repeatedly fined for the offence; and he affirmed with modest pride that in any place in which liquor existed he would undertake to procure it. When he described his nightly sufferings from having to sleep on ice-cold ground with only a mackintosh beneath him, I saw once more what had struck me a score of times, that the sheer hardship and squalor of life in the field, to say nothing of the blank monotony of the life of troops not on the march, are enough to set up drinking habits even in men not predisposed in that way. "The lives the men are leading," says one private in a recently published letter, "are not worth living."

In the face of the certificate of gentility given to the entire army by Lord Roberts, it would of course be vain to suggest that other forms of demoralisation must necessarily ensue. But in order to secure a quite unhesitating faith in his assurances, Lord Roberts would do well to prevent the transmission of such soldiers' letters as those collected in the compilation "Pen Pictures of the War, by Men at the Front," or such a letter as is thus described and cited in the *Melbourne Age*, of March 7th, 1900:—

"Private Cyril Fowler writes from Enselin to friends at Goulbourn of the visit they paid to the dead men on the kopjes, where they amused themselves by picking up trophies, and gives the rather gruesome information that '*another chap and myself each knocked a tooth out of a dead Boer as a memento. We counted 27 Boers lying on the hills as we went, and there were others on neighbouring hills.*'"

It would be well, too, that the genuineness of the following paragraph, published as part of a letter sent by Bert Holland, of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, to his parents in Ottawa, should be disproved :—

"The Boers are as troublesome as ever, sniping at our patrols and outposts frequently and then running. The boys got even with them the other day, when they shot the worst sniper in the district. This particular Boer used to hide near the outposts every morning and take a pot shot at the boys when they got up. In this way he succeeded in killing two of our fellows and wounding another. Five of the 2nd Battalion were on outpost the other morning, when 'His Boerlets' took a shot at them. The boys mounted and gave chase, driving him into a boggy spot, where his horse got stuck. He pitched his rifle away, and threw up his hands, supplicating for mercy. The boys rode up to within 100 ft. of the old wretch and commenced firing. At first they just shot him through the arms and legs, then through the stomach, and when they thought they had sufficiently punished him they put a volley through his heart, fairly riddling it. Then they proceeded to his house, where they found his son, hiding under the bed with a bandolier on and a rifle in his hand. They took him into camp, and the chances are he will be shot."

From the point of view of mere sociology, it would seem unlikely that even British soldiers should wholly escape the hardening influences so memorably exemplified among the continental troops in China. In any case, there seems some reason to fear that when the magic wand of Lord Roberts is withdrawn, the army of the future, whether made of conscripts or of enlisters, will fail to maintain the miraculous standard attained under his command. Not that way lies social regeneration.

There is without doubt a vital truth in what Bellamy says, or implies, as to the impossibility that human peace can ever be attained in a society whose industrial law is one of perpetual struggle and overthrow, competition and ruin. While men are content to accept as inevitable an inter-social warfare, in which at all times millions suffer misery and ignominy, they cannot conceivably so disquiet themselves over the phenomena of international war as to determine that it shall cease; and that it will ever proceed unaccompanied by horror and demoralisation is, be it said once more, a vain hope. But to say this is to put aside as simple folly such formulas as that to which Bellamy stooped, to the effect that bloodshed purifies

and partly saves the society which tolerates the war of industry. Of all sentimentalisms that is the most hollow. If a society is going downhill it will go only the faster the more it is militarised. The Spain of the end of the sixteenth century, and the France of the end of the seventeenth, seen as we can now see them in due perspective, tell the story as clearly as do any of the empires of antiquity. And the one path of recovery, it would finally seem, is by way of such a cultivation of humanism as shall better all life in virtue of rationalising it. The humanitarian bent primarily on stopping bloodshed and minimising animal suffering has an easily accessible ground in common with the reformer bent primarily on making a better society. That common ground is just common sense.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

THE MERCILESSNESS OF "SPORT."

OH ! the pity of it all. We can trace back the existence of man into the dim and misty ages of "the far long ago ;" we find evidence everywhere of this being, man, associated with animals in many and various ways, making use of their services and their patient toil for his benefit, needs and comfort, and yet, after thousands and thousands of years of such association, as barbaric, very often more so, in his treatment of his dumb friends as his ancestors were in that dim and misty past referred to. Oh ! the pity of it all.

I object to the terms "brute" and "beast" being applied to man when he does anything cruel, loathsome or disgusting. I have not found animals particularly cruel, loathsome or disgusting in their ways, and they are naturally far cleaner than mankind. Surely then the terms "you brute," "you beast," "you dirty brute," are very much misapplied. For my part I think the words, "you barbarian," "you ruffian," much more applicable to man when he commits acts either loathsome, cruel or disgusting.

Well, although man has lived many thousands of years, he is still a great barbarian, and his tastes and pastimes are mostly of the barbaric order. For what else is the taste for covert shooting, game driving, deer-stalking, pigeon shooting, coursing, and the hunting of deer, fox, and hare ? Every one of them is cruel, horribly, incontestably cruel ; yet so rooted in our affections are they, that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who take part in them do not realize in the least that they

are so. There are exceptions however. Sadly, regretfully, I acknowledge that I was one of those "barbarians," who—loving animals from my earliest years—drifted into the clutches of so-called sporting habits and took part in many a shoot, drive, stalk and hunt against which my conscience rebelled, and in which my sympathies were always with the animal I had gone forth to assist in destroying. The joys of riding, of fresh air, of an active outdoor life, no doubt were the principal causes that made me indulge in them. I had not learnt then that all such were as easily obtainable without blending my pleasure with another creature's pain ; but even if such were not the case I am convinced that we are not justified in seeking exercise, pleasure, and excitement at the expense of any animal suffering, and that by taking pleasure in pastimes which involve suffering we expose the cloven hoof of the savage and the barbarian in spite of our vaunted progress and civilization.

Take deer-stalking first. The air and exercise obtained in its prosecution are glorious and delightful. The skill of stalking is brought into play, but the end of a successful stalk is alas ! dreary and forbidding. Revelling in nature, drinking in the best parts of life ourselves, we do our utmost at the same time to destroy that of another, to take from it all that to which we cling, which it enjoys even more than we ; to put an end to the happy days of an animal who has never harmed or wronged us, who is lordly and beautiful to the eye, lovable to the heart, and whom to kill should be repulsive to our feelings and sense of generosity and humanity. Photographed in my mind is the scene of my last deer-stalk. I have described it in my article "The Horrors of Sport." Would that I could produce instead a beautiful memory, a snapshot photo-picture, for instance, of the happy scene of peace, enjoyment of life and contentment which my presence and that of my comrade helped to wreck and destroy that day. Alas ! I cannot. All I can do is to describe, as I have done in the article referred to, that death scene, and to appeal to the nobler side of our nature to combat those barbaric tastes which so many are brought up and taught to think it is right and proper to indulge in.

I do not think there is any form of sport quite so contemptible as covert shooting. There is something so intensely

mean about it all. A lot of men and women go forth to "kill" or to "see killed"—what? Is it a mighty tiger, a "man eater," whom it is the duty of man to destroy on account of the destruction and suffering he causes? By no means! The animals in question who are slaughtered by the "butchers of society" are beautiful, gentle, gaily-plumaged birds, who up to that day of battue have run like fowls to greet the keepers who fed them, but who now drive them to their death; likewise hares, who by nature are exquisitely shy, timid and sensitive, and whose dying cries are piteous and melancholy beyond words, and should be full of reproach to the "barbarian" whose savage desire for "sport" has awakened their mournful echoes amidst scenes which the poor creatures had learned to look upon as a safe retreat from danger, their home in fact. Rabbits in thousands, ferreted out of their holes, dazed and terrified, are driven up by the beaters to help to swell the "glorious bag" of the day, and when the half-day is over, the victims are laid out in rows and their destroyers count the numbers with satisfaction, and then go off to their luscious luncheons and drinks, highly pleased and satisfied! While they are gorging, do they give a thought to the many wounded sufferers who are left to their fate, condemned to linger in their misery before the "pick up" of the next day? Perchance it may be a frosty one, and the air cold and keen. When the night has fallen and the "murder of the day is o'er," do these men and women, dressed in soft attire, seated in warm rooms, laughing and talking round the festive board, indulging in the pampered comforts of the wealthy, pause to think of the "unpicked up" broken-winged pheasants and maimed hares and rabbits left in those woods through the freezing night, huddled up and tortured, with no kind hand to relieve their sorrows? Poor wee innocents, butchered to make a holiday for man, they lie there a reproach and a disgrace to the barbaric tastes of that noble and exalted creature! Oh! the pity of it all.

I remember once how, pausing to think of this, I left such a scene of warmth and light, and went forth into the wintry night to try and realize it all. A faithful friend was by my side—my retriever—and together we tramped along over the

cold, crisp snow, the soft moon shining down on its glittering mantle and changing it to what looked like a pale sea-green carpet. It was very still, but the cry of the owl broke in upon the silence and relieved the loneliness of the scene. I went down a broad glade towards a large lake. It had been the scene of one of the shoot's "warm corners" that day. The snow was trampled down, and as I passed along my dog stopped to sniff here and there. Wherever he halted the snow was generally tinged with blood. A fox crept across the ride, a pheasant in his mouth. No doubt one of the "unpicked up" victims of the day's "sport." At one especially "warm corner," I halted. A well known "shot" had enjoyed himself there that day. Many a score of birds had fallen to his gun, hundreds of rabbits and a goodly supply of hares had had their lives destroyed on the same spot. Blood was everywhere on the trampled snow. There had been glorious sport there indeed! As I stood looking round my dog went down to the edge of the lake. He found something in the rushes and returned with that something in his mouth. I took it from him, a poor half-frozen hen pheasant with two broken wings, *yet still alive*. It had lain there all through those cold hours waiting for kindly death to come to still its sufferings. That act of mercy I now did for it. The broken wings were frozen stiff. And to think of it! All over that wood many a half-dead victim was thus lying, huddled up as my dog had found this one, wounded and in pain, and slowly dying, while the men and women who had come forth in the morning "to kill" and "to see killed," were revelling in warmth and comfort, with every need attended to, in the big sumptuously-furnished mansion above, which looked down on the silent, unthought-of scene which I had wandered forth to see. Far off, under the moonlight's beams I could distinguish the dark trees of woods as yet unshot over. I thought of the thousands of animals which they sheltered, and contrasted the peace they were then enjoying with the uproar and havoc that would therein shortly reign, and the suffering and misery to follow thereafter. Yes, I realized it all far better as I stood there and thought it out, with the dead pheasant in my hand and my dear old dog beside me.

Harrier hunting and coursing are both cruel beyond words. The hare is such a gentle, inoffensive, timid creature, that its torture is peculiarly repulsive and forbidding. A hunted hare is a pathetic object. The soft brown fur is bedraggled, the large lustrous eyes filled with terror and bewilderment, the sides of the animal heave up and down at a terrific pace. All the fear that is in it wells up into those starting eyes, as it sits and listens for the sounds that it dreads so keenly—the bay of the hunting hound, the voices of the huntsmen and whips, the yells of sight-seers who have got a view of it—sounds that fill it with the terror and bewilderment I have referred to. I have seen it all, over and over again. I have stood within arm's length of animals thus hunted, and noted their agony and despair. I am writing of what I know.

And the pitch of that agony is attained when hounds seize their prey. I know of no scream sadder or more pitiful than that of the hunted or coursed hare (unless it be that of the wounded roe), when the hounds or greyhounds close in upon and rend it. The sound itself proclaims the gentleness and helplessness of the animal that is being killed. In the wolf and the fox there is the element of fierceness which is born of carnivorousness. They show fight as they die, but the hare is not of this class. It is frail and timid. Its mournful cries proclaim its terror and its agony, and arouse feelings of shame and self-reproach in the heart of many a hardened sportsman. And so with rabbit coursing. There is no more cruel or disgusting pastime. It is *par excellence* the amusement of certain working classes whom it does not ennoble. But how can we blame them for finding pleasure therein as long as we teach them the "quality of cruelty" by taking part in the "sports" I have been referring to? We must practise before we preach.

Both tame and wild stag hunting are barbarous, especially the latter. I cannot understand the *raison d'être* of so silly a sport as that of hunting a *carted* deer! "H.M. Draghounds" would be far more appropriate an institution than "H.M. Staghounds" or "Buckhounds," and afford better runs and amusement to the public while giving employment to a new class of hunt servant at present non-existent in the shape of the "drag-layer," who would compete in healthy rivalry with

the huntsman for the honours of the day. The laying of the drag-scent could be brought to a fine art, and we should have famous "drag-layers" as well as famous "huntsmen," without torturing deer, fox or hare.

For there are substitutes for all blood sports. Clay pigeon shooting has been brought to a fine art in America, and requires all the skill of live pigeon shooting. Whippet racing is full of excitement, and might well replace coursing in all its forms. There are many amusements and healthy pastimes we could invent, in which horses and dogs could be utilised without taking life and shedding blood. "Where there is a will there is a way." Air and exercise, riding and shooting, need not be given up. Only slight alterations are needed in the "objects" hunted and shot at, so that healthy enjoyment need not be attained at the expense of animal suffering. Why should the killing of animals be esteemed a pleasure? We do not like being killed ourselves. What is the delight in taking life? Surely there should be a keener sense of joy in seeing "life" than in taking it. Which is the more beautiful to look upon—a live or a dead object? What comparison can there be between the beauty of a living bird or beast and that of a dead one—between, for example, a live hare or pheasant and a hare or pheasant with bloody fur, and ruffled plumage, and broken legs and wings, lying dead before us, deprived of that life they enjoyed so fully and in which they were revelling when we took it from them? The question admits of but one answer. Then why do we go on thus killing and murdering? Why do not we stop it all? Because we are "barbarians." That is the long and short of it, undoubtedly. We *are* barbarians!

If we were not such, then why this delight in killing? The stalker will reply perhaps: "It is the skill and the exercise of stalking that we enjoy. The 'mountain strath and rugged corrie' are our delight. To live in the wilds is magnificent." With all this I agree. No one loves nature in all her varied moods more than I do. But why should we spoil the glory of it all by killing the beautiful inhabitants of her plains and forests? Cannot we wander amidst such scenes without bringing death and suffering wherever we go? An enthusiastic sportsman showed me once round his collection of "heads."

Wherever I turned, on the walls of his "snuggery" these heads of slain "Monarchs of the Glen," buffaloes, antelope, mountain sheep, &c., &c., looked down upon me — stared, rather should I say, through glassy eyes from which the liquid loveliness of life had for ever departed. Strangely enough I had just come from looking round a splendid collection of enlarged photographs of animals taken by a friend of mine during extensive wanderings in the wilds of many far distant lands. They revealed scenes of animal life at once curious and delightful. To obtain them my friend had indulged in many an exciting stalk which had taxed skill and endurance to their uttermost. When these proved successful the snap-shot of the camera, not the rifle, recorded the same, and a beautiful photograph was the result. This lover of nature and artist who had compiled such a grand record of his wanderings, had been "a mighty hunter" in his day. But, like myself and many another he had grown to loathe the taking of life which shooting entailed, and had turned his energies to nobler uses. To put it in his own words, each picture recalled pleasant memories, difficulties faced and conquered, obstacles surmounted and overcome; whereas the lifeless heads on the walls of his baronial hall conjured up scenes fraught with many an act of cruelty which he would fain he had never committed, which he would give a fortune to be able to forget. As my "sportsman" friend showed me round his valued collection of heads I mentally compared it with that of my regenerated friend, and settled in my mind without much ado that, whereas the one was beautiful, the other was just the reverse!

As I write these few lines that horrible institution known as "The Waterloo Cup" is being run for, and hare after hare is being tortured ere it dies. Assembled to watch this degrading form of "sport" are hundreds of men—and women—who give not a thought to—and care less for—the anguish of each poor hare in its piteous struggle for life. What care such men and women as these for the long drawn out agony of the poor little timid animal so hunted to its death? They want to be amused and excited, they want to wager their money on the greyhound of their choice. What matters it that a small brown animal is straining every nerve to escape from two long, lean, remorseless

pursuers? What to them is that piteous death-shriek when the latter prevail? Why, nothing at all. *They* have not been tortured. What does it signify that a hare has suffered? Only a hare! What rubbish to make such a fuss!

If we want to keep greyhounds, why not keep them and race them like whippets? Why not keep studs of greyhounds in training similar to horses in racing establishments and teach them to race? The speed-merits of the animals could be tested infinitely better in this way than in coursing, and afford just as much amusement, excitement and opportunities for wagering. True, there would be no torturing of harmless, timid animals in connection with this form of sport. But would this be a great drawback? Who will show the cloven hoof of the "barbarian" by declaring that it would be so?

I once came on a horribly mangled otter dying by the side of the stream in which he had loved to play. He had been the sport of hounds and "barbarians" for nearly a whole day. For over eight long hours he had been hunted, often getting to very close quarters with his enemies, and though he eventually "bested" them, and they could not account for him, the hounds had left their marks upon their brave and game little foe which meant for him a cruel and lingering death. It was evening, and in a pitiable plight, bleeding and torn, he had crawled forth to die. Poor little fellow, I found him stretched out, panting in quick gasps, his sides heaving, his eyes distended and protruding. He tried to show fight as he caught sight of me and my dog. I had my gun with me and quickly ended his sufferings. How long he would have lain there enduring such agony, had I not passed that way, I cannot tell. No doubt a considerable time, for the otter is a tough creature and dies hard.

We write volumes of denunciation against the practice of bull-fighting. We abuse the "barbarians" who take delight in it. But really there is nothing more cruel in bull-fighting than there is in coursing, otter-hunting, pigeon-shooting, wild deer-hunting, etc., etc. All "blood sports" are cruel, and as such, degrading and debasing, and it is humbug pure and simple to denounce one kind while taking part in another. The fact of the matter is that we should be honest, and denounce as cruel

and cowardly all blood sports. Where killing is a necessity, let it be undertaken as such, and performed as mercifully and expeditiously as possible. But do not let us kill for *fun*, do not let us blend our pleasure with another creature's pain. Let us learn to be truly courageous. Let us face danger, and bear pain calmly and heroically; let us cultivate the virtues of the truly brave; but let us, oh! let us not be cowards by torturing the defenceless and the weak. For my part I am afraid of no danger or pain. I can face all or any of these, but my heart turns sick and craven at the sight of cruelty and suffering inflicted by man on animals who have committed no crime against us, and who would not fly in terror at our approach were it not for the fear we have created in them by the mean and unfair treatment which we mete out to them. For the wildest animal can by proper care be brought to trust us and welcome our presence. There is an object-lesson in front of the window opening out on to the green lawn facing where I sit writing this article. Dogs are lying on that lawn, but the wild and tame rabbits feeding thereon are in no wise perturbed by their presence, and when I go out on to the lawn and call them, wild and tame alike come running up to meet me. Full well they know danger lurks not for them where my presence is, but rather some handfuls of bread and Indian corn to reward them for their faith. And with the scattering of the latter arises a whirr of wings, and out of the woods pheasants come flying to join in the feast. Down flutters, too, the "cushat doo," that shyest of all wild birds, and out of the burn below the little natty water-hens come running to obtain their share of the spoil. How easily could I change this scene of happiness and trust into one of fear and terror. These animals are susceptible to kindness or the reverse as much, nay, more so than human beings, and it lies with us to develop their feelings of trust or aversion as we please. For myself I have learnt to value the trust and love of the dumb creation. I prefer to see them flocking round me, not fleeing at my approach. I prefer to feel that my presence is one that fills them with pleasure instead of pain. I prefer to be loved by them, to being hated.

"But these animals are food to us," cries the gourmand.
"What should we do without their juicy and succulent flesh?"

My reply is, if you must have such, then kill to eat, but do not make the act of killing a pleasure. I, for one, on developing hunger, prefer to appease it by eating pure, not bleeding, food. It may be execrable taste on my part, but I have grown to like fruit and vegetables, bread and butter, cheese, milk and eggs, and I find the eating of such food preferable and more pleasant than the consumption of corpses. In my wanderings throughout the world I have seen strength and health and absence of disease amongst peoples who have not found "corpse eating" to be a necessary part of their menu or existence, and I verily believe that if humanity as a whole came to the same conclusion, disease and ill-health would be less rampant throughout the world than they are. For the secret of health lies in eating pure food and partaking thereof in moderation, and only when really hungry. Ill-health and disease dogs the footsteps of the "corpse eater" and the "gourmand." I transgress, however, as this is not a vegetarian article. Cessation in killing should come from a moral feeling that we have no right to make a pleasure of it, that it is a pastime alike cowardly and degrading, and that "we should not lightly take away that life we cannot give." If this were more fully realised I am convinced that a great revolution would arise in the world of "sport," and the changes and alterations which I have herein advocated would be finally adopted. I am certain that many men and women would give up "sport" as it is at present practised, did they think out the matter as I and others have done. Many indulge in it without realizing the mercilessness of it all. From childhood they have been brought up to regard it as "the right thing to do," as a pastime in fact both legitimate and invigorating. Some of its most ardent votaries belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, refusing to associate their favourite pastime with cruel acts. On such as these the mercilessness of "sport" has not dawned, but to many the enlightening will come, and mercy's priceless pearl be grasped at last. I look forward to the day when this shall be so, for the dawn of that day is breaking and will come.

FLORENCE DIXIE.

SPURIOUS REMEDIES FOR CRIME.

IN the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Dr. Robert Anderson, Assistant Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, devotes a long article to what he calls our absurd system of punishing crime. An examination of this production shows that Dr. Anderson's attack upon our present penal methods is in the main directed against the sentences inflicted on habitual or professional criminals. In his opinion these sentences are not sufficiently severe. He denounces them as acts of elaborate folly, and asserts that they will excite the wonder of generations yet to come. He maintains that hanging and transportation were effective means of putting a stop to habitual crime, and from the keen approval with which he quotes the opinions of the late Sir James Stephen it is easy to see that he would like to have the gallows restored to some of its departed glory. It is needless to state that Dr. Anderson is very severe in his strictures on the followers of Beccaria, Howard, Romilly, and Sir Robert Peel. These great and noble figures of the past did something towards humanising the penal law, but the men who follow them to-day are denounced by this police official as humanity-mongers, and are held up as far as he can do so to public ridicule and contempt. It will be an evil day for England when the opinion of policemen, however highly salaried, supersedes the humane principles of Sir Robert Peel.

What is the basis of Dr. Anderson's shriek of alarm? It is the supposed growth of the habitual criminal class in London. He produces a number of figures to show that the number of

cases of burglary and housebreaking reported to the London police has been increasing within the last thirty years. There is nothing new in these figures; other men have quoted them years ago. And at the worst, what do they prove? They show that in the vast metropolis of the British Empire, with its enormous accumulated wealth, and its corresponding possibilities of plunder, there are less than forty cases per annum of burglary and housebreaking reported to the police per 100,000 of the population. Recollect that a certain percentage of these cases, when properly examined, do not turn out to be crimes at all. Recollect that a considerable proportion of them are after all petty crimes, though dignified in the police returns with formidable names. And recollect lastly, that Mr. Robert Anderson produces no proof whatever that these offences are all the work of professional criminals. It is perfectly certain that they are not. A great many offences of this character are the work of juveniles who are beginners in crime. But Dr. Anderson is determined if possible to make people's hair stand on end, and so he assumes without a particle of definite evidence that the forty offences of burglary and housebreaking per 100,000 of the population, are the deeds of habitual criminals.

In the next place he carefully omits to mention that people whose opinions are as much entitled to respect as his own do not believe that longer sentences are a remedy for habitual crime. A few years ago Sir George Trevelyan, when Secretary for Scotland, appointed a Committee of able and distinguished Scotsmen to consider this very question. The Committee, after examining experts and competent men all over the country, arrived at the conclusion that the shortening of sentences had nothing to do with the increase of committals to prison, and that to double the duration of the present sentences would not diminish the proportion of old offenders who repeatedly return to prison. What becomes of Dr. Anderson's panacea in face of a conclusion such as this? From the arrogant spirit with which he preaches his doctrine one would imagine that he expected the public to accept it as the teaching of heaven. It is the teaching of a visionary who has not taken the trouble to think out the problem of crime in all its windings

and ramifications. If Dr. Anderson had bestowed sufficient and sustained attention on the problems of habitual crime, he would have asked himself the question, Is it not the long sentences which make habitual criminals? Commissions and Committees appointed by the Government have over and over again stated that the habitual criminal is in far too many cases a product of the prison. It is the prison which has completed his demoralisation. It is the prison which has extinguished his last hopes of reform. This was the opinion of Lord Kimberley's Commission on convict prisons in the year 1879. It was corroborated by the Prisons Committee which sat in 1895.

That Committee reported that the general prison system is open to the reproach that it not only fails to reform offenders, but produces a deteriorating effect upon them. In giving evidence before this Committee, Sir Godfrey Lushington, then Permanent Under-Secretary for the Home Department, said—"I regard as unfavourable to reformation the status of a prisoner throughout his whole career: the crushing of self-respect; the starving of all moral instinct he may possess; the absence of all opportunity to do or receive kindness; the continual association with none but criminals; the forced labour; the denial of liberty. I believe the true mode of reforming a man or restoring him to society is exactly in the opposite direction of all these." Dr. Anderson's cure is to prolong and perpetuate these evils. He is to stamp out habitual crime by steeping the habitual criminal for a still longer period in the very atmosphere which has made him what he is. Can absurdity go further than this? What should we say of a doctor who proposed to cure disease by sending his patients to places where they were most likely to catch it in its most virulent form? Yet this is practically the proposal of Dr. Anderson for curing habitual crime. And he has the temerity to call upon all sensible men to help him in this Quixotic crusade. Sensible men have more sensible things to do. Dr. Anderson seems to be unaware of the fact that the Government of this country have given the question of habitual crime both long and repeated consideration. He appears not to know that experienced Commissions and Committees, after thoroughly sifting the matter, have reported against his pro-

posals. These proposals in themselves are as old as the hills: they are the first thoughts of the novice: they will not stand examination; and they have been dismissed as futile and worthless by the most matured judgment of the day. But there are certain nostrums which neither reason nor experience seems able to kill. The craze for long sentences is one of them. The folly and futility of this craze has been made manifest every time it has attempted to lift its head. But after a period of quiescence the nostrum re-appears in all its ancient absurdity, and the nostrum-monger holds forth about it with the volubility of a tub orator who imagines he has found a cure for the ills of the world.

How very refreshing it is to turn from Dr. Anderson to the proposals of the Prison Committee of 1895! Many Commissions and Committees are barren of results. Their careful and elaborate reports are often pigeon-holed and forgotten. But this was not the case with the recommendations of the last Prison Committee. These recommendations commended themselves to the Home Secretary. He based a series of important changes upon them in the management of prison affairs. He made them the basis of a new Act of Parliament dealing with the treatment of crime. These things are mentioned to show the value attached by responsible men to the Report of 1895. What does this Report say about the best method of diminishing habitual crime? Does it assert that habitual criminals will be made as rare as wolves by the re-introduction of prolonged sentences? Does it maintain that habitual crime can be stopped by a resort to mere repression? The men by whom the Report was drawn up were too sagacious to say anything so absurd. This is what they say:—"Habitual criminals can only be effectually put down in one way, and that is by cutting off the supply." It is the adverse social conditions of the general population, says the Report, which start men, or rather children, on a career of crime; and as long as these adverse conditions remain, and are accentuated by a false system of prison treatment, you will have a supply of habitual criminals. The breeding ground of the habitual criminal is the adverse conditions in the midst of which he is born and has to spend the tender and most impressionable years of his life. It is the

slums of the East End and the South of London which are the nurseries of habitual crime. The Medical Officer of the London County Council has reported that more than 800,000 persons in the metropolis live in conditions deleterious to health, decency, and civilisation. The Royal Commission of 1884, in a report signed among others by the present Prime Minister and the present King, endorsed the opinion that in London every working man and woman lost upon the lowest average about twenty days in a year from simple exhaustion due to the vitiated air of over-crowded dwellings. Mr. Charles Booth, Mr. George Haw, and other authorities tell us that the dens in which so many thousands of the London population have to make their homes degrade and demoralise the people, enfeeble them both in body and mind, and prepare them in their childhood for careers of pauperism, lunacy, and crime. As long as vast masses of the people of London live under the deplorable conditions which all of us acknowledge, there will always be a certain percentage of them who will develop into habitual criminals. You may exterminate the present generation as much as you please by the gallows or any other agency, but a fresh crop is always coming up, and it will be as great a danger to you as their predecessors. As long as the source of supply remains, the habitual criminal will be forthcoming, and to blink this fact is to ignore the fundamental problem of habitual crime.

One of the most assured results of the criminal statistics which Dr. Anderson so superciliously derides is the fact that the criminal is in the main a product of the wretched social circumstances in which he is born and bred. And the only effectual way of getting rid of him is to ameliorate the conditions of existence of the population as a whole. Punishment may do something towards keeping crime in check. But it is easy to over-estimate the value of punishment as a restraint, and it is the sheerest folly to rely upon it as a cure. If punishment alone could have suppressed crime there would not be a single criminal in the whole of England to-day. In the last century offenders were hanged by the hundred for the offences which would now be dismissed with an admonition or a fine. And yet when the century reached

its close crime was as rampant as ever. The simple reason is that the conditions producing it remained the same at the end of the century as they had done at the beginning. And, therefore, the hangings, floggings, gibbetings, transportations of which Dr. Anderson is apparently so fond had no effect whatever in diminishing the criminal population. The history of punishment is the most emphatic condemnation of the childish fallacy that longer sentences will put an end to habitual or any other kind of crime.

But is the system on which judges are now acting as foolish as Dr. Anderson would like the public to believe. English judges, I know, sometimes make mistakes like other fallible human beings. But as a body they are practical and sagacious men, deeply imbued with a sense of the responsibilities of their great profession. Dr. Anderson denounces their sentences on habitual criminals as acts of elaborate folly which will excite the wonder of generations yet to come. He fumes with rage at their proceedings, and says they would be impossible outside Earlswood or Bedlam. These are tremendous and startling fulminations against the judicial bench. How are they justified? The principle on which Judges at present act in the administration of justice is the principle of cumulative punishment. That is to say, punishment progressively increases in proportion to the persistence with which an offender pursues a criminal life. If he is a first offender, he receives a light sentence; if he comes before the Courts again his sentence is increased, and if he still persists after liberation in pursuing a life of crime he is sentenced to three, five, or perhaps ten years penal servitude. Is there anything about this method of punishment deserving the epithets which Dr. Anderson applies to it? It is the method in use in every civilised community, and it has commended itself to the Judges of England as the most practical means of dealing with the habitual criminal. True, this method does not always succeed. There is a percentage of criminals who persist in crime in spite of all the punishments inflicted on them. Almost as soon as they are liberated they re-commence their old career. And they persist in this career notwithstanding their knowledge of the fact that they will get a long period of penal servitude next time they are arrested

and convicted. But what does the incorrigibility of some of these habitual criminals prove? Does it show that the principle of cumulative sentences is a false one? Does it show that the Judges are wrong in continuing this principle? It shows nothing of the kind. It merely proves what everyone acquainted with the criminal population is very well aware of, namely, that imprisonment is not in all cases an infallible cure for crime. In many cases imprisonment and penal servitude do not put a stop to the operations of the habitual criminal when he regains his liberty. This is readily admitted by everybody. It is a truism and a commonplace. But does it follow that the system of cumulative sentences is only worthy of Earlswood and Bedlam? Nothing of the sort. It merely shows that although the cumulative principle works well as a whole, there are certain circumstances in which it does not succeed. It merely shows what Dr. Anderson is so anxious to deny, that punishment is not an effectual remedy for crime.

Let us now look at Dr. Anderson's own proposals a little more closely. I can find nothing new or definite in them, except the ridiculous idea of sentencing a certain class of offenders to penal servitude for life. You may try to gild the pill by calling the place of detention an asylum prison, or any other fancy name you please. This is merely a falling back upon the "played out" plan of calling a jail a penitentiary. The fact remains, in spite of juggling with names, that the man is sentenced to a term of imprisonment for life. That alone is enough to condemn the scheme. The whole tendency of public opinion and penal legislation throughout the civilised world for the last hundred years is opposed to sentences of penal servitude for life. Dr. Anderson may sneer as much as he likes and as long as he likes at the sacred word Liberty. Let me tell him that the sentiment which it embodies and consecrates will not be disposed of by his expressions of contempt. It is a sentiment which has taken permanent possession of the civilised conscience. It is the symbol and the watchword of all that is best and worthiest in our great national traditions. And the people of England will not depart from their hereditary devotion to liberty, even if it at times does involve certain inconveniences, at the mere bidding of a commissioner of

police. Imagine the Home Secretary bringing a bill before Parliament compelling Judges to sentence a man to imprisonment for life who has been five times convicted of theft ! Imagine the prospect of such a measure passing the House of Commons !

Suppose, if the thing be possible, such a bill in operation as an Act of Parliament. The sympathy of the public would immediately go round to the criminal. It is difficult in cases of theft to get evidence now. It would be next to impossible to get evidence then. When evidence was forthcoming, what of the jury ? We know how difficult it is to get the jury to convict when their sympathies are with the prisoner. Would they pronounce a sentence of guilty, however clear the evidence, when their whole soul revolted at the punishment which that sentence implied ? What of the Judges ? It is well known that most of these eminent and distinguished men are penetrated with the best ideas of their age, and all these ideas are saturated with the spirit of mildness and humanity. In the growing hatred of cruelty, in the protection of the weak, even in the bloody operations of battle, the one predominant note of our time is the note of humanity. In dealing with the offender before them, could the Judges divest themselves of the spirit and conscience of their age ? Would they not find means of indirectly defeating the operation of the law which it was their hateful duty to administer ? In such circumstances what would become of the law ? It would be a dead letter, and the whole machinery of penal administration would fall into deserved contempt. So much for the practical efficiency of the precious plan which is to make habitual offenders as rare as wolves. It is only the accident of Dr. Anderson's official position which makes it worth while wasting time upon it. The public is at all times glad to have the matured and carefully thought out ideas of its servants. But when officials offer the world mere crudities, and when they go out of their way to attack others right and left on behalf of these undigested nostrums, it is time to protest. It is time to say that these officials would be better employed in minding their own immediate business.

It is also to be recollected that the Home Secretary has only recently reformed the whole prison administration with the

express object of diminishing the number of habitual offenders. The habitual offender is a person who takes to crime in his early years. If he does not become a habitual till he reaches maturity, it is seldom that he becomes a habitual at all. With a view to preventing young delinquents from becoming habitual criminals the prison treatment of juveniles has been altered and adjusted to the circumstances and conditions of youthful life. On the other hand magistrates have been exhorted to do what they can by alternative penalties to keep the young out of prison as long as possible. When the juvenile is released from prison, he is afforded better opportunities than he used to have of making a fresh and honest start in life. All this is in the right direction. It is aiming at cutting off the supply, to use the words of the Prison Committee. But it has only been in operation for a year or two, and it is too soon as yet to expect these new methods to produce striking practical results.

Changes have also been made in other directions in prison administration. All these changes have had the same purpose in view, namely, to prevent the occasional criminal from becoming a habitual. Efforts are being made to mitigate the deteriorating effects of imprisonment, to which Committees and Commissions have called attention, by substituting useful for unproductive labour; by mitigating the rigours of separate cellular confinement; by keeping the prisoner in closer touch with his law-abiding friends and relatives; by enabling him to earn his freedom in local prisons by good conduct and industry; and by discharging him from prison no longer feeble and emaciated, but in a physical condition to earn his daily bread. These and many other similar changes have been effected in prison treatment quite recently. Surely it is only fair to give these reforms a chance before agitating for crude and ill-digested schemes. It will take some years before the effects of the reform can be completely felt on the volume of habitual crime. But it is perfectly certain, if the prison authorities do not become slack, if they do not allow the Home Secretary's scheme to degenerate into a deadly routine, that good results will follow from it. Let us see what the new methods will effect before we begin to tear them to pieces. It has cost years of time and labour to get them into working

order. It was never expected of them that they would transform the criminal population in a day.

This also has to be remembered. It was never supposed by the advocates of prison reform that the recent ameliorations in our prison system would do any good to offenders who became habitual criminals under the old administration. Many of these men were turned into habitual criminals by the blind and callous machinery of an obsolete prison discipline. The prison in too many cases has made them what they are. But these offenders should be a vanishing residuum. And when they disappear, as they will do in a few years, we shall then probably witness a real diminution in the proportions of habitual crime. In any case let us see what prison reform can do before we plunge into new and unknown adventures. It is a poor compliment to the Home Secretary to attempt to discredit his arrangements before they have had time to get into proper working order. Dr. Anderson never lifted a finger to help the Prison Committee when they were grappling with the problem of habitual crime. And the least he can do is to abstain from utilising his privileged position as a public servant for the purpose of wrecking a policy of penal treatment before it has had a proper trial.

I am willing to admit that under the very best of penal methods and with the most enlightened prison treatment there will always be a residuum who are neither reformed nor deterred. Nor is there anything wonderful in this. It has its parallel in almost every department of life. Are there not a certain number of people who are attacked by fever notwithstanding all the efforts and appliances of sanitary science. Are the sanitary inspectors and the sanitary authorities to be denounced as candidates for bedlam because of this unhappy fact? Are our modern methods of sanitation to be turned upside down because fever patients are not as rare as wolves. The mere statement of such a proposition shows how preposterous it is. It is only quacks who profess to be in possession of absolute and infallible cures. There are always some people whom the best of remedies will not cure. And this fact holds true of the criminal class as well as of every other.

It would be easy enough to deal with the habitual criminal if we could tell beforehand that he is irreclaimable and will not reform. But this is just the very thing we cannot do. I do not care how wide a man's experience is of the criminal population, or how deep an insight he has into criminal character: all his experience and insight never enable him to tell beforehand that such and such an offender is past reform. There are potentialities in human nature which the eye of the most experienced outsider cannot see. No one can tell when these hidden potentialities will wake into life and transform a man. It is the existence of these unseen powers of recuperation which makes it impossible for us to say of a criminal that he is irreclaimable and incorrigible. The number of previous convictions is no infallible test of incorrigibility. I have seen offenders reform after being convicted ten, fifteen, twenty, times. Age is no accurate test of incorrigibility. On the contrary, it is no uncommon thing for men to continue a criminal career for twenty years or more and then suddenly give it up. In the face of facts such as these, which any prison official can verify, who is to take the responsibility of defining the incorrigible habitual professional criminal? It simply cannot be done. Such people probably do exist. But they defy all the resources of legal and technical definition. And until you are able to define them you cannot pass an Act of Parliament for giving them penal servitude for life. These facts are commonplaces to those who have thought out the problems of penal law and prison administration. No one has a moral right to write a line on criminal matters till he has faced these problems. But apparently some people who would like to pose before the public as authorities do not even know that they exist. Of such people Beccaria was right when he said, "*La cieca ignoranza è meno fatale che il mediocre e confuso sapere.*"

But supposing we ride rough-shod over the difficulty of defining the habitual criminal and assume that every man and woman is to be considered incorrigible who is sent for a second time to penal servitude. Are the numbers of these people so very great that they are able, as alarmists say, to reduce society to a state of siege? Let us see. According to the last official

returns of the Commissioners of Prisons—the returns for the year ended March, 1900—the number of offenders, both men and women, sent for a second time to penal servitude only amounted to a grand total of 263 in the whole population of England and Wales. The population of England and Wales amounts at the present time to over thirty millions of people. And we are seriously asked to believe that this vast population is kept in a state of siege by 263 criminal offenders! The exaggeration of such a statement is more than ridiculous, it is hysterical. It has as much real relation to the situation as the terror of a party of old ladies at the scamperings of a mouse. If figures, as Goethe says, do not govern the world, they at least show us how it is governed, and the figures relating to the annual number of offenders sent twice to penal servitude effectively dispose of this bogey of a state of siege. Is it necessary for us to re-cast and revolutionise our penal procedure on account of 263 habitual offenders? Is it necessary for us to go back to the discarded ferocities of the penal law in order to combat these 263 individuals? I venture to believe that the people of this country are too sensible to do anything of the kind.

But it may be said it is not really penal servitude for life we want, but an indefinite or indeterminate sentence on the habitual criminal. We want him to be kept in prison till he is cured of his criminal proclivities. We do not let a madman out of a lunatic asylum till he has become sane, and we ought not to let a criminal out of prison till we have a guarantee that he will henceforth be a harmless member of society. This is an old idea, and is very plausible till submitted to practical criticism. The indeterminate sentence has been advocated for half-a-century or more by writers on crime both in this country and abroad. But it is a scheme which has made no real progress among European communities. The reasons for this are very simple. They are legislative, judicial, and administrative. The legislative difficulty in the way of putting a man in prison for an indefinite length of time is the repugnance, and, as I believe, the healthy repugnance, of the public conscience to such a step. The value attached by the public opinion of civilised peoples to individual as well as political liberty has made enormous strides within the last hundred

years. In such circumstances it would be impossible to get public opinion—which is only another name for legislative opinion—to admit the indeterminate sentence into our criminal law. The indefinite sentence, which might mean in practice a sentence of imprisonment for life for some comparatively trivial offence, would be regarded by the public mind as an unwarrantable inroad on the principle of individual liberty.

The judicial difficulty connected with the indeterminate sentence would be the difficulty of determining when an offender should be sentenced to such a penalty? At what particular point in a man's career is a judge or jury to determine that he is a habitual and an incorrigible criminal? Is it to be after he has had so many previous convictions? Is the character of the crimes he commits to be taken into account, and if so to what extent? Is the age of the offender to be a determining element, and if so how is it to be determined? Is the character of the criminal, apart from his crimes, to enter into the matter? How is criminal character to be ascertained? All these are formidable preliminary difficulties which must be solved and settled—and others might be added—before the indeterminate sentence can be acted upon from the judicial bench. In addition to these, look at the enormous administrative difficulties. A man put in prison under an indeterminate sentence is to be kept there till he is believed to be cured. But who is to decide this question? It is comparatively easy for a doctor to say that a lunatic is cured and fit for liberty. He has certain very definite physical and mental tests to guide him. But what test is to assure the company of experts appointed for the task that a prisoner is cured; that he is reformed; that it is safe to set him at liberty? Good conduct in prison is the only possible test. But of what value is good conduct in prison in such a matter as this? It is perfectly notorious to prison officials that some of the best behaved prisoners are the most incorrigible offenders when out of doors. A man may be perfectly well-behaved in the artificial atmosphere of a prison, and at the same time almost certain to offend again when he gets his freedom. Good conduct in prison, that is to say, a slavish docility to prison rules, is no guarantee whatever that the docile prisoner will possess the strength of will to do well when outside prison

walls. In fact it is not infrequently the prisoner who is somewhat recalcitrant, the prisoner who has a will and a mind of his own, who does best when his term of imprisonment has expired. The fatal objection to the indeterminate sentence is that there is no sound and safe test for bringing the sentence to a termination. And in the absence of a sound and safe test what is there to fall back upon?

There is nothing except the more or less vague opinions of prison officials. I do not say that these opinions are without value. I believe in many cases they might safely be acted upon. But it would be impossible for prison officials to give definite and specific reasons why an old offender should be liberated. All they could give would be their general impression that it was a safe thing to do. It is perfectly certain that a system conducted on such a principle, or rather want of principle, would never work in practice. It would by its very nature be far too arbitrary. The letting out of some prisoners after a short term of detention, and the keeping in of others for life, would be entirely in the hands of men who were unable to give solid material reasons for doing the one thing and abstaining from the other. In short there is no test applicable to a prisoner under detention by which you can say that he is fit for liberty. There is no standard enabling you to certify that the prisoner has arrived at a state of social health. Until some satisfactory test or some satisfactory standard is found, the indeterminate sentence, however plausible in theory, is an impossibility in practice. The common sense of the community would never permit the liberation or the continued detention of prisoners to be determined by the arbitrary decision of prison officials. And I believe that prison officials themselves would shrink from such a responsibility. Until prisons are conducted on such methods that the exhibition of good conduct inside them can be taken as a security that the imprisoned man or woman will be equally well conducted outside, I see little prospect of the indeterminate sentence being accepted as a practical remedy for habitual crime. It is one of the many attractive formulas which unfortunately break down as soon as you try to apply them to the concrete realities of life.

The only practical method of dealing with the habitual criminal at present is a wider application of the principle of conditional liberation. Many habitual criminals are at the present moment undergoing long sentences of detention. These sentences were inflicted not because of the prisoner's last offence, but because of his previous convictions. The punishment the offender receives is not on account of his crime, but on account of his bad character. If the crime only were taken into consideration the punishment would be far too severe. But the Judge takes his character as well as his crime into consideration, and he considers it expedient for the safety of society that the offender should receive a long sentence of penal servitude. It sometimes happens that it would be safe enough to liberate this man long before his sentence has expired. In many cases he has passed the criminal age, and is unable to resume his former life even if he had the will. In some cases he is to all human appearance a reformed and altered man.

In dealing with such cases our prison law should be made more elastic. At present a man must serve three-fourths of his sentence, no matter how well conducted he may be, no matter though it is believed by all who come in contact with him that he would be all right if set at liberty. It would be a good thing if the authorities, or some specially appointed board, had wider powers of dealing with such prisoners. As soon as they cease to be dangerous to society it is useless keeping them any longer in prison. They might be let out before three-fourths of their sentence has expired. If such a system were in operation, a Judge would feel that his sentence has not the irrevocable character it has now, and the enlarged opportunity of being conditionally liberated would add enormously to the prisoner's incentive to good behaviour while in prison and after liberation had taken place. It is in the direction of enlarging the sphere of conditional liberation, and not in the direction of the indeterminate sentence, that penal reform should move. The indeterminate sentence would entrust a power to officialdom which the public will never bestow. But the public would be perfectly prepared to allow a larger amount of discretion in the way of conditionally liberating prisoners under long sentences of penal servitude.

I would say, in conclusion, that in dealing with habitual crime indignation is no remedy. We are often asked to be indignant and upbraided as sickly sentimentalists because we are not perpetually venting our resentment on the criminal classes. But if indignation is no remedy, what is the use of wasting time in indulging in it? Indignation is just as much blind feeling as sickly sentimentality. It does not further the object we have in view. That object can only be attained by the exercise of reason, by the utilisation of experience, by a calm and balanced judgment, which carefully examines and scrutinises every aspect of the matter in hand. It is not by sentimentalism on the right hand, or indignation and resentment on the left, that a rational and effective criminal policy can be framed. It is only by a prolonged and exhaustive examination of facts, and by taking care to draw sane conclusions from them.

W. D. MORRISON.

THE ANNALS OF A SLUM-FAMILY.

WHEN I first knew Joe Green he was about 22 years of age. His younger brother Willie used to carry my bag when I arrived at the station at Smokeborough on my travels. Willie used to take me home with him to see his mother and sister and Joe. They lived in the wretchedest slums of Smokeborough—in the “Crofts” and the courts that lie back of them. I have never seen any worse slums anywhere than some of these courts. The hideous smoke, the soot raining down on damp winter days, the smells, the refuse, the grime and mouldy odour of the interiors, the hopeless vicious look of the faces (many of them), the yells, the fighting, the drunkenness—all made a most gloomy impression. The Greens were always on the move. Half the time they couldn't pay their rent; and “moonlight flits” were frequent. I cannot recall all the places in which I have seen them. Sometimes after an absence of a month or two from the town I would have to hunt for quite a time before I could find them.

The father was dead. Joe was weakly, and hardly fit for work, and there was little or nothing coming in. At times their few sticks of furniture disappeared, and they would sleep—all four—crossways on one large bed. (They were short little people, fortunately—the slum-dwellers of two or three generations being hardly equal to the “monumental man” whom M. Taine discovered standing on the steps of the St. James's Clubs.) Then when there was any money about—just now and then—the mother got drunk, lordly drunk. She was a funny

little rattle-trap woman—a bit Irish, hopelessly untidy and dishevelled, not over moral, but full of gaiety and life, warm-hearted, plucky—with occasional bouts of tears—and not above “snaking” a loaf now and then, for the family table. When the small-pox was about, *she* was the woman the neighbours in the crofts sent for; she never refused a cry for help of that kind. “Lord! you can only die once,” she said, “what does it matter?”

But she *was* amusing. There used to be hanging on the wall of their little room an old coloured print of Landseer’s “Bolton in the Olden Time,” where the tenants of the abbey are bringing in game and fish, and laying them at the monk’s feet, and a little lap-dog is looking on at the proceedings. Mrs. Green would have it—and she used to explain, with a twinkle in her eye which almost made you believe that she knew what nonsense she was talking—that this little lap-dog was the sacrificial lamb of God, and that while the men were offering stags and salmon to propitiate the priest, he was insisting and repeating that “nowt but t’ blood o’ t’ lamb would satisfy him!” Then there was a picture of the Madonna, with two or three saints in the foreground, and the mystic legend *Ave Maria* below, which she interpreted as the advice of the elder man to the younger—given of course at the sight of so beautiful a woman—“(h)ave Maria.”

Mary-Anne, the girl, listened to these expositions with soft “dreaming eyes of wonder,” and with perfect reliance on their authority.

She earned a little money sometimes, did Mrs. Green, by working for the Jews. It’s not very good business, at the best, working for the Jews, even in a government-inspected workshop—but working *out* for them is miserable. She used to work at “translating,”—translating men’s worn-out coats into boys’ new jackets. The trick of the thing is easy to see. You have to cut down the coat, cut out the worn parts, and stitch it all together again; but quickly, for goodness’ sake, for there’s only fourpence for a coat—at least from 4d. to 6d. is all that Mrs. Green used to get. It’s a great business that translating, much favoured by the Jews, and many poor souls have themselves been translated while attending to it.

After a bout of "translating," she did get drunk sometimes, there was no doubt about it; then she would dance a kind of jig, and sing, and be quite hilarious; and very queer she looked too, on these occasions, with her beady little eyes, and half bald head, and upturned nose—as she revolved somewhat unsteadily on her axis. I remember one evening going with a companion to visit the Green family. We climbed the dirty old stair which led to their one room, and knocked, but there was no reply. At last I lifted the latch and looked in. It was getting very dusk, but I could see—or thought I saw—that the room was empty; no one there, only an old dress lying across the bed. We turned to go: but at that moment a hollow voice came from the depths of the room, and immediately in the uncertain light a figure staggered across the floor—half undressed, with thin dishevelled elf-locks flying, and strange wild moans and cries. It was Mrs. Green, drunk and in tears. The children were all out, she was alone and miserable, there was nothing to eat in the house, and I suppose she had felt that there was no alternative but to drink.

When Joe was about 19 he met with an accident which ruined his chances of ever gaining a decent livelihood. The tall chimney of the cutlery works where he was employed fell. It was an awful affair. The chimney crashed through two or three stories of workshops, killing and maiming numbers of young women and men and lads. Joe was saved from death by a great balk of timber which half fell, and then jammed itself over his head. But he was frightfully cut about the head, and his body was crushed, causing some internal damage, which made it impossible for him ever after to do any work involving great effort or strain. His nerves, too, were so shaken that for years after—so his brother said—whenever there was a strong wind Joe would betake himself to the cellar or hide in some hole or corner out of sheer fright.

He was a very affectionate, soft-voiced lad, of a clinging disposition, too diffident and irresolute ever to make a success in the race of life, even if he had not been handicapped; utterly illiterate, too, unable to read a single word, yet not without sense and shrewdness; the type of lad who, in more prosperous surroundings, would have been a general favourite—

one of those kindly yielding natures who form the mortar of society, so to speak, where others, squarer perhaps and more solid, are "bricks." But after the accident there was not much chance for Joe. The firm gave no compensation; as far as I know such a thing was not even talked about; the chimney was blown down by the *wind*. It was an Act of God, as they word it in the statutes. Joe was simply left to drift where he might—and that of course meant to drift into the public house when he had a chance.

When sufficiently recovered to work a little, too shaken to go back to his old life, he picked up such odd jobs as he could do—errand running, boots at commercial inns, and light outside porter at railway stations; but his inability to read, combined with his poor health and strength, made him only a casual worker to the end of his days.

Willie, the younger brother, was not unlike Joe in general disposition. He, too, was perfectly unable to read. Born before the days of School Boards, he had never learnt—and never in after years was able to learn more than his letters, notwithstanding many and pathetic endeavours to do so. With no education and no proper training in any trade, he too, like Joe, drifted down into a mere on-hanger of hotels and stations, and became a worker of the most casual kind for the rest of his life.

Yet these two lads—perhaps it was on account of their very ignorance!—were singularly trustworthy. They belonged, as is the case with many of our slum-dwellers—to a period anterior to civilisation—and if they had some of the vices, had also the virtues of savagery. Their naively simple and familiar manners made it impossible not to treat them as equals; and I really believe it never entered into their heads to in anyway deceive—or be otherwise than perfectly open to any one whom they had once learnt to regard as a friend.

For the rest there was in both their faces—and in that too of the little sister—that look of dumb pathos and suffering—the soft tense eyes, the pale complexion—which hardly belongs to the savage state, but which is seen so often in the children, and young things, old before their time, of our great towns, and which lends to their faces so poignant an interest.

In the court where the Greens lived (when I first knew them), dwelt a horrible woman—a great big, brassy, lying female—with her daughter, who was a regular slut (though her mother affected a little finery). How they got their living is not recorded—not very satisfactorily, I fancy. But Joe drifted into their house, and became familiar there—too familiar; and then there was a baby; and then Joe had to marry the slut or pay to the baby. Joe's mother swore it *wasn't* his baby—as there were plenty of other visitors to the house whom it might be fathered on; but the slut's mother swore it was, and as she was much the bigger woman of the two, she got her way, and Joe married the slut. Mrs. Green got drunk, and danced her jig, and the baby's head was “washed in ale” by the courtyard and neighbours generally.

Joe—as he usually did—acquiesced in his destiny. He took a wretched little hovel in another yard not far off, and started family life—and in the course of seven or eight years had about the same number of children—eight, I think, altogether—all girls. Of course he was making only a very poor wage, mostly as outside porter at the station, and how he lived I hardly know. His wife was the most utter sloven. I used to call to see them occasionally, but I can safely say that I never remember seeing her doing anything—cleaning the house, washing the children, or mending their clothes. She generally sat, an untidy heap, with red hair, and pock-marked face, by the fireside, while the babies crawled about the floor, or over her; the house was filthy, and the children were puny and sick with neglect. Mrs. Green, the elder, sometimes in the intervals of “translating” did a bit of sewing for her grandchildren—but I never could discover that their mother ever did a stitch of anything for them. Yet Joe would never have a word said (so his brother told me) against his wife.

In later years I did not see so much of the Green family. Willie got married, and did perhaps a trifle better than his brother. When I visited Smokeborough he always claimed his right to the black bag, and when at last it became disabled from active service, his devotion to it did not wane, but he insisted on having it, and it now rests from its labours, stored among the archives of his family. His mother was rather cut up at

his marriage, for she was very fond of him. Perhaps it hastened her end—for she took to drinking more and more, got more strange and tearful and unintelligible. She suffered a good deal too, from some internal complaint, one which no doubt increased, and was increased by, her tendency to drink; and about a year afterwards she died.

The little sister, too, got married soon after this, to a man who was actually in regular work—the most fortunate of the family. But Joe's wife did not long survive her mother-in-law. She succumbed to a fever, and left the unfortunate Joe alone with his eight children—or with the six who had so far survived the ordeal of slum childhood. Joe did not marry again, as widowers usually do under such circumstances; but his eldest girl, who was now eleven, became housewife and nurse of the poor little things that remained. Joe himself was now constantly ill. Drinking habits fastened themselves more and more upon him, and the state of the household was even worse than before. If it had not been for the goodness of another "traveller" they must all have gone into the workhouse.

I am a "commercial" myself and know well enough the meanness and dirty tricks of trade. But even a life of commercial travelling cannot destroy the romance of humanity in some breasts. This man, of whom I speak, was a traveller in tea, and a chapel-goer too, but for some years before had employed Joe as porter of his goods when he visited the town. During all this time he never deserted Joe, but found work for him when there was really little to find, paid for work which he often could not do, and found a permanent place for him to sweep out the little office which he himself only used twice a week; and at last, when Joe sank into permanent ill health and disability, allowed him ten shillings a week.

Even that, however, would not support a family of seven—rent and doctors' bills included—and at last Joe, ill and miserable, was fain to go into the workhouse, and take the children with him. He only stayed a few weeks. As soon as he was a little stronger he came out again. He could not bear the confinement and the regulations. The children were of the same mind. Though looking far better in health for the change, the whole family voted for freedom, and returned with

joy to the old life of privation and dirt. Joe lasted a few weeks longer, then took to his bed and died—with complications of bronchitis, asthma, and kidney troubles.

Shortly before he died I happened to look in. There was only one bed—and that on the floor—for the whole family: and across that he was lying, with his head propped up against the wall. There was no chair—and the floor was so filthy I could not sit upon it—so I contented myself with squatting on my heels near him. His voice was low, and he could only talk a little—yet there was the same easy unoffending and unoffended look in his face, as of old. He had taken a house (or hovel), next to the very one in which his mother had died—and seemed to think it not unlikely that he should die in it. As to the workhouse, he had no fault to find with the food, etc., but he could not bear the “regulations,” and would rather die outside than live in it.

So outside Joe died; and the five girls (only five now), were captured—little wild things, amid tears and struggles. The traveller (bless his heart), took one girl into his service, and arranged for most of the others to go into various orphanages and institutions; and so down different channels, separated from each other, and from the tender ties of kinship, they drifted at last into the great world.

* * * * *

Such are the slender annals of a little family taken at random out of the slums of one of our big towns. I have written them down very briefly, keeping as close as I could to the actual facts. It may be very trivial, but to me there is something infinitely pathetic in the thought of these lives, which are, so to speak, born to be smothered beneath the weight of our mercantile civilisation. Perhaps some day it will be difficult for people to realise how these things could be.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

THE GAME LAWS.

It is a subject of common remark among men and women who have passed middle life that many of the proposed reforms which commanded a large measure of public interest and support from twenty to fifty years ago are seldom heard of to-day. For instance, the agitation for the Abolition of Capital Punishment was at one time a formidable movement. Now one may read any average daily newspaper for a whole year without finding the matter alluded to once. It is impossible to believe that the public have become more callous, or that any genuine change of opinion has taken place. There are, let us hope, fewer admirers of the hangman or his work at present than there were in the days of Peter Taylor and John Bright, yet he is allowed to pursue his horrible calling unmolested, and almost uncriticised. The same may be said of the Game Laws. There was a time when the latter were the subject of a fierce agitation extending over many years. Public meetings were held by the score, and a Game Conference took place at Aberdeen, at which some thousands of farmers were represented. Public feeling ran so high that party ties were severed, and the occupancy of many parliamentary seats determined by the attitude of the candidates towards the Game Laws. How is it that we hear so little of the matter to-day?

It may be said with confidence that no sufficient explanation of the silence and apathy which have overtaken us is to be found in any remedial legislation which has taken place.

Indeed, the only measure of that character which has become law is the Ground Game Act of 1880, and much of the good accomplished by that was destroyed by the Hares Preservation Act of 1892. The true explanation lies in the fact that during the last few years public attention has been directed to other and (we willingly admit) larger issues. The growth of the Socialist movement accounts for much. Only a small proportion of human beings are so constituted as to be able to take an interest in matters which do not directly and immediately concern their pockets. During the last twenty years nearly all the born propagandists have been attracted to Socialism, and on the principle that the greater includes the lesser such abominations as Capital Punishment and the Game Laws have been allowed to drop out of notice.

It must, however, be obvious to even the most ardent of its supporters that Socialism is not coming in a day, or in a year, and that being so, surely even the most revolutionary of reformers need not feel debarred from advocating measures which if carried will prove no hindrance to the evolution of Socialism. Prominent amongst those we would place the repeal of the Game Laws.

We have not the least desire to draw down on our heads the wrath of those who contend that man is not naturally a carnivorous animal. What he was originally we leave experts to decide—or to quarrel over. We do think, however, that all will agree that for a very long time the flesh of animals of the field has formed a large proportion of man's diet. Let us, then, take the case of a savage tribe depending largely for its food on the chase. Under such conditions the individuals who would have the best chance of surviving in the struggle for existence were those who not only took the greatest pleasure in the capture of edible animals, but also in the pursuit of them. Sending down their disposition, in accordance with the law of heredity, through countless generations of offspring, it would become intensified until at last the pleasure of hunting animals would be as keen as the pleasure of taking them. The latter, however, would never quite disappear. This explains why it is that nothing troubles the rich sportsman of to-day more than the loss of a bird which he has shot. Its value

cannot be a matter of any importance to him, and yet he will often spend more time in searching for a dead or wounded bird than would suffice for the taking of two or three others. The same trait is sometimes noticeable in dogs. The present writer possessed for many years a very intelligent lurcher bitch, who was an inveterate hunter. She was always well and regularly fed, and never once showed the least desire to eat any of the animals she caught. Whenever it happened, however, as it occasionally did, that her master could not carry away her prize, she invariably insisted on burying it. If taken near the spot a week or even a month later, she would momentarily abandon her search for game to dig out her buried treasure. It will now be understood how the love of hunting wild animals and capturing them came to form such a large proportion of the mental make-up of the average man, and why this love survives long after his physical needs have come to be satisfied by other methods and from other sources. As civilisation advanced, cultivation increased, and other sources of food-supply were multiplied, protection came to be accorded to wild animals as objects of sport. This was the stage which was reached in England when the Forest Laws were first promulgated.

By the common law of England and Scotland, following that of Rome, wild animals in a state of nature are common to all mankind. A legal writer says: "By the very nature of the case wild animals cannot be made the subject of that absolute kind of ownership which is generally signified by the term property. The substantial basis of the law of property is physical possession, the actual power of dealing with things as we see fit, and we can have no such power over animals in a state of nature." It is, for instance, impossible to confine pheasants, partridges, grouse, &c., to a particular estate, and, taking fences as they are, the same may be said of the great majority of hares and deer in this country. Moreover, the individuals of each species are so much alike that it is impossible for anyone to identify them as his property. It is unnecessary to waste time in proving this part of our case. All legal writers without exception acknowledge that living wild creatures are not property. Nevertheless the Game Laws were placed on

the Statute Book to establish a proprietary right in those animals, and, as Mr. Barclay, Sheriff of Perthshire, once told a House of Commons Committee, they "put game, which was not property, in a higher scale than property." They did this by means of a system of licenses for killing and selling game, and by making trespass, which, in itself, is only a civil offence, a criminal offence of great magnitude.

At an early stage it was discovered that a free right of hunting was incompatible with the preservation of game in sufficient numbers to afford enough sport to the monarch and the nobles, and accordingly a series of laws known as the Forest Laws were enacted, by means of which certain districts were reserved for purposes of sport to the sovereign. The increase of population soon rendered protection necessary for areas outside the Royal Forests if the supply of game was to be kept up, and the result was a series of enactments known as the Game Laws. It will thus be seen that the right of taking wild animals which originally belonged to the whole people was filched from them by a selfish and privileged class, who, we need hardly add, stole the common-lands, by means of "enclosure" acts, in much the same manner. It is strange but true that, except in Ireland, and in the north of Scotland, the people have come to acquiesce more readily in the robbery of the land than in the robbery of the game.

The Act which is considered the first or oldest of the Game Laws became law in the thirteenth year of Richard II., and it is interesting to observe the reasons for placing it on the Statute Book which the legislators of the time advanced. Said they :

"It is the practice of divers artificers, labourers, servants, and grooms to keep greyhounds and other dogs, and on the holidays when good Christian people be at church hearing Divine service, they go hunting in parks, warrens, &c., of lords and others, to the very great destruction of the game."

We know hundreds of districts, from Kent to Caithness, of which the same might be written to-day, thus showing that the Game Laws have utterly failed to obtain a moral sway over the people.

The term "game," includes hares, pheasants, partridges, grouse, black-game, ptarmigan, and bustards. In addition to these there are a number of animals to which one or other of the game-statutes extends protection. These are rabbits, deer, roe, woodcock, snipe, quail, landrails, and wild duck. Although there is no property in wild animals, it has been settled by the Courts that the right to pursue or take game is a private privilege. In England this privilege belongs to the occupier of the soil, in the absence of any agreement to the contrary, and in Scotland to the owner. In the former country, agreements reserving the game to the owner are almost universal. The occupier or the owner of the soil has the right to claim any game killed on his land; but such is the curious state of the law that the poacher who takes away what he kills is not guilty of theft.

The Game Laws are held in abhorrence by the majority of people, chiefly for two reasons: first, on account of their injurious economic effects, and second, because of the harsh punishments which they inflict for trivial offences. By their action large tracts of land have been rendered almost totally unproductive, cultivation has been abandoned and immense numbers of labourers thrown out of employment, the crops of farmers, near preserves, although often on a different estate, have been injured or even destroyed; ill-feeling has been engendered between the authors and the victims of game preserving, and not infrequently the landless, workless labourer has been driven to break the law in order to procure food, thus landing himself in violence, or even murder. In addition to all this the irrepressible sporting appetite of our people, sustained by a consciousness of having moral right on its side, leads to a reckless love of breaking laws which are unjust, unfair, and injurious. No believer in democratic government, no lover of order, can uphold statutes which demoralise those who live under them.

But bad as are the Game Laws in essence, the manner in which they are administered makes them far worse and more hateful. It is notorious that not only is nearly every Justice of the Peace, but nearly every salaried Magistrate and Judge on the Bench, a game preserver. The people who break the

Game Laws almost all belong to one class, the people who sit in judgment on them almost all belong to another and hostile class. The effect of this arrangement is made very clear by the following questions and answers :—

When Mr. J. S. Nowlson was asked by a Select Committee of the House of Commons : "Do game preservers ever act as magistrates in cases of offences against the Game Laws," he replied, "Yes, but not in their own cases. For instance, if A has got a case B will take it, and if B has got a case, A will take it." Again, "In case a man was brought up for an offence against the Game Laws, and there was a certain amount of evidence given, do you think he would stand a greater chance of conviction than if it were an offence against some other law?" Reply : "We do consider so."

Everybody acquainted with agricultural labourers is aware that a strong feeling prevails among them that justice is not to be expected in cases of offence against the Game Laws. A House of Commons Committee reported that "very few of the Game Law convictions are regular in point of form, and they would have to be set aside had they gone before the Judges." It was a common occurrence for justices to sentence poachers to longer terms of imprisonment than the law allowed. For this and other reasons the Home Office liberated a vastly greater proportion of offenders against the Game Laws than of any other class of offenders. Yet an impartial observer might be excused for thinking that the penalties for poaching are high enough to satisfy the most exacting. For instance, the penalty for trespass in pursuit of game in the day time is a fine of £2 with imprisonment in default, and if the offence be committed by a party of five or more the penalty is £5 each with imprisonment in default. In the case of night poaching the penalty for a first offence is three months' imprisonment with hard labour, and at the expiration of that period the offender is compelled to find sureties for his good behaviour for a year or undergo a further imprisonment for six months with hard labour. For a second offence the penalty is six months' imprisonment with hard labour, and at the end of that time the offender must find sureties for his good behaviour for two years or undergo a further twelve months' imprisonment

with hard labour. For a third offence the penalty is seven years' penal servitude. But this is not all. If a party of three or more enter land at night for the purpose of taking game or rabbits, and if any of the party be armed with gun, crossbow, firearms, bludgeons, or *any offensive weapon*, each and everyone of such persons shall be liable to penal servitude for fourteen years. The Select Committee on the Game Laws of 1846 reported :—

“The setting of a snare after sunset by a man who has been twice before convicted under the Night Poaching Act renders him liable to be transported for seven years, and Mr. Phillips gives it as his opinion that the Game Laws are the severest laws on the Statute Book.”

Yet there are persons who think that those laws are not severe enough. A witness, for instance, before that Select Committee cheerfully proposed that poaching be made felony all round. It is needless to say that the harshness, or rather barbarity, of the punishment in store for them renders poachers but little inclined to yield themselves up when they find themselves confronted by gamekeepers. This accounts for much of the bloodshed of which we read in connection with poaching. It also accounts for much of the sympathy which is felt for poachers by all classes of the population except game-preservers and their agents.

Among the many unsatisfactory products of the Game Laws not the least objectionable is the gamekeeper. Joseph Arch, *ex-M.P.*, once said: “Keepers are generally taken from the louting men one sees idling about.” The knowledge that their masters sit on the Bench of Justice, and that their evidence will be believed in preference to that of trespassers, frequently emboldens them to acts of the worst brutality. Two or three years ago, in charging a Grand Jury at the Nottingham Assizes on certain indictments for malicious wounding and murder arising out of poaching affrays, Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams commented on the way in which these private police of individuals go out armed to the teeth, accompanied by savage dogs, and *without any code of instructions to regulate their proceedings*. Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, referring to arrests, &c., says: “I believe myself that in

three cases out of four, the gamekeepers act illegally." Whatever the men may have been originally it is certain that their method of living demoralises the great majority of keepers. Witness after witness testified before the Select Committee of 1873 that men who have been engaged for some time in gamekeeping are never afterwards fit for useful work. They become idle, brutal, and generally dissipated. But, indeed, they are often selected at first because of their brutality. A humane man would be useless in such a post. Head-keepers, who are generally well paid, as a rule act honestly by their employers, but it is a fact known to the writer that the more poorly paid ones not only take game for their own use, but frequently sell it in order to provide themselves with drink. In the spring of the present year (1900) a keeper in Scotland was convicted of stealing pheasants' eggs from a neighbouring estate. In almost every district in which game is preserved it is well known to the working people that the keepers will purchase, on behalf of their masters, eggs which they know to have been stolen.

In August last a show of gamekeepers' dogs was held at the Royal Aquarium, London. We quote from the *Daily Mail* of August 1st:

" 'I would rather have one of these dogs with me in a night row than three men,' said Mr. W. Burton to a *Daily Mail* representative yesterday.

" He was gazing fondly at five ferocious-looking bull mastiffs in the Westminster Aquarium, where a show of gamekeepers' dogs is being held. 'If they were unmuzzled,' he added, 'one alone could tear a strong man to pieces in five minutes.'

" 'At Thorneywood Kennels, Nottingham, I have trained these dogs to help the gamekeeper in catching night poachers, and although they are kept muzzled a man has no chance with them. If he attempts to run away he is knocked down instantly and kept a prisoner until the keeper arrives. They are the same breed of dogs that were used for bull-baiting in the last century.' "

With long imprisonment, or even penal servitude staring him in the face, and the prospect of immediate violence from man, or dog, or both, it is not to be wondered at that the

poacher often turns out a rough handful. All will remember Kingsley's lines :—

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire
There's blood on your pointer's feet ;
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there's blood on the game you eat."

We give a few examples of what is going on around us—

On August 15th, 1898, at Barton-Seagrave, a gamekeeper named Cobb challenged a trespasser whom he believed to be poaching. The man immediately showed fight. He knocked the gamekeeper down and seriously injured him. As the keeper was unable to rise the man got away. Cobb was found some time afterwards with a broken leg and some cuts on his face.

On November 4th, 1898, there was a poaching affray at St. Leonards Hill, near Windsor, the seat of Mr. F. T. Barry, M.P. Two keepers named Childs and Wykes, assisted by another man and a boy, were making preparation for the next day's rabbit shooting when they found a poacher's ferret and nets. They accordingly watched the spot, and in the moonlight saw a man enter a hut, where it afterwards transpired two other men were concealed. The keepers ran to the hut and attacked the men. Childs on getting inside was knocked down with a brick, which struck him on the chest, and at the same moment was shot in the left thigh by another man with a revolver. Wykes was also shot in the left thigh, the bullet breaking the bone and remaining in the flesh. The poachers hastily decamped, and the injured keepers were subsequently conveyed to the Windsor Royal Infirmary.

On November 2nd, 1898, four men were found poaching in a wood near Croydon, belonging to Major Lambert. They were discovered by a keeper named Cross, at whom one of the poachers named William Shepherd levelled a gun. After much threatening, the gun was discharged, accidentally or otherwise, and Cross was struck by two pellets, but not seriously hurt. Shepherd was afterwards arrested at Sutton, and suffered twelve months' imprisonment for the offence.

On November 8th, 1898, three men were found poaching in enclosed land at West Wickham, near London. They were approached by three keepers, and two of the latter, named Richard Durling and Edward Borer, were shot. They were seriously, but not fatally injured.

On November 28th, 1898, a keeper employed by Mr. E. J. Johnston, of Rougham Hall, Suffolk, was watching in Hilderstubs Wood when he came across two poachers, one of whom fired at him. The injured man was able to make his way to a farmhouse, and was removed to hospital.

It is probably not too much to say that hundreds of encounters, similar to the above, occur every winter in this country. Except in cases where life is lost, the London papers do not report them, and even then they do not always do so. Local papers, published in districts where game is preserved, are the sheets to search for such records.

It may be mentioned here that in the neighbourhood of London gamekeepers are much less aggressive and brutal than in remote districts. Near London they seldom attempt to arrest poachers. Acting under orders, presumably, they content themselves with following poachers and identifying them if possible, for the purpose of summoning them afterwards. Moreover, the punishment meted out to poachers in the neighbourhood of the metropolis is much lighter, as a rule, than in the provinces. This is believed on all hands to be due to the criticism and denunciation of harsh sentences by *Reynolds's Newspaper* and other Radical organs. Such is the effect of this criticism that, a few years ago, after the occurrence of some bloody affrays, orders were given on the estates of Mr. Goschen and his brother, near Croydon, that in future poachers were to be simply ordered off the land, and were not even to be summoned unless they resorted to violence. These orders were afterwards withdrawn, but the fact that they were given shows that game-preservers are fearful of losing their privileges if public attention is directed to them.

In reading reports of poaching affrays it is well to remember that it is almost invariably the gamekeeper's side of the case that is presented to the public. If the poacher escapes, he of course is never heard from. Even if he be caught he is seldom believed, and his description of the encounter seldom reported. There are exceptions to every rule, but it is the sincere belief of the present writer that, when they find themselves confronted by keepers, the vast majority of poachers would go away quietly if allowed. The abolition of the power of arrest

would, therefore, be a long step in the direction of peace. The poacher, whether he poach for food or for sport, never believes that he is guilty of a moral crime. For this reason, the gamekeeper will never command the respect which is almost invariably accorded the policeman, even by the most hardened criminals. Policemen, as a rule, are humane in their treatment of prisoners, and chiefly because they do not suffer from any sense of personal wrong. With gamekeepers the case is widely different. From the depredations of the poacher they suffer, or think they may suffer, in repute or convenience, or even in pocket. Under the circumstances it is little wonder that they frequently act brutally. As there are exceptions to all rules, there are, of course, exceptional magistrates who, occasionally let light in on the dark ways of game-preserving. The following paragraph, culled from the *Airdrie Advertiser*, of March 5th, 1898, reveals a case in point:—

“CHARGE AGAINST GAMEKEEPERS.—On Thursday—before Sheriff Mair, at Airdrie—Robert Connor M'Guire, steelworker, 14, Watt Street, Mossend, pleaded guilty to a charge of day-poaching on Thankerston Farm, the shootings of Mr. Alexander Whitelaw. He was fined 3rs., including expenses. Accused complained to the Sheriff that he had been assaulted by the two gamekeepers, and that he still bore marks of their violence upon his arms, which he was desirous of showing. The gamekeepers were called in, and appeared to treat the accusation lightly, one of them remarking that ‘it was immaterial to him.’ The Sheriff sent for the Inspector of Police, whom he directed to take the gamekeepers into custody and M'Guire to make the charge of assault against them.”

We may here mention that all appointments of gamekeepers are invalid until registered with the Clerk of the Peace. Very many of them are not so registered and, therefore, their arrests, and attempted arrests, of poachers are illegal. In the year ending March, 1899, full game licenses were issued to 65,366 persons, and occasional licenses to 7,519 more, making a total of 73,885. Let this be compared with the number of licenses to kill game issued to gamekeepers, viz., 4,019, and the disparity will be at once apparent. The truth is that on many preserves nearly all the young labourers are keepers' assistants. Many of them are desirous of getting appointed as keepers, so

as to escape from hard work, and these are always anxious to distinguish themselves by brutal conduct towards, not only poachers, but the most harmless trespassers.

And what sort of man is he against whom all this machinery of law and authority and brutality is directed? We refer to the poacher. There is probably no better-abused individual on earth; but abuse is not argument, and still less is it evidence. If the reader will turn to the report of the Select Committee of 1846, he will see that after carefully sifting the evidence the conclusions arrived at were: (1) That the poacher was generally far superior to the average agricultural labourer in intelligence and activity; (2) that the great majority of poachers would break no law other than the Game Laws; (3) that the poacher was not regarded as a criminal, either by himself or the people amongst whom he lived; and (4) that this opinion was shared even by the game-preserve, who not infrequently offered him employment as gamekeeper. The reader may not be aware that many poachers become keepers. The well-known writer, "Stonehenge," remarks on this:

"Reformed poachers, if really reformed, make the best keepers, but it is only when worn out as poachers that they think of turning round and becoming keepers."

It is worthy of remark that every writer on sport of any ability (as far as we are aware) feels himself constrained to say a good word of the poacher. We have just now at our elbow, a well-known and standard work, entitled "The Moor and the Loch," by John Colquhoun. Writing of poachers in bulk (so to speak) the author denounces them in unmeasured terms, but when he comes to speak of individual poachers whom he had known, his tone is altogether different. We quote from Vol. II., page 146.

"When I first knew Gregor More, of Callander, his poaching days were over, for he had a mortal disease from having lain out in the fields one cold night. He still managed to saunter down the river and to give those beautiful sweeps with his line and salmon fly which were the admiration of the whole clachan. . . . I looked at him with some curiosity; a nobler specimen of manhood I had never beheld. Upwards of six feet high, of the finest herculean proportions, and straight as an

arrow, he seemed equally formed for activity and strength. There was nothing mean or sneaking about his manner. His face was open and manly, and despite the sad discipline to which he had exposed both mind and body he had not effaced the natural and sure marks of force and truth from his countenance. Although wan and emaciated, there was a coolness, a will to dare in his eye, backed by his tremendous shoulders and still powerful frame, that I could not look at him without thinking of the words 'Majestic though in ruins.'"
 "But Gregor was equally knowing among the passes of the red deer and in the haunts of the salmon. It was alleged against him by the foresters that he 'kent' every favoured track as well as themselves. He was also a first-rate marksman with a ball, and generally carried off the prize at the St. Fillans games. When talking to him it was impossible not to be struck with the point of what he said; and his superiority in these sports, over his fellows, no doubt lay in his bringing to bear upon the exercise the full weight of his original mind."

We quote again from page 150 :—

"Very unlike Gregor More was —. Strange to say, he had once been a placed minister of the Kirk (answering to a beneficed clergyman) and although he often returned late on the Saturday night, after being all the week poaching the deer, his sermons were both clever and popular. I met him once when traversing a wild range of hills, and was impressed both with his general information and the courtesy of his address."

By way of showing that the race of poaching parsons is not extinct, we give the following extract from the *Glasgow Evening News* of October 14th, 1898 :—

"Dumfries. 2.—To-day, in Kirkcudbright Sheriff Court, Rev. W. Meland Gordon, till lately minister of Tongland Established Church, and now residing at Ross Bay Cottage, Borge, was charged with day trespass on 24th September on the lands of Culraven, belonging to Captain Hope of St. Mary's Isle. Mr. Gordon, who failed to appear, was defended by his brother, Mr. A. J. Gordon, solicitor, Kirkcudbright. William Kelly, gamekeeper, Burnfoot, stated that he saw the Rev. Mr. Gordon driving along the public road from Kirkcudbright in the direction of the house. Seeing the muzzle of his gun pointing out of his trap he suspected him, and he concealed himself. He saw Mr. Gordon calling on the birds, and he fired

a shot in Mossdrum field. He then left his machine and went into the field and picked something up. Witness went forward to accused, and asked him what he had in his pocket, when he produced a pheasant cock, and asked him not to say anything about it."

Among the evils incidental to game-preserving, not the least is the destruction of rare and beautiful birds and beasts. Last July there was on exhibition in the window of a Liverpool taxidermist a splendid specimen of the golden eagle, measuring 7 feet 2 inches from tip to tip of the wings, and 3 feet 2 inches from beak to tail. It had built its eyrie in a small cave in the face of a high cliff at Benula Forest, Glencannich, Beauly, N.B. It was watched by a keeper who descended the face of the cliff after dark, killed the mother bird, and carried away the only eaglet from the nest. The golden eagle is rapidly becoming extinct in this country.

In most preserves steel traps are set, sometimes on poles, for the purpose of catching birds or beasts of prey. When they are caught they are often allowed to linger in agony for hours, or even days before being despatched. The writer has seen dozens of hares which had each lost a leg in these traps. When a fox is caught in this manner it will often gnaw the leg off. Space will not permit me to say more on this matter; but a correspondence in the *Times* (September, 1900) on the subject of the pole-trap will be remembered by some of my readers.

The horrors of the battue have been described and denounced so often that little need be said about it here. It is simple butchery, often very clumsily performed. For days after a battue hares may be seen with broken backs, dragging their hind quarters after them among the bushes, and pheasants may be seen running about with broken wings trailing the ground. Pigeon shooting from traps is justly condemned, but the evils attending it are small compared with those inseparable from the battue. Mr. Frederick Gale, in "Modern English Sports," says: "At the Gun Club Grounds, and similar places, which are frequented by noblemen and gentlemen, the cruelty is comparatively *nil* to that occasioned by the battue." It is within our knowledge that the battue is condemned even by

gamekeepers. They cannot be expected to speak their minds freely before their employers, but if questioned privately many will be found to condemn it as affording no test of marksmanship, no opportunity for exercise or excitement, and as being wasteful of the game. The animals that escape wounded often become emaciated, or even die of hunger before being found.

It seems impossible to obtain an accurate estimate of the loss and damage occasioned by game preserving. We know, however, that the Scotch deer forests alone cover an area of over two million acres, and the best authorities assure us that all land which will rear deer will rear sheep. The latter are vastly more profitable to the community although not always so to the landowner. This last season Mr. Wm. Weir paid Lochiel £2,000 for the Achnacarry shooting, the Mackintosh got £2,000 for one of his preserves, Lord Burton paid Mrs. Ellice £3,022 for a shooting; Baron Schroder paid £2,500 for Glenfeshie, and Mrs. Cameron Lucy got £2,500 for Mamore Forest. There are numerous other preserves for which as high or even higher rents are paid.

In the year ending March, 1899, licenses to kill game were issued to 73,885 persons, exclusive of gamekeepers. If we allow to each sportsman the very moderate average of 100 acres to shoot over, that gives a total of 7,388,500 acres devoted to game preserving. For this purpose are footpaths closed, and labourers compelled to walk long distances to their work. For this are children debarred from playing or picking flowers in the woods or the glens. For this is the factory worker or the slum-dweller forbidden to breathe the pure air of the hills. For this are vast areas kept barren whilst millions hunger for the produce which they might have yielded, and willing hands only too anxious to till them, are driven to seek employment in the already overcrowded docks. And yet we are a practical people!

J. CONNELL.

*. For a fuller treatment of the subject of this article, the reader is referred to Mr. Connell's pamphlet, "The Truth about the Game Laws," with preface by Robert Buchanan (Humanitarian League, 1898).

THE HUMANIZATION OF THE BOARD SCHOOLS.

MORE than all other institutions the Board School needs reforming at our hands. Not even the prison, or the work-house, has prior claims on our attention. These, as it were, merely conserve and perpetuate failures. The Board School creates them—and of a more dangerous kind. To condemn, or to deplore its products is a commonplace with humanitarians. What has made those products at once brutal and credulous, neurotic and insensible? The mean environment of city childhood, it may be answered. Yes, but the schools have not enriched that environment. On the contrary I propose to show that they have actually aggravated its worst results.

I make no pretence of having studied the Board School system in the light of Blue Books, and official statistics. In that way the system has been studied too much. The actual human result is buried beneath a mass of figures. If the individual child really benefits, then, indeed, it is something to know that four million children attend Board Schools; that some excel in one subject, others in another. But I make bold to challenge that benefit. I propose to prove, in fact, that much of the callousness, the inertia, and the indifference against which humanitarians contend in vain, is due to the Board School method of instruction, and that a first charge upon our activities should be to change that method, and to change it radically.

HUMANIZATION OF THE BOARD SCHOOLS. 65

First, let us have regard to some remarkable figures. They have been shouted from the house-tops by champions of the Board School system. But their significance has escaped those champions. Upon the school books are 5,576,066 names, to which on any given morning some 4,534,165 children only give reply. In round figures a million children are each day absent. Admittedly they are the same children. Their absence is of itself sufficient to condemn the schools. Properly viewed it is proof positive that those schools have failed.

Why are the children absent? Let the dullest observer enter a Board School class-room, and inevitably he will be struck by one fact, that the process going on is entirely alien, nay necessarily painful, to healthy childhood. I almost hesitate to emphasize the obvious fact, so often has it been asserted, that the marked characteristic of childhood is spontaneity. The Board School system is designed to crush spontaneity. That it can have no other result is apparent. The children are taught by rote, and in class. Individual thought is not repressed—it is rendered impossible. The teacher, to make himself heard by the class, is compelled to bawl in a way that, to the casual observer, is at once distressing and ridiculous. In metallic unison the children shout back answers got off by heart before hand. Does any child wish to speak for itself it must hold aloft its hand in the fashion ridiculed by Charles Dickens before School Boards were invented.

I may be told that tuition in large classes is a necessity of the present resources of the Boards. With that I have nothing to do. I am merely attempting to summarise the result as I have seen it worked out before me. And I ask what charm can this sort of thing have for the individual child, and what chance has any system of education that makes no appeal to the imagination or the feelings of its pupils?

That Board Schools make no such appeal the facts prove. Who are the million absentee children? Let Dr. Macnamara, M.P., the champion of Board School progressivism, answer. They are, he says, "the children of thriftless, careless, and dissolute parents;" the very parents whose children's surroundings must of all others be the poorest, the meanest, and the most wretched. Yet those surroundings are a sufficient

counter attraction to school for the children to fight hard against attendance. They prefer squalid rooms, and noisome streets—where, at least, they may speak when they like, and do much as they please—to the bare class room, where they sit on boards so hard that to keep still on them is a positive labour, where, before they can speak, they must hold up their hands, where the free movement of the body ensures rebuke for “fidgeting,” where the walls are hung with gaudy pictorial representations of miracles, and portraits of the inner anatomy of man, where almost the only thing of colour is a stray Union Jack, and where, above all, the work that is put before them is devoid of interest, often of intelligibility. Children love liberty. To many application is difficult. But, once they have got an interest in their work, that interest will force them to attend school regularly. Children in Board Schools can acquire no such compelling interest. That is proved by the fact that, where the parents are too “thrifless, careless, and dissolute” to themselves to see to it that the children attend school, the children stay away.

Let no one suppose that these absentee children are kept away by *force majeure* to work for their parents. That accounts only for a comparative handful. The Government Inspectors show a truer appreciation of the cause of the evil. Met with complaints of irregular or non-attendance they almost invariably blame the teachers for not making the instruction attractive. It would be juster if they blamed, not the teachers, but the system which tends to make teacher, as well as child, a machine.

So much for the children who escape. Let us try and gauge the effect of those who remain—and suffer. Much importance is still placed by some on the elimination of religious instruction from Board Schools. To me it seems not to matter whether time is wasted on religious instruction or not. Whatever be the subject the children are the victims, if not of priestcraft, of the worst and crudest kind of dogmatism.

What, briefly, is it that children are taught to do in Board Schools, and what relation has that teaching to education? I take it there is no dispute as to the primary end of education being development, the development of the individual child's

mind. But the very reverse is what happens in Board Schools. Children are not taught to think or to enquire. They are kept constantly repeating what they do not often understand, are having forced upon them conclusions they do not even think about, are being compelled to accept, and proclaim upon the instant, statements they do not really grasp. Much memorizing of data is no doubt common to all educational systems. The Board School system ends with it. It does not educate; it deadens—all but the feelings which it leaves untouched.

I confess that this, to me, accounts for much of the credulity and brutality that marks large masses of men, who, without sense of citizenship, artistic consciousness, or intellectual interests, respond no longer, as did their fathers, to high and noble appeal; who would have probably been the same easy dupes to threadbare lies with the voice of a Gladstone in their ears as they have been during these later months, when, though no Gladstone spoke, the facts were eloquent of military inefficiency and disgrace. The Board School teaching leaves their imagination unfired, their minds untrained to think. Nay, still worse, it leaves them with the habit of believing without thought. Whatever shuffling of the subjects in the code there may be, this fact remains unchanged. Whatever be the subject chosen, while this fact remains the system makes for evil. Its reflex in the attitude of the people towards national questions is palpable.

I make no attempt to suggest upon what lines the system should be remodelled. The first stage in the solution of a problem, we used to be told, is that problem's correct statement. But a necessary prior stage is the consciousness that it exists. If I have helped to arouse that consciousness I am content. But the reform must be thorough. No tinkering that leaves its radical defect untouched will convert an evil into an aid. The task may be stupendous, but the prize is great. If we, to use Lord Salisbury's phrase, capture the Board Schools, then we have gone far to capturing the coming generation.

CHARLES SHERIDAN JONES.

CAGED BIRDS.

THE subject before us may be considered in two lights. The caging of birds must be regarded as mischievous, and as cruel.

The former consideration, that of doing harm to himself and his property, will, alas ! appeal to many a man who is obdurate as regards the second, for by a curious mental process the vast majority of the human race has arrived at the comfortable conclusion that all other beings were created expressly to become their victims or their toys.

The arguments by which such persons defend the imprisonment of winged and free-born creatures amounts to this : " It is not cruel, and if it is, we don't care." And every Englishman shows by his proverbial language a grounded belief in the cruelty, for when anxious to describe a situation of extreme distress, he says that he feels " like a bird in a cage," so that it is indifference, callousness, but not ignorance of their sufferings which allows him to indulge in the practice.

In arguing with such people, the very serious consequences which follow on emptying the fields, lanes and open country of our feathered labourers, caught and caged for the amusement of their jailors, should be pointed out. Carried away to languish by tens of thousands in the vile slums of London and other large towns, their vocation as agriculturalists must remain unfulfilled, and it is one which human hands cannot undertake. Already agriculture severely suffers from the bird-catcher's idle raids, and the future of our crops is likely to assume an alarming appearance to a new generation if the foolish

waste of life goes on. It is of course impossible to give any statistics of what that waste is, going on as it does, disregarded, through the length and breadth of the land. In every town many streets re-echo from end to end with the harsh, metallic shout of the thrush, blackbird, and skylark, or are made doleful to humane ears by the melancholy twitter of linnets, goldfinches and their kin. Those who carry them away captive require of them a song and melody in their heaviness. But their carols are changed, they cannot sing in a strange land those sweet strains that make their native woodlands ring again. To a trained ear the sound of a caged bird's song is fraught with disappointed desire, with unutterable cravings, or with an iron and stoical despair. It is without a trace of joy.

Things are even worse in the country, where outside nearly every cottage door hangs the wretched box with wired front, in which the bird of all birds who loves to soar sits on a filthy scrap of withered sod, gazing at the blue sky he will never reach again, and thrilling forth his woes. Within sight and sound of his free mates he pines away, and another takes his place. The last poor fragment of excuse is taken from the countryman, who can hear the lark afield all day long.

Even the Board of Agriculture, not given to sentiment, has now issued a series of leaflets for the purpose of instructing farmers that birds were not made to be shot or caged, but that their ministrations are essential to the land, and that the existence of many species is absolutely essential to our own. But all is borne down by the miserable self-love and bigoted self-will of an unthinking, bird-caging, bird-slaughtering public.

As an instance of the enormous and wanton sacrifice common in the wretched trade of the bird-dealer, the following, from the *Daily Graphic* of January 19th, 1899, may be quoted:—

“Revelations as to the destruction of British song birds were made at the Lambeth County Court yesterday during the hearing of a judgment summons brought by Charles Grimwood, a bird dealer in Lee, against Alfred Wilson, a bird-shop keeper in Rye Lane. The debt was £2, the price of ten dozen linnets supplied. The defendant pleaded inability to pay. Most of the birds had died. Judge Emden: Then why do you buy the poor things? The defendant: I have to have something in the window. The plaintiff said that Wilson was well able to

pay. The defendant generally bought 100 dozen a week of linnets, skylarks, and other British song birds. An order was made for payment within seven days, with committal for one month in default."

The linnet, it may be noted, was one of the birds mentioned by Miss Ormerod in her official report of the great attack on crops by the diamond-backed moth grub, 1891. Several farmers noticed that it was most serviceable in clearing away the pest. Besides eating noxious insects it clears the ground of weeds by eating their seeds. The skylark feeds his young on insects, and devours large quantities of them himself, including the direful wireworm. He has lately been included in the schedule of birds to be protected by all persons in all places during the breeding season, but it is to be regretted that the protection ceases when the birds perhaps need it most, namely, when, in autumn and winter, they fly in flocks, and roost on the ground huddled together for warmth. It is at this season that they fall an easy wholesale prey to the first loafing vagabond, who is probably looking out for a little recreation in the intervals of professional burglary. It is a fact that few respectable working men have anything to do with this trade, unless they are "out of work." But the very plea, "It is my living," throws a heavy responsibility on the bird-catchers' employers. It is a bad way of earning a living, and what is not for the general good cannot be for the good of any individual, "in the long run." Those who buy caged birds are the bird-catchers' employers; they encourage all the barbarities of the barbarous method he employs and the misery that follows. That his method is extremely brutal anyone who has seen it must acknowledge, and the number of small unfortunates who never leave his rough hands alive are in many instances greater than those saved for caging. Some of these ruffians make it a rule to kill the female birds at once, as they, being usually songless, are not always marketable articles.

A valuable leaflet published by the Society for the Protection of Birds, and written jointly by Mr. W. H. Hudson and Mr. W. L. Woodroffe, unquestionable authorities, gives a detailed account of the odious process of bird-catching, too long for

quotation here. Two short extracts, giving some idea of the ruthless destruction, may be given.

After showing how the wretched "decoy bird" is made to flutter up and down by means of a string fastened round his body and jerked by the man who holds the other end, Mr. Woodroffe adds:—

"The sight of him in trouble seems to determine the wild linnets; they swoop down to the ground; in a moment the nets are over them, and the catcher is quickly on the spot; another flock is at hand. By a kind of instinct he distinguishes the cocks from the hens. These are put into a low cage without a perch. He wrings the necks of the hens, carries off their little bodies and flings his net wide open. In less than two minutes he is again lying in ambush, plucking the warm bodies of the hens [presumably for food?], but ready to seize and ply his cords when the next flight comes. The next may be linnets again, or larks or goldfinches. . . . The cock birds, lark, linnet and finch, are all sent up that very night by rail to London. Whitechapel or Seven Dials absorb them, and a fortnight later some sixty per cent. (six out of every ten) die miserably in little cages, each not much bigger than a brick. If they have been caught in the spring the mortality is greater."—*Leaflet No. 12, "Bird-catching."*

This is what becomes of our best friends, our bread-keepers, if not actually our bread-winners. But were there no practical and egotistical side to the question, the miserable cruelty of shutting up a winged creature ought to make the mere sight of a birdcage detestable to all humane eyes. How is it, one cannot help thinking, that kindly, loving, gentle, sympathetic men and women, can bear to see so piteous an object as a caged bird, can look on it as an ornament to their houses, as a cheering sight, and, strangest thought of all, plume themselves on keeping caged birds as a proof of goodness of heart, and "fondness" for their captives? Positively there are people who persuade themselves that the bird likes his cage, that "human society" and creature comforts, supplied in captivity, such as they are, amply compensate him for the loss of his earthly all! They persuade themselves that he pities all poor outside dickies not blessed with a "snug cage"! Few people realize the moral ugliness of the thing, or notice its actual hideousness.

The artist must introduce, as a finishing touch to his picture of cottage life, a wicker cage enclosing a forlorn blackbird; there is hardly a popular standard English author who can refrain from completing (and ruining) his peaceful sketch of peasant home life by the same jarring note. Even Charles Dickens, friend of the friendless though he was, accepted caged birds, and their ill-treatment, as facts for which he could suggest no remedy. The little pathetic and suggestive picture of the goldfinch, taught by what hidden cruelties few can say, speaks for itself:—

“In a dirty court in Spitalfields once I found a goldfinch drawing his own water and drawing as much of it as if he were in a consuming fever. That goldfinch lived in a bird-shop, and offered, in writing, to barter himself against old clothes, empty bottles, or even kitchen stuff! Surely a low thing and a depraved taste in any finch! I bought that goldfinch for money. He was sent home and hung on a nail over my table. He lived outside a counterfeit dwelling house, supposed (as I argued) to be a dyer’s, otherwise it would have been impossible to account for his perch sticking out at the garret window. From the time of his appearance in my room, either he left off being thirsty, which was not in the bond, or he could not make up his mind to hear his little bucket drop back into the well, when he let it go, a shock which in the best of times had made him tremble. He drew no water but by stealth and under the cloak of night. After an interval of futile and at length hopeless expectation the merchant who had educated him was appealed to. The merchant was a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose like the last new strawberry. He wore a fur cap and shorts, and was of the velveteen race, velveteeny. He sent word that he would ‘look round.’ He looked round, appeared in the doorway of the room and slightly cocked up his evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirst beset that bird; when it was appeased he still drew several unnecessary buckets of water, and finally leaped about his perch and sharpened his bill as if he had been to the nearest wine-vaults and got drunk.”

That the vitiated taste for witnessing the performances of caged birds tortured, terrified, and starved into doing unnatural things to please thoughtless people has not yet died out may be proved from the following, taken from the *Standard*, January 4th, 1901. It bears on the question before us as showing the very

worst of all iniquities for which the craze for catching birds is responsible. The green linnet or greenfinch is the cheapest of all procurable wild birds, and this lovely little creature is "after a big haul" sometimes sold in the bird markets at the price of one halfpenny, to be taken away in a paper bag or old rat trap, and tormented to death by children:—

"William Furr, 58, described as a bird performer, of no fixed abode, was charged with cruelly ill-treating two green linnets. Inspector Rogers, of the R.S.P.C.A., said that at one o'clock on Wednesday he saw the prisoner in Grove Crescent Road, Stratford, with three linnets, which he was endeavouring to put through a performance. One bird was attached to a little wooden cart, and was braced with string, which was cutting into his flesh under the wing. A second bird was fixed in the cart dressed up as a coachman, and the string attached to it was cutting into the back of the head. At witness's request prisoner released the birds, and the witness found them in an emaciated condition, and half starved. The breast bone of one was quite sharp. There was no food or water in the cage, and prisoner when spoken to about it said, 'It don't do to give them food during the day when they are performing, but they have plenty before I come out and when I go home.' At the police-station prisoner consented to have the birds killed. Constable Viles, 471 K, corroborated, and added that the 'coachman' bird was exhausted, and both of them fell down in the cage when the strings were undone. The third bird was performing over a ladder and a tight-rope in the cage. Prisoner said he had been performing with the birds a good many years, and there had never been a complaint about him before. Fined ten shillings and costs, or to go to gaol for seven days."

Alas for Wordsworth's

"Brother of the dancing leaves!"

"the happiest guest

In all this covert of the blest."

Whence can come this callous spirit, in an age of universal awakening to the rights and wrongs of the oppressed? There is but one reply. Reform is slow in proportion to the antiquity of the practice to be reformed, the hold it has taken, and the generality with which it has been adopted. The habit of caging birds is as old as time, it was in vogue long before the

Christian Era, as the Prophet Isaiah makes use of "a cage full of birds" as a simile. It dates from a far earlier period than his time, when civilization had formed a very thin skin over the barbarism of primitive man. Human eyes to-day are accustomed to a sight from which, were it not for ages of familiarity, they would turn away with loathing. It is so much easier to accept a custom than to think about it!

The position of those who think that they show "love" for birds by keeping them in cages is the most remarkable. It was not love but hatred which prompted the cunning tyrant Louis XI. of France to shut up his ex-favourite, Cardinal Balue, in an iron cage eight feet square (said, by the way, to have been the invention of the latter for the punishment of criminals, and to have been tested first by himself). While people urge love and not hatred for their poor pets as the motive for shutting them up, the result to the captives is the same. The cage is still a *punishment*, and no doubt had the Cardinal's opinion of the humanity of caging birds been taken during any one of the eleven years through which he languished behind the bars, it would have been an emphatic one.

Let us glance more particularly for a moment at the hardships which the caged bird, however well treated, must bear. The chief natural wants of a wild bird, what may be called his *natural rights*, are: 1. Food, sufficient in quantity, and proper in quality; that is, such food as he himself, guided by his instinct, would choose, so as to enjoy the frequent change of diet according to the seasons, state of health, &c., which alone can keep him in health and vigour. Without this right he must inevitably suffer, and always does, sooner or later, in one form or another. Of this right to find his own natural food he is deprived when caged.

2. Water. The water supply of caged birds is a frequent cause of illness and suffering to them. Wild birds drink soft water, tempered with exquisite nicety to the state of the weather, acted on by the sun and breeze, so as to be always of the right temperature and properly aerated. They sip the dew in the early summer mornings, and may also be seen bathing in it. Small birds may be seen completely drenched with dew, enjoying the refreshing "tub," and afterwards sunning them-

selves and preening their feathers. Of this the caged bird knows nothing, unless he remembers the treat. All wild creatures prefer rain-water, and the cold, chill, "hard" water from a pump or leaden pipe, either for bathing or drinking, is unsuitable. The sun shines and the rain falls for birds as well as men; of their right to healthy drink they are unjustly deprived when caged.

3. Exercise and amusement. This, one of the most distressing parts of a sad subject, hardly needs discussion. Let a child be shut up for one day, or even for a few hours, in one small bare room, with nothing to do; his restless limbs restrained, his "occupation gone," while perchance he may hear the merry voices of his distant comrades at their play. Let ample nourishment be provided for him (not of his own choice) with liberty to sing, shout, cry, or call aloud for anything he wants (without getting it), and ask him at the end of the time how he has enjoyed himself. There is no child on earth who would not prefer any free state to this! Then, what must it be for a bird, who has wings, and a frame-work of hollow bones specially fitted to his needs, with huge lungs in proportion to his size, needing to be soaked and filled with fresh streams of oxygen? How eloquently does Michelet describe this!

"The man who should inhale a similar quantity of air at one breath would be suffocated. The bird's elastic and powerful lung quaffs it, grows full of it, grows intoxicated with vigour and delight, and pours it abundantly into his bones, into its aerial cells. Each respiration is renewed second after second with tremendous rapidity. The blood, ceaselessly vivified with fresh air, supplies each muscle with that inexhaustible energy which no other being possesses, and which belongs only to the elements—the bird does not seek air that he may be re-invigorated, the air seeks and flows into him—it incessantly kindles within him the burning fires of life."

Freedom to be on the wing, to soar upwards, flit downwards, skim to the right or wheel to the left at will; to perch where he chooses, for ever varying his perfect graceful motions, is the supreme privilege of the wild bird. We condemn him to stuffy air, dust, stoves, gas, draughts, we turn the dome of Heaven into a foot or two of wired enclosure, and confine him to a

couple of rigid perches, instead of the swinging green boughs. He is most cruelly robbed! If anything could illustrate the theory of perpetual motion it is a tiny wild bird: the eye tires of following his movements, he is always busy, always has plenty to do! He is never still, except when with a quietude born of pleasant natural fatigue he takes deliberate rest, and becomes a muffled, sleepy ball of feathers. But he never mopes, until he is caught and caged.

4. Liberty to mate, build, and rear young, when, where, and how he likes. Deprivation of this, one of the main objects of his existence, is perhaps the greatest misery which a caged bird endures. Even in an aviary, however large, he has not sufficient range or choice, nor has he the privacy so dear to all his race at such times. The most painful, morbid, and unnatural abortions of the natural instincts take place in consequence, even if birds can be persuaded to breed in such places at all. An aviary is a degree better than a cage, if there can be a comparative without a positive. Till we prove the cage to be *good*, perhaps we can hardly say that the aviary is *better*. The aviary is equally a prison, and is equally open to the accusation of keeping the bird-catcher employed.

The courtship and nidification of birds, with the waiting on the young, are all alike labours of love. These pleasures make for them a "little Heaven below." Their songs speak of this. But listen to the ditty of a caged thrush, in the pairing season, while the little minstrel is pining far from his home in the greenwood, See him turn his pretty, anxious head aside, to listen for the answering love-note which ought to come, and listening in vain! Weary year after weary year, if he does not die of neglect first, he pipes his melody to the mate of whom he dreams, but whom he never sees. What joy can a kind heart feel in listening to the tones of despair, disguised as they perforce are in the garb of mirth, because the bird cannot tune his flute to melancholy, being born and made for joy? A shower of soft spring rain comes. He claps his wings and warbles all the louder. It is his time for song, the patter of raindrops reminds him of green pastures and still waters, of a host of creeping things, his natural food, a welcome feast after a long drought! Alas, it is drought all the year round with

him in his cage, if we except a drinking glass and perhaps a saucer to bathe in. He has no downy sons and daughters in a round cup of a nest to feed and care for! Liberty to reproduce his race was allotted to the song-bird, man deprives him of the right. Consequently his race dwindles so fearfully that soon it must be blotted out. Then, heigho for the dreary wilderness so powerfully described by Longfellow :—

“The summer came and all the birds were dead,
The days were like hot coals, the very ground
Was burnt to ashes ; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and orchard beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.”

The lamentable effects of this cruel trade, and the cruelty of those who either ignorantly or with nonchalance support it, has been fully shown. It remains to add that many intelligent and well-meaning persons will attempt to defend the cruelty under the plea that caged birds are saved many of the privations which wild ones undergo. The hawk, they say, starvation, cold, and hunger, are calamities which the carefully kept cage-bird escapes. Let us look for one moment into this argument and see how shallow it is. Death is the lot of every creature that is born, and death by the sudden swoop of a hawk has no protracted miseries (as a rule no previous suffering even from fear) which can compare with the long-drawn miseries of creeping disease and slow death in a cage. With regard to the occasional privations which wild birds undergo during droughts and hard winters, the following may be urged.

Hitherto this paper has dealt solely with such cage-birds as are kept, so far as the owner can keep them in an unnatural and barbarous confinement, as humanely as circumstances permit. No allusion has yet been made to the vast majority of wretched birds sold to be neglected by children, caged to be petted until they are forgotten, and then starved ; left out on cold nights to freeze in their cages, or caught by cats. Were statistics to be taken of the deaths by privation or accidents in the case of wild birds and of those which are caged, the deaths

by hunger, thirst, cold, and heat-apoplexy, and other casualties, among cage-birds, would make the percentage among the former a mere nothing. For every wild bird starved in the snow, how many starve in the midst of plenty—in London shop-fronts, in courts and alleys, in villages and towns, through the length and breadth of the land? In the case of the caging of foreign birds, nothing can paint the misery of these unfortunate creatures, martyrs to their own bright beauty, to the greed of those who sell, and the caprice of those who buy.

A valuable leaflet, entitled, "Birds during transit by sea or land," published by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, makes dreadful revelations of the state of things on board ship. The paper is a step in the right direction, though the writer does not see his way clear to suggesting total abolition of the horrors, but merely to their amelioration. He demands padded cages for birds who insist on soaring upwards, a separate cage for certain kinds to prevent starvation from the struggle for mastery over the food, a wet sponge to assuage the pangs of thirst when the pitching of the vessel upsets the drinking trough, if possible "artificial light," for "small tropical birds cannot stand our long winter nights without food." Also it contains a "caution against overcrowding, which occasions the deaths of thousands of birds annually, and is often the cause of fatal diseases which develop afterwards."

On p. 7 are the following words: "The custom of some dealers in the East Indies of pinioning cage-birds for the purpose of keeping them quiet seems to be rather on the increase than otherwise."

The fate of those who perish at sea, however, is to be envied by the wretched survivors, who have still the durance vile of some "pet stores," as the horrible shops of some dealers are facetiously called. An article in the *Bazaar* draws a heart-rending picture of what the author witnessed in one of these dens of iniquity. The place was an English "Live-Stock Emporium," the address of which is, for obvious reasons, suppressed:—

"Parrots, ferrets, kittens, and monkeys, were kept here in unpleasant confusion on the ground floor, while upstairs, in filthy dark hutches, ranged against the wall, were—Oh, the

pity of it!—hundreds of tiny Senegal, Avadavat, and Orange-cheek Waxbills. The sick, the well, the dead, the dying, all crowded together, where never a glint of sunshine could fall, never a breath of pure fresh air blow on them. They, who had lived in lands of perpetual sunshine, among the fruit and flowers as delicate as they, now beating their fragile little lives out in unspeakable despair, shut away by man's cruelty in a filthy room in a still more filthy slum, where a glimpse of God's blue sky could never reach them again."

The testimony is the more valuable coming, as it does from one who is writing in favour of bird-caging, and helping the inexperienced to "select their stock." It is singular that though the writer breaks out into sentiment about the "two sparrows sold for a farthing," and into allusions to the memory of their loving Creator, he scruples not to talk unmoved of "bright-coloured small mixed foreign birds to be bought by the dozen, at 12 and 15 shillings respectively," and to advocate the choice of newly imported birds for imprisonment. It is astounding to find to what length a man's hobby will lead him, and what cant and hypocrisy he will talk in its defence.

Those birds brought to this climate from warm countries, whose constitutions have not succumbed to these awful ordeals, have still a purgatory to undergo, in the inclemencies of the British climate, its fitfulness, its chill blasts alternating with its damp, its frosts and snow. Exposed to all these vicissitudes, beautiful little parakeets are now often to be seen forming an additional attraction to barrel-organs in poor neighbourhoods, adding a new disgrace to the other shameful sights, ill-used donkeys, homeless dogs, starving cats. They are kept out late at night, in the glare of the street lamps, and poked awake by merciless fingers as fast as they put their heads under their wings to sleep. It is a crying shame, but while the houses of the rich are decorated with tropical birds, often grossly neglected, left to the "care" of flunkies and menials, which is no care at all, we cannot be too hard on the poor who follow the example of the wealthy. Poor, poor, "Pretty Polly!" From what fusty, dusty, noisome holes does one not hear his or her husky tones demanding a little notice! On the counter of a dark frowsy draper's shop, where the pale girls in attendance could hardly breathe the flue and poisonous dusts which

encumbered the air, I once saw one of these children of the wilds hooking himself desperately along the gilded wires on his own walls and ceiling, and passing an opinion on his own charms very freely. Nobody had time to attend to "Pretty Polly." Out I went and bought him a penny banana, and if it had been a guinea hothouse pine it could not have been received with graver decorum or more intense gratitude. Polly took it with his crooked foot, and preferred to turn himself upside down while solemnly eating it. How sweet it was, and how it savoured of "home, sweet home!" But I wished that the banana could have painlessly ended his existence, and delivered him for ever from his jail, in which there was barely room for him to turn round, and none at all to spread his wings. By and by he will languish away, and probably perish a mass of vermin, a common fate of caged parrots.

Whether its inhabitant be ill-kept, or well-kept, loved and cherished, or treated with indifference, petted or teased, tormented or caressed, the cage, it can never be too often repeated, is for the bird a punishment—more or less frightful according to circumstances. What can make amends to a bird for the loss of liberty? Nothing. Every sane, well-informed and well-disposed person, acquainted ever so slightly with the structure, habits, and tastes of a bird, nay, even grasping the fact that the bird has wings, must answer—Nothing!

When bird-catchers, bird-cagers, and their paymasters, the keepers of wild birds cooped up in cages, would like to be treated in the same way themselves, then it will be just and merciful to treat birds in such a fashion. Not before.

And the remedy? That is very easy to point out. It lies in self-restraint, in a proper study of creatures as parts of a grand universal whole, a chain from which not one link can be taken without destroying the whole system. With a right to life, freedom and enjoyment equal to our own, so long as they are harmless. This is the first and most promising remedy. Taxation has been proposed, and it has been suggested that all bird-dealers should be compelled to take out a license. Very reasonable and sensible it would be, to lay an embargo upon this mischievous and cruel practice, instead of taxing tea,

for instance, the luxury of the very poor. But it is doubtful whether taxation would stamp out the evil, though it might thereby be amended.

But there lies far more hope and promise in rousing a natural indignation in the human breast at this abuse of human power. While there is life there is hope—and while our race lives there is always a blessed chance that it may improve. Every effort must be made to influence the present generation, but a more glorious prospect opens before us in moulding a new one. The nations of to-morrow are our little children of to-day. Let them learn to detest tyranny towards the weak, craft towards the simple, oppression of the helpless, and that

“To be saved is only this,
Salvation from our selfishness.”

EDITH CARRINGTON.

NOTES.

SPORT AND WAR.

THERE have been not a few instances, in the course of the struggle in South Africa, of the war being openly and avowedly referred to as a form of "sport." Everyone remembers the letter which the *Times* published during the early months of the war, in which an English officer spoke of the "excellent pig-sticking" obtained by a British squadron in its pursuit of the flying Boers. "All men who are patriots and sportsmen," said a well-known M.P. on another occasion, "must feel that there is about war something of a magnificent game." These indiscreet utterances naturally raised a protest; but it must be admitted that they only expressed what is very generally felt among a large section of nominally civilised people. There is not a doubt that numbers of Englishmen have gone to the war as to a sport *in excelsis*, a kind of glorified rabbit-shoot or battue—though probably many of them have modified that opinion in the light of subsequent experience.

SPORT and war are certainly kindred pastimes with a good deal in common. They both date from a pre-historic period when man

"Butted his rough brother-brute
For lust or lusty blood or provender,"

and both, having been prolonged into an age which ought to have left them far behind with other antiquated barbarisms, are now defended by the same moral and economic fallacies, as being, in the first place, part of the great "struggle for existence," "survival of the fittest," and so forth, and secondly as "good for trade."

Good for trade they both are, in the sense that they help the few to snatch a temporary profit at the expense of the many; and as for the survival of the fittest, if you are determined to wrest that theory from its true meaning, it may be made to cover both war and sport at a stretch. "To-day," as Mr. Robert Buchanan has said, "under the fostering wing of Imperialism, brute force is developing more and more into a political science. There is no excess of rapacity, no extreme of selfishness, no indifference to the rights of the weak and helpless, which Christian materialism is not ready to justify. The Englishman, both as soldier and colonist, is a typical sportsman; he seizes his prey wherever he finds it, with the hunter's privilege. He is lost in amazement when men speak of the rights of inferior races, just as the sportsman at home is lost in amazement when we talk of the rights of the lower orders. Here, as yonder, he is kindly, blatant, good-humoured, aggressive, selfish, and fundamentally *savage*."

SPORT is frequently justified by its apologists as being a "training" for war. But here it must be asked what kind of sport and what kind of training are referred to in such statements. The sports of which we are now speaking in connection with warfare are those which are more correctly described as "blood-sports," to distinguish them from the humane sports of the gymnasium and playing-field. Training, again, is either physical or mental. Now as far as physical training is concerned, it is evident that blood-sports are no better preparation for war than football and other athletics; but if it is mental and moral training that our "patriots" have in mind, then we must allow—in fairness to our adversaries and to ourselves—that blood-sports are the best of all schools for that other form of bloodshed which is euphemistically known as war.

It all depends on what is the object to be attained. If we wish as a nation to lord it over our human fellow-beings without regard to considerations of justice and humaneness, it must be a most appropriate training to practise and perfect ourselves in a similar treatment of the non-human races. In that sense we grant the "patriot-sportsman" his claim. As a school for callousness there is nothing superior to blood-sports, and the killing of defenceless animals is the best education for the looting of houses and the burning of non-combatants' farms. But conversely, if it is our

desire that the people to which we belong should be a just, humane, and generous people, as jealous of the rights of others as of its own, and dreading no loss of prestige so much as a wrong done to a smaller and less powerful community—if we wish our country to be a peaceful, sympathetic, and considerate member of the family of nations—then assuredly it is not wise to encourage our youths in the practice of what we call blood-sports. To break up hares, to worry tame stags, to mow down driven pheasants in the battue, to shoot pigeons from traps, to dig foxes out of their holes, and to course bagged rabbits in enclosures where they have no chance of escape—such sports as these cannot possibly conduce to generosity of character or to that much-misunderstood quality which is called manliness.

FOR we may take it for granted that, in the long run, as we treat our fellow-beings "the animals," so shall we treat our fellow-men. In spite of all the barriers and divisions that prejudice and superstition have so industriously heaped up between the human and the non-human, the fact remains that the lower animals hold their lives by the same tenure as men do, and that there is no essential difference between the killing of one race and of the other. "The hare in its extremity," says Thoreau, "cries like a child. I warn you, mothers, that my sympathies do not always make the usual *philanthropic* distinctions." No; and the European soldiery which has been busy drowning and bayoneting unarmed Chinese prisoners did not always make the usual *philanthropic* distinctions. The tiger that lurks in all of us will not easily be tamed, so long as the deliberate murder of harmless creatures for "sport" is a recognised amusement in every civilised country. Once open your eyes to the kinship that links all sentient life, and you will see very clearly the relation that subsists between the sportsman and the soldier.

WE recall an incident related some years ago at a humanitarian meeting where the craze for "big game" shooting was being discussed. Everyone knows how the possessors of such "trophies" as the heads and horns of "big game" love to decorate their houses with these treasured mementoes of the chase. It had been the fortune—good or bad—of the narrator of the story to visit a house which was not only beautified in this way, but also contained a *human* head that had been sent home by a member of a certain African expedition and "preserved" by the skill of the

taxidermist. When the owner of the head—the *second* owner—invited the humanitarian visitor to see the trophy, it was with some trepidation that he acquiesced. But when, after passing up a staircase between walls literally plastered with portions of the carcasses of elephant, rhinoceros, antelope, &c., he came to a landing where, under a glass case, stood the head of a pleasant-looking young negro, he felt no special repugnance at the sight. It was simply a part—and, as it seemed, not a specially dreadful or loathsome part—of the surrounding dead-house; and he understood how mankind itself is nothing more or less than “big game” to our soldier-sportsmen, when they find themselves in some conveniently remote region where the restrictions of morality are unknown. The absolute difference between human and non-human is a fiction which will not bear the test either of fearless thought in the study or of rough experience in the wilds.

To conclude, then: the temper which makes war still possible in the twentieth century is that which is kept alive and fostered in so-called times of peace by the practice, among other practices (for we do not, of course, assert that sport is the *only* accessory to war), of doing to death thousands upon thousands of helpless animals for purposes of mere recreation. Peace advocates who declaim against the infamies of war, without taking note of the kindred infamies of sport, have, to say the least of it, not looked very deeply into the subject of their propaganda; and precisely the same holds good of those “lovers of animals” who are horrified at the idea of running a fox to death, but are ready to accept the flimsiest of flimsy sophisms as an excuse for going to war. Sport is, in truth, a form of war, and war is a form of sport; and those who defend such institutions as the Eton Beagles, on the ground that the school-boys who indulge in them are thereby trained to be the future stalwarts of Imperialism, are fully justified in their contention—provided only that they look the facts of war and Imperialism in the face. The Etonians who, in the eighteenth century, used to beat rams to death with clubs, and who now break up hares as a half-holiday pastime, have always furnished a large contingent of officers to the British army. Need we wonder that wars flourish without regard to justice or morality, and that English officers can describe as “excellent pig-sticking” the slaughter of Dutchmen—the race nearest to our own in ties of language and blood?

REVIEWS.

Nature in Downland. By W. H. HUDSON. (London : Longmans, Green, & Co. 1900.)

The general aspect of the South Downs—those “lengths of gigantic greyhound backs coursing along the south,” which form so conspicuous a feature in at least one of George Meredith’s novels—is familiar to everyone who knows the scenery of Surrey and Sussex. The most jealous lover of this strange and beautiful tract of hollowed combe and rounded hilltop could not have wished that the work of writing a book about the Sussex Downs should have fallen into other hands than those of Mr. W. H. Hudson ; for not only is Mr. Hudson by far the most capable and open-eyed of living English naturalists, but he is also what no other contemporary naturalist can claim to be, a master of true literary style. He is, in fact, not merely a “naturalist” in the sense of one who writes of wild animals, and birds, and flowers, but, like Thoreau and Jefferies, he is a “poet-naturalist”—that is to say, while viewing nature with the keen eye of a scientific observer, he can feel and depict those more profound and passionate moods of hers which are lost on the mere man of science. Mr. Hudson’s earlier writings, we need scarcely remind our readers, are concerned with wild life—wild life on a vast scale—in South America, where his own youth was spent ; and in such books as “*The Naturalist in La Plata*” and “*Idle Days in Patagonia*” he gives abundant proof, in many sentences and chapters, of a power quite above and beyond that of the naturalist pure and simple. Nor has this power declined, but rather, as it seems to us, has grown and developed in the later works, which deal with the tamer scenery and less gorgeous fauna of Great Britain ; and there are not a

few passages in "Birds in a Village," "Birds in London," and "Nature in Downland," which have that peculiar and distinctive charm which only great literature possesses. To go no further than the pages of *THE HUMANE REVIEW* itself, to which Mr. Hudson has more than once contributed, who else could have described the little Dartford Warbler as he has done?

"A sprite-like bird in his slender, exquisite shape, and his beautiful fits of excitement, fantastic in his motions as he flits and flies from spray to spray, now hovering motionless in the air, like the wooing goldcrest, anon dropping on a perch, to sit jerking his long tail, his crest raised, his throat swollen, chiding when he sings and singing when he chides, like a refined and lesser sedge-warbler in a fury, his slate-black and chestnut-red plumage showing rich and dark against the pure luminous yellow of the massed furze-blossoms."

One has to turn from the artists to the masters, from the naturalists to the poet-naturalists, to find such writing as that.

"Nature in Downland," like most of Mr. Hudson's work, is written in a free, discursive—one had almost said desultory—style, yet the full effect is clear and impressive enough. Very real is the picture which the book gives us of the great smooth spacious Downs, with their silence and their music, their basking summer heat, their flowers and butterflies and bird-life, and the rarer human life that is found in the lonely farmsteads, for Mr. Hudson, like Thoreau and Jefferies, includes the human animal in his natural history. Perhaps the most notable chapter is that which deals with "The Living Garment," the turf and flowers which the chalk wears so characteristically on its surface; but those are suggestive passages, too, in which we read of the black oxen of the old Sussex breed, of the native yews and junipers, of the wheat-ears that pay their annual visit to Downland; or in which, standing with Mr. Hudson on the bare summits, we hear "the noise of the herring and black-backed gulls drifting leisurely by at a vast height above the earth, and ever and anon bursting out in a great chorus of laugh-like cries, as if the clouds had laughed." But it is useless to try to instance the good things in the book. Every lover of nature and wild life should make a point of reading and re-reading it.

Memories of the Months. Second Series. By the Rt. Hon. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P. (Edward Arnold. 1900.)

In the controversies that spring up now and again between humanitarians and sportsmen, it is of course rarely possible that

any agreement should be arrived at. But though neither party may *accept* the position of the other, they can at least refrain from *misunderstanding* it; for, given such courtesies of attention on each side as may be expected of serious disputants, it is possible to narrow the issue down to the exact point of divergence, and, while striking at an opponent as hard as may be, to guard oneself rigorously against misrepresenting him.

What makes discussion with Sir Herbert Maxwell so very difficult, where sport is concerned, is that he apparently cannot, or will not, understand the starting-point of his adversaries. He throws mud into the very wells of argument, by persistently confusing the issues. Thus in his new volume, "Memories of the Months," he begins by attributing to humanitarians a principle which, as far as Western thought is concerned (and he is not dealing with Brahminism), is certainly not held by them—that life, *per se*, is sacred. Now humanitarians do not say that life, *per se*, is sacred. On the contrary, all of them believe that there are cases where it is a positive necessity to take life, whether animal or human. It is not life *in the abstract* that humanitarians hold sacred, as is assumed in Sir H. Maxwell's absurd retort that fox-hunters, by breeding foxes, increase the "sacred thing," but life when it has actually commenced, and then only when it is happy life, and, again, only when such happy life is compatible with the happiness of others.

The question is in reality a moral one of the simplest kind. Yonder, let us imagine, is a wild animal or bird, an actual living creature, already in existence (not a pre-natal supposition), and apparently in full enjoyment of its life. Are we justified in killing such happy sentient being for purposes of mere amusement, in "sport"? We think not; we think that some better reason than mere sport must be shown, before the killing can be justified, and that even if the killing be unavoidable it is immoral to make sport out of it. Life to that extent, and in that limited sense, is "sacred"; but not in the absolute sense which Sir H. Maxwell—without quoting chapter and verse—has so unfairly attributed to humanitarians.

Take, again, the following passage from his chapter on "Mercy in Field Sports":

"The claim of sportsmen to be considered merciful must ever remain an absurd paradox in the eyes of those unversed in woodcraft. All killing is cruel, runs their syllogism; the object of sport and sportsmen is killing;

therefore sport and sportsmen are cruel. But killing and cruelty are *not* synonymous," &c.

Now we put it to Sir H. Maxwell, who lays such stress on the honourable character of the sportsman — is it honourable to concoct this idiotic "syllogism," and pretend that it represents the reasoning of those who condemn blood-sports? What authority can he quote for such an assertion? Who and where is the humanitarian responsible for such an argument? The objection to sport is, of course, based on the ground not that *all* killing is cruel, but that killing *for amusement* is cruel*; yet Sir H. Maxwell is so confused in his own mind, or so unscrupulous in his methods of controversy (we think the former), that he thus grossly misrepresents the people with whom he is arguing.

Then as to the claim of the sportsman to be "merciful"—what can be the use of distorting the views of humanitarians on this point? Who has ever denied that there are (relatively) kind-hearted and merciful men among sportsmen, in the sense that, certain rules of sport being accepted as legitimate, they loyally abide by these rules, and would not take any mean advantage of the animal that they are pursuing? We are quite aware that there are such men, and that Sir H. Maxwell is one of them. But when the legitimacy of sport itself is called in question, the whole issue is altered, and we cannot admit that because the sportsman may be a humane man "according to his lights," as the saying goes, he is humane in general. There has been a confusion on the part of Sir H. Maxwell of two different things, viz., relative and absolute humaneness. And having first misrepresented us as accusing the sportsman of being wholly cruel, he then goes on to the further absurdity of representing him as wholly free from cruelty:—

"He [the sportsman] will be foremost in those efforts—which, happily, are characteristic of our civilisation—for protecting beast and bird from unnecessary suffering or wilful abuse [*sic*]. It is not in the sportsman's stables that cruelly-tight bearing reins are permitted, nor in his study that you need look for a lark imprisoned in a tiny cage."

Now if Sir H. Maxwell means that, as regards the cruelties referred to (bearing-reins, &c.), sportsman are *more* humane than other people, we can only say that he is mistaken in his facts. If

* "If animals—or men, for that matter—have of necessity to be killed, let them be killed accordingly; but to seek one's own *amusement* out of the death-pangs of other beings, this is saddening stupidity indeed!"—*Animals' Rights*.

he means that they are not *less* humane, we can quite believe him ; but what has that to do with the cruelty, real or alleged, of sport itself?

Is it too much, then, to ask Sir H. Maxwell, when he next defends the practice of sport, to let his humanitarian opponents speak for themselves—that is, to quote the actual words of the “benevolent people,” the “tender-hearted people,” at whom he is so fond of sneering, instead of putting into their mouths “syllogisms,” &c., which they have never dreamed of using? The humanitarian position as regards blood-sports may of course be a mistaken one—that is the very point to be decided—but at any rate the position is clear and unmistakable enough to those who take the trouble to understand it. If Sir H. Maxwell would condescend to do this, by studying, say, one of the Humanitarian League's publications on the subject of sport, he might spare himself and his readers much tedious irrelevance. We have no illusions whatever as to the possibility of converting Sir H. Maxwell, though we gladly recognise his humanity in certain respects—as regards the use of the horrible pole-trap, for instance, or the cruel caging of birds—but we submit to him that, as he has constituted himself the literary apologist of that amateur butchery commonly known as “sport,” it would be more convenient, more business-like, and perhaps we may say more decent, to ascertain what the accusation is before making the defence.

The Biography of a Grizzly. By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1900. 6s.)

We have already (October, 1900), spoken at some length in this REVIEW of two of Mr. Seton-Thompson's works, “Wild Animals I have Known” and “The Trail of the Sandhill Stag,” and have expressed the opinion that there is no writer of stories about animals—Mr. Kipling not excepted—who can vie with Mr. Seton-Thompson, at his best, as an interpreter of the life and spirit of wild animals. A careful reading of “The Biography of a Grizzly” does not in any degree incline us to withdraw this judgment. The book has not perhaps the same charm of speed and intensity which characterised the telling of the shorter stories in “Wild Animals I have Known,” nor has it the passionate humaneness of “The Trail of the Sandhill Stag”; but it nevertheless holds the attention of the reader as no other bear-story with which we are acquainted has ever done, for it is, as the title claims, a veritable *biography*—

the faithful record of a rational and intelligent fellow-being—not a string of mere anecdotes about a “wild beast.” How Mr. Seton-Thompson, by virtue of sympathetic insight and personal experience of wild back-wood life, has contrived to project his own consciousness, so to speak, into that of his heroes in fur and feather, must appear little less than marvellous to readers of the ordinary trash about animals, in which the birds and beasts are used as mere puppets for the exhibition of human vanities. In Mr. Seton-Thompson's works one is strongly impressed by the presence of the human mind in those kindred races that we call “the animals,” yet it is not mere *imitation* of the human, as in the fables of other writers from Gay to Kipling. In this biography of Wahb, a great Grizzly Bear of the Rockies, there is throughout an individuality as distinct and personal as that of any human subject of biographical skill. From cub-hood to full bear-hood, and then in the downward decay of his mighty strength, we see the same Wahb—huge, solitary, and morose, yet not without a certain bearish good-nature which shows itself on the few occasions when courtesy instead of hostility is extended to him. One of the most interesting and suggestive chapters in the book is that which describes Wahb's annual visit to the Yellowstone Park, the sanctuary which the American Government has set aside for the protection of all wild life, where, curiously enough, even the most savage animals understand that a truce exists between their race and mankind, and that they are expected to conduct themselves accordingly.

“The wild animals quickly found out all this. They soon learned the boundaries of this unfenced park, and, as everyone knows, they show a different nature within its sacred limits. They no longer shun the face of man; they neither fear nor attack him, and they are even more tolerant of one another in this land of refuge.”

“The Biography of a Grizzly,” like Mr. Seton-Thompson's earlier books, is illustrated by his own hand, and the portraits—for the artist is as faithful as the author—add much to the effect of the biography.

The Wild Animal Play for Children. By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.
(London: David Nutt. 1900. 2s.)

This charmingly-illustrated little play was designed to help children to act the chief characters in Mr. Seton-Thompson's three

books above mentioned. Wahb, the grizzly, together with Lobo the wolf, the pacing Mustang, and other celebrities of "Wild Animals I have Known," play leading parts in the story.

Every Living Creature ; or, Heart Training through the Animal World.
By RALPH WALDO TRINE. (London: George Bell & Sons.
1901. 1s. net.)

This excellent little treatise, which is one of the volumes in Messrs. Bell's "Life and Light Books," condenses much humane teaching into a small compass, and may be regarded as an attempt—we hope a successful one—to popularise the principles of the Humanitarian League. It contains chapters on hunting, vivisection, cattle transport, dress and fashion, flesh as food, sport and war, the treatment of criminals, and other kindred subjects; and so tactfully does it treat of them that even the most conservative reader, who would resent the same doctrines when advanced in a militant pamphlet, might well be led to sympathise with Mr. Trine's conclusions. For that is the way in which reforms are gradually brought about in this eccentric world of ours. A League, of some sort or other, first batters the conscience of an indignant public; and then a Mr. Trine comes along, says the same thing in rather more congenial language, and the public begins to think there is something in it after all. We wish every parent and teacher had to undergo an examination in Mr. Trine's "Heart Training."

Handbooks to the Great Public Schools: Eton. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK, B.A. (London: George Bell and Sons. 1900.)

Of "heart-training," as advocated in the above-noticed essay, we find little mention when we turn to this concise and well-written handbook of the chief of English public schools; and the moral want is certainly not supplied by the Eton College Beagles, with which, as Mr. Clutton-Brock informs us, about seventy Etonians take their exercise in the Easter term. The subject of most interest to humanitarians in this book is perhaps the system of corporal punishment which still survives, to some extent, at the nursery of millionaires.

"The instrument used," says Mr. Clutton-Brock, "is a birch, and the punishment is sharp but transitory in its effects. Some people, seldom Etonians, and never schoolboys, are keenly conscious of the degradation it entails. The prejudice against flogging, at any rate as practised at

REVIEWS.

Eton, is in fact absurd. The ordinary boy finds it disagreeable, as he is intended to find it, but not degrading. In the case of abnormal boys, masters may be trusted to decide whether it is advisable or not."

It is a pity that Mr. Clutton-Brock did not think out the subject rather more clearly before he penned this passage. For he would surely then have seen that the popular acceptance of the birch at Eton, as an old-fashioned ordinance not regarded as degrading, does not in the least invalidate the contention of those who hold that all corporal punishment is *in reality* a degradation both to those who inflict and to those who undergo it, whether they themselves are conscious of the disgrace or not. Of all persons in the world, Eton boys are the worst judges in this matter, and not, as Mr. Clutton-Brock seems to imagine, the best; for they are the victims from the first of the silly old Eton tradition that there is something amusing and manly in being "swished"—a tradition which is encouraged, unfortunately, by many parental blockheads, and even by some of the masters themselves. As a matter of fact, flogging, as administered at Eton, is a stupid and disgusting practice; and if anyone who is associated with the ceremony, in one or the other capacity, finds that he is *not* disgusted by it—well, the inference is not necessarily flattering to his own refinement and self-respect. It is very entertaining to hear parents assert—as if *that* settled the case in favour of flogging in schools—that they themselves were frequently birched in their boyhood. They seem to be quite unaware that, as living testimonies to the value of the birch, they may leave something to be desired.

The Poems of Philip Henry Savage. Edited, with an Introduction, by D. G. MASON. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1901.)

These are the collected poems of a young American writer of great promise, who died in 1899. While there is considerable immaturity in the workmanship, the spirit of Mr. Savage's poems is always such as must appeal strongly to lovers of the natural and beautiful, and every now and then there is a touch of real genius in his verse. Here, for example, is a snatch of song of which any nature-poet might be proud:—

I know not what it is, but when I pass
Some running bit of water by the way,
A river brimming silver in the grass,
And rippled by a trailing alder-spray,

THE HUMANE REVIEW.

Hold in my heart I cannot from a cry,
 It is so joyful at the merry sight ;
 So gracious is the water running by,
 So full the simple grass is of delight.
 And if by chance a redwing, passing near,
 Should light beside me in the alder-tree ;
 And if, above the ripple, I should hear
 The lusty conversation of the bee,
 I think that I should lift my voice and sing ;
 I know that I should laugh and look around,
 As if to catch the meadows answering,
 As if expecting whispers from the ground.

The influence of Thoreau is traced very clearly in Mr. Savage's poetry, and in his keen sense of the brotherhood of all sentient life. The following poem, though less artistic in expression, will have interest for humanitarian readers :—

This is thy brother, this poor silver fish,
 Close to the surface, dying in his dish ;
 Thy flesh, thy beating heart, thy very life ;
 All this, I say, art thou, against thy wish.
 Thou mayst not turn away, thou shalt allow
 The truth, nor shalt thou dare to question how :
 There is but one great heart in nature beating,
 And this is thy heart, this, I say, art thou.
 In all thy power and all thy pettiness,
 With this and that poor selfish purpose, this
 And that high-climbing fancy, and a heart
 Caught into heaven or cast in the abyss,
 Thou art the same with all the little earth,
 A little part ; and sympathy of birth
 Shall tell thee, and thine openness of soul,
 What fear is death and what a life is worth.

Here, in conclusion, is a little poem that may be commended to those who are fishermen first and nature-lovers afterwards :—

Thou little god within the brook
 That dwellest, friend of man,
 I oft have heard the simple prayer
 Thou tellest unto Pan :
 That he who comes with rod and line
 And robs thy life to-day,
 May yet by the great god be taught
 To come some other way.

The Free Age Press Edition of Leo Tolstoy's Writings. (The Free Age Press, Christchurch, Hants.)

The managers of the Free Age Press deserve the thanks of all social reformers for publishing these excellent, cheap, and handy reprints of Count Tolstoy's writings. We would draw our readers' attention to the following list :—

- "The Slavery of our Times," with an Introduction by Aylmer Maude. 1s.
- "Resurrection." Revised Edition, unabridged. 6d. net.
- "Patriotism and Government." 3d.
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- "Work while ye have the Light." 3d.

The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN. Illustrated by FANNY Y. CORY. (Longmans, Green & Co. 1901. 4s. 6d. net.)

In this beautifully got-up book we have a re-telling of some of the mediæval legends of the friendship of the saints and the animals, and of the perfect confidence inspired in the minds of the "friendly beasts" by the piety that is devoid alike of suspicion or harmfulness. "In the old legends," says the author, "there may be things which some folk nowadays find it hard to believe. But surely the theme of each is true. It is not hard to see how gentle bodies who had no other friends should make comrades of the little folk in fur and fins and feathers. For as St. Francis knew so well, all the creatures are our little brothers, ready to meet half way those who will but try to understand. And this is a truth which every one to-day, even if he be no saint, is waking up to learn."

For our own part, while there are many things nowadays which we find it hard to believe, we do not find any difficulty in believing the substance of these stories, which form, in fact, a remarkable anticipation of the modern humanitarian spirit. The traditional gulf of disunion and enmity that exists between Man and Nature, between the human and the non-human, has been bridged in times past by not a few "saints" and hermits, and will be passed in future times, we doubt not, by the whole human race, when men

have realised more fully the kinship of all sentient life. Even in the present age there are parallels of the most remarkable kind between the stories of the saints and the recorded facts of biography. The anecdote, for instance, of the "little brother Leveret" who hid himself in the folds of St. Francis's gown, and would not be dismissed from his resting-place, is almost exactly reproduced in a well-authenticated story of Thoreau and a wild squirrel. Saintliness is not peculiar to the middle ages or to any religious creed; but may be said to consist in that piety of heart which sees everywhere love and brotherhood instead of hatred and contention. That the animals respond readily to such overtures from man is proved beyond all question by the significant results obtained in the "sanctuaries" that have here and there been established. No one who has watched the wild sea-gulls taking food from the hands of passers-by on the Thames Embankment can doubt this fact. The "Book of the Saints and Friendly Beasts" is written with both humour and humaneness. We cordially commend it to our readers.

Billy and Hans: a True History. By W. J. STILLMAN. (George Bell and Sons. 1901. 1s. net.)

This is a new and very charming edition of Mr. Stillman's well-known story of his favourite squirrels, which bids fair to become a standard work. Readers of this REVIEW who remember the article "Why do I love animals?" will not need to be told that Mr. Stillman's style is one of almost passionate intensity, and that with him religion and humaneness are identical. "Billy and Hans" should find an honoured place in every humanitarian library.

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GREATER SHAME TO MAN THAN INHUMANITY. Spenser.

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CONTENTS.

HUMANE METHODS IN MEDICINE.

Dr. Edward Berdoe.

PATRIOTISM: TRUE AND FALSE.

Maurice Adams.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND THE IDEAL HOME.

Annie Cobden-Sanderson.

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London:

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CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
HUMANE METHODS IN MEDICINE.	
<i>By Dr. Edward Berdoz</i>	177
PATRIOTISM: TRUE AND FALSE.	
<i>By Maurice Adams</i>	112
DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND THE IDEAL HOME.	
<i>By Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson</i>	125
PETS: MY OWN AND OTHERS'.	
<i>By Alex. H. Japp, LL.D.</i>	135
CRIMINAL TRIALS IN ENGLAND.	
<i>By "Appellant"</i>	149
RICHARD JEFFERIES: THE TENDER MERCIES OF A GREAT NATURALIST.	
<i>By Arthur Harvie</i>	162

NOTES AND REVIEWS.

NOTES.— <i>The Royal Buckhounds</i>	177
REVIEWS.— <i>The Penalty of Death; The Confessions of a Poacher; De l'Animalité, et de son Droit; Edward Carpenter: Poet and Prophet; The Day of the Sun</i>	181

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THE HUMANE REVIEW.

HUMANE METHODS IN MEDICINE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in a letter written in 1851, said that Science alone seemed to afford full scope for the development of his faculties, "Law, Divinity, Physic and Politics being in a state of chaotic vibration between utter humbug and utter scepticism." The "humbug" of medicine in 1851 was of a very harmless character in this country, at least, the administration of what the faculty termed "placebos," or inert drugs given to satisfy patients who only fancied themselves ill, was in a sense justifiable, as it often preserved them from the injurious effects of potent and dangerous drugging. The age of scepticism in medicine was just dawning in 1851; what is called the "expectant treatment" was the corollary of the humbug in the healing art. It was found that many patients did as well on bread pills and coloured water as on the nauseous mixtures and boluses in vogue with our grandfathers. Sir William Gull once told the medical world that few patients required more treatment than a good nurse and a good warm bed, but he forgot to say that "suggestion" counts for much in the treatment of most diseases. Hence it was found necessary in following "expectancy" in the hospitals to administer water coloured with burnt sugar and flavoured

with peppermint or cinnamon, so that the imagination of the sick man might be induced to aid in his recovery. The demand amongst the uneducated classes for physic more or less nauseous cannot be disregarded; it is a relic of the old time when it was held to be necessary to propitiate the disease-demon by horrible penances. When the physical sciences began to teach us that disease was not "a visitation," except in so far as it is the natural consequence of the violation of the laws of hygiene, the "visitation" theory went out of fashion. It required very little knowledge of physiology to teach us that bleeding and violent purgation are extremely unscientific in the majority of cases, and the exorcisms of the doctors soon went the way of those of the priests.

Unhappily, as so often happens in the history of the world, we had no sooner been liberated by science from the thralldom of the ignorant past than chains were being forged for our bondage to those who call themselves the apostles of science itself. Modifying slightly an axiom of Horace we may say, "Drive superstition out of medicine with a pitchfork, she will every time come rushing back." The house swept and garnished was soon re-inhabited by other spirits more harmful than those so recently expelled, and our last state became worse than the first. With the advance of the study of physiology, of morphology, the science of the form of organisms, of biology and the allied sciences in which Huxley was actively engaged in 1851, physiological experiments upon living animals were much increased, so that the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Dresden and Paris in 1859 requested the opinion of a committee of eminent scientific men on the merits of the knowledge so acquired. Their judgment was not unanimous, but the practice became established as indispensable for the advance of medicine. From that time to the present the so-called scientific school of medicine has simply intoxicated itself with cruelty to animals. Medical science has become drunken with the blood of countless martyred victims. Like the Israelites denounced by the prophet, the advanced medical scientists have gone up upon every high place and violated the laws of God and humanity. An idolatry of research linked with a remorseless cruelty has taken the place of the scepticism

noticed by Huxley in 1851, so that the unbelief of the past has yielded to the insane faith of to-day, just as some repudiators of a divine revelation have bowed their necks to spooks and mediums.

I said the last estate of the medical world is worse than the first. The age of "skatological medicine" has set in. Loathsome and filthy substances have been employed as medicines from the remotest times, and by savages are used everywhere to-day, but in 1651 Zwelfer, a learned physician of Vienna, published a greatly improved pharmacopœia which rejected many disgusting and improper "remedies." Ludwig, in 1671, published a dissertation on useless and unsatisfactory drugs, and was heretical enough to deny the virtues of earth-worms, toads, and the like. Many of these nasty drugs were legacies from the time of Pliny, whose "Natural History" contains more falsehood than fact and more absurdity than either. We learn from that work to what an enormous extent the organs of animals were employed both in medicine and magic. Elephant's blood was given for rheumatism and consumption. The gall of the lion was good for the eyesight, and the heart for curing the ague. The brain of the camel was a remedy for epilepsy, and almost every part of the hyæna cured some ailment or other. Crocodile's flesh cured coughs, and the excrement of the wolf dispersed cataract. In all these things there was little to suggest the mode of operation of the remedy, but in some cases they used a particular organ of an animal to cure diseases of the corresponding organ in man. Then the liver of the wolf was prescribed for "liver complaint," and kidney disease was treated by hare's kidneys. Cruelty to animals was often involved in this organotherapy; in one prescription we read: "If a dog's belly be ripped alive, and the spleen taken forth, whosoever eateth thereof shall find it very good to ease them of the same malady." By what has been aptly termed "a crude instinctive homœopathy" man, from the earliest times, has used the mysterious elaborations of Nature's laboratory for the cure of his diseases or the failure of his powers. They seem to have left nothing untried, and the nastier the medicament the more was expected of it.

All this lasted down to our own times, and doubtless in country places is still common enough with the ignorant. I remember when a boy inspecting a pharmacy in the fashionable watering place—Leamington Spa—and finding a bottle neatly labelled, and in its place in a cupboard filled with the more precious drugs, “Moss from a dead man’s skull.” We thought the world was rid, and well rid, of all these things till the thyroid cure for myxœdema was invented. That dreadful malady resisted all attempts at cure till it was discovered that it was due to disease of the thyroid gland and can be relieved if not actually cured by the use of the healthy thyroid gland of the sheep. The discovery was accompanied by many long and cruel experiments on animals. These were really not necessary, but their performance, due to want of good reasoning on the subject, continued for years. The marrow of ox-bone, the bronchial glands of sheep, extract of heart-muscle of the bullock, brains of sheep, juice of kidneys, the mammary glands, the ovaries, the sweet-bread or pancreas, and a score of other similar things are now prescribed by fashionable physicians and find a place in the pharmacopœias of the more scientific doctors.

Some of these remedies have taken their position in consequence of long and exceedingly cruel experiments on animals. Brown-Séquard’s treatment for rejuvenescence, which made such a stir in the medical and general press a few years ago is an instance of this. The glands of various living animals were extracted and their secretion used as inoculations. Dr. Rose Bradford experimentally removed large quantities of the kidney substance from living dogs in his researches on renal secretion. Experiments in removing the pancreas from living animals in connection with the research on diabetes may be mentioned in this connection. Perhaps the latest and certainly the nastiest of these extracts is the “extract of intestine,” employed by Dr. E. Vidal, of Perigueux. Rabbits were inoculated with the fæcal matter of pigs, this caused violent convulsions and speedy death, then other rabbits were inoculated with a maceration of pig’s intestine and immediately after with the fæcal matter as in the previous cases, with the result that the animals did not die so quickly. After these results the process was tried on a patient suffering from strangulated hernia and

abscess; he was injected with enteric extract, and if we may credit the report shortly afterwards became convalescent.

The numbers of the prominent medical magazine, *The Practitioner*, for April and May, 1901, were devoted to organo-therapy, and the Editor in opening the discussion said: "Dr. King Chambers in his classic work on diet said that he would not hesitate to give a patient under his care any substance, 'except human flesh,' which he thought would do him good. We have not yet got so far as to use human flesh as a therapeutic agent, but that particularly enterprising portion of the *Audax Iapeti Genus* which forms the advance guard of the army of Medicine, feed their patients on 'strange flesh which some might die to look on,' if they knew what it was. Whether, as some think, the medicine of the future lies in the scientific use of animal extracts and preventive serums, it would be dangerous to prophesy. But at least it is certain that the use of such things in the treatment of disease is coming more and more into the sphere of ordinary practice." If this is to be the New Medicine, as seems to some observers not improbable, it must have cruelty as its active partner. The preparation of the various anti-toxins involves the bleeding from time to time of the horses who produce the serum, and in the most recent preparation called "gasterine," which is the natural gastric juice of dogs, the animals must have an opening called a gastric fistula in their stomachs from which the juice is collected. This can only be undertaken in physiological laboratories, and if gasterine becomes a regular therapeutic agent the canine like the equine world will have to suffer continuously in the preparation of medicine.

In the well known *Report* of Herr Merck, the Chemical Manufacturer of Darmstadt, which is published annually, we find (Vol. 8, page 47) the following statement written from the commercial standpoint: "Organo-therapeutic treatment has passed through the tentative stage, and on all sides attempts are being made to sift and systematize the accumulated facts furnished by observation without, however, losing sight of the chemical investigation of the substances which are incorporated in the system through the action of the various organs, an undertaking which has made but little headway, despite

Baumann's discovery of iodo-thyrine." Here is a ray of hope. If, as seems certain, there is in parts of the brain, the suprarenal glands, the liver, the ovaries, and other organs, a definite chemical substance to which these structures owe their physiological activity the chemist ought to be able to isolate it for us. We know there is in the thyroid gland one or more active principles to which it owes its property of keeping the body in a state of equilibrium as to nutrition which if lost produces the wasting disease called myxœdema. This is called Iodo-thyrin or Thyriodin, and is extracted by means of ether and soda, and is then precipitated by sulphuric acid ; it contains iodine and can be put up in compressed tablets. It is not considered so efficacious as the sheep's thyroid itself, just as chemical imitations of saline waters are not equal in virtue to the products of nature's laboratory, but no doubt in time, physiological chemistry, to which far too little attention has hitherto been paid, will produce for us the active principles in perfect form of the organs which are now employed as very disgusting drugs. It must be confessed this is not a very bright outlook for the medicine of the future, it is a return to the flesh-pots of what we have learned to consider Egyptian darkness, and hardly comports with the brilliant scientific progress of the age in the physical sciences.

Happily there is another and a fairer prospect before us. The development of the humanitarian spirit, the signs of which are everywhere manifest in the western world, will not tolerate indefinitely the infliction of avoidable suffering on our fellow creatures, whether dumb or articulate. Vivisection must go, the use of patients in hospitals for experimental purposes, when the experiments are not undertaken with the competent consent of the sufferer, cannot continue when the people at large take an intelligent and generous interest in the great questions involved. The Anti-Vivisection movement has for its object the good of humanity as well as that of the animals, and only those who have complete knowledge of the question in all its aspects can understand how closely the two causes are linked together.

Just as the civilised world has begun to interest itself in the reform of the physiological and pathological laboratories, and whilst thoughtful persons are asking, rather selfishly perhaps,

"What are we to substitute for animal experimentation, organotherapy, drug-testing and bacteriological research?" certain suggestions of the answers have been made in the discovery of what is known by scientists as "photo-therapy," the treatment of disease by light, and "electrotherapy," its treatment by electricity. The light treatment—or rather we should say the coloured light treatment—is by no means a new discovery, like "organotherapy" it is a revival. Its use was common in connection with the ancient doctrine of "signatures." White was cooling: red was hot. Red flowers were given in diseases of the blood; yellow in biliary troubles. Avicenna (born A.D. 980) said that as red bodies move the blood everything of a red colour is good for blood disorders. We find traces of the same teaching in the Sanscrit Atharvaveda. John, of Gaddesden, an Oxford man and a Court physician who between 1305 and 1317 wrote the *Rosa Anglica seu Practica Medicinæ*, prescribed the following treatment for small-pox as the eruption appeared: "Cause the whole body of your patient to be wrapped in scarlet cloth or in any other red cloth, and command everything about the bed to be made red—this is an excellent cure." Up to the last few years the whole medical world would have treated this method as the veriest charlatanry, but about 1894 Feilberg recommended it, and it was seriously considered by the faculty. That "there is no new thing under the sun" has been wonderfully illustrated in the doctrine of treatment by light and especially by red light. Dr. Finsen, of Copenhagen, without any knowledge of the medical treatment of small-pox above discussed, drew the attention of the medical world in 1895 to his successful treatment of the disease by the use of red light in the Small-Pox Hospital of Copenhagen. The *Medical Annual* for 1897 (pp. 525-26) described Dr. Finsen's method at some length; he insists that the exclusion of the chemical light rays must be absolute: even a brief exposure to daylight may produce suppuration, for the skin during small-pox is as susceptible to daylight as a photographic plate, and must be kept from the chemical rays in the same way. Deep red window glass is to be used in the sick room, or very thick red curtains. So long ago as 1892 a paper on "Light as a

Therapeutic Agent," by Drs. Barry, Blacker, and Clarke, was published in the *Practitioner*, wherein the authors said, after reviewing the physiological action of sunlight and electric light, the importance of distinguishing the effects of light from that of heat, &c. : "We think the evidence adduced, though not complete, on the whole supports the conclusion that the physical distinction between thermal and actinic rays in sunlight is physiologically important, and may be of therapeutic value. For our purpose it is sufficient to distinguish factors of sunlight as light and heat. The former, including the chemically active rays excites the peripheral nerves, and in moderation stimulates nutrition and vitality. . . . These considerations suggest that the more or less prolonged application of bright sunlight, and possibly of electric light also to the whole surface of the body might be employed with advantage to stimulate the nervous system generally, or possibly for some specific effect in special cases."

This was a truly wonderful prophecy and has been wonderfully fulfilled. The use of steam as a power was known to Hero of Alexandria. In two thousand years we had our Watts—but we had not to wait so long for our Finsen, the pioneer of the light treatment of skin diseases. It had been known for some years that certain forms of skin maladies were associated with the presence of bacteria. The tubercle bacillus, for example, was known to exist and spread in the dreadful malady of the face, known as Lupus—the wolf, because of its destructive influence on the face. To go no further back than 1891, Dr. Sims Woodhead, in his "Bacteria and their Products," page 208, definitely describes the tubercle bacillus of Koch as the particular organism of this disease. Few diseases cause greater suffering, both physical and mental, than lupus, and perhaps with the exception of cancer there is no greater reproach to medicine than its helplessness in its presence. The surgical treatment consisted in scraping, in the application of powerful caustics and irritating ointments, all in the majority of cases without appreciable effect. Patients spent hundreds of pounds in the vain endeavour to obtain relief: like the woman of the gospels, they only grew worse. When the boom of Koch's tuberculin inspired patients with hope of relief it was

tried in cases of lupus, but with no result save disappointment. Surgeons went on scraping the devouring ulcers and burning them with caustics, but so far as my own experience goes the disease might as well have been left to itself. In the latest work on surgery in my own library, published in 1899, and dedicated to Lord Lister, although the tuberculous character of the disease is recognised, there is no hint of any other treatment than by the knife, sharp spoon or caustics, unless it be the suggestion of casting out devils by Beelzebub by injecting the patients with erysipelas on account of the marvellous reparative power sometimes induced by it. Such was our hopeless attitude in the presence of this terrible affliction before Dr. Finsen took it in hand. We may apply the words of Pope concerning Newton to this great discoverer :—

“ Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night
 - God said ‘ Let Finsen be ! ’ and all was light.”

For in light he found the blessed, painless, humane and certain cure for the ravages of the Wolf. It has been suggested that a good motto for him would be “ He kept the Wolf from the door.”

All the world knows that direct sunlight is good for the health and that it is inimical to organisms associated with putrefaction and decay. It was long ago suspected that its curative properties depended largely on the blue and violet rays. Siemens experimented on plants with the electric light by night and found it beneficial to their growth. Dr. Valdemar Bie and Dr. Finsen found that the ultra-violet rays have the power of killing bacteria in the skin. Sunlight is efficacious, but concentrated electric light is now used by Finsen when for various reasons the light of the sun is not available. Arc lamps of 60 to 80 amperes are required. The light from these must be concentrated to be sufficiently powerful in the healing process, and to prevent burning of the skin the light must be cooled. Dr. William Murrell, in an article on the Light Treatment in the *Medical Annual* for 1901, thus describes the apparatus used :

“ This double object—to make the light stronger and cooler—is attained, in regard to sunlight, by an apparatus,

consisting of a lens of from 20 to 40 cm. in diameter. The lens is composed of a plain glass and a curved one, which are framed in a brass ring, and between them there is a bright blue, weak, ammoniacal solution of copper sulphate; as one surface of the liquid is plain and the other curved, its optical function is that of an ordinary plain convex glass lens. By making the lens of a blue liquid instead of solid glass considerable cooling of the light is obtained, as water absorbs the ultra red rays, and the blue colour excludes a considerable amount of the red and yellow rays. These three kinds of rays have strong heating effect, while their bactericidal power is insignificant. The blue, violet and ultra violet rays, which it is important to procure in as large a number as possible, are but very slightly impaired by passing through the blue liquid."

I have seen the method in operation. The lupus patients to the number of eight were lying on their backs on mattress-covered tables with their faces illumined by the 40,000 candle-power lamps, or ten times as strong a light as the most powerful arc lamps used for street lighting. The rays led from a sort of telescope with the eye-piece turned exactly on the part of the ulcer to be healed, and were under the control of a specially trained nurse to each patient. The nurse's eyes were protected from the powerful light by black glasses and the patient's eyes were protected by shades. I saw a number of photographs of the various patients taken at the beginning of the treatment and at subsequent stages till the complete cicatrisation or process of healing by skinning over the wounds with newly-formed tissue made the sufferers whole again. It is nothing less than miraculous to those who month after month, year after year, have watched the fruitlessness of the old methods of dealing with the dreadful disease. The patients all assured me that they suffered no pain whatever. The *séance* lasts one hour, and is continued daily; it is only after some weeks that improvement is seen to take place, and then a bad case will need two or three months for the completion of the cure. This length of time and the great cost of the light are the only objections to the method. Dr. Finsen had the great good fortune to have his treatment brought under the notice of Queen Alexandra when she was Princess of Wales.

It was exceedingly happy for him that, being a countryman of Her Majesty, and Copenhagen his field of action, he should have been able to find a royal patron in so generous and sympathetic a lady. For my own part, when my attention was first drawn to the matter in the medical journals I was inclined to pass it over as only one more piece of the quackery, pseudo-scientific in character, which finds so congenial a home even in the highest medical circles. I soon found, however, that the Royal patronage had been intelligently bestowed, and that the physicians engaged in carrying out the Queen's suggestions were in no way misled. The patients whom I interviewed, whose histories I have read, whose photographs taken at different periods I had examined, convinced me that we are in the dawning of a new era in the history of medicine.

If light can cure lupus, what may its application not cure when we have learned more of its uses and application? Already it has been used with success in the treatment of a number of other diseases of the skin supposed to be of microbic origin. At the fourth Congress of Dermatology, held in Paris, August, 1900, Finsen showed some of his results which the *Medical Annual* (1901) says "were remarkably good." The human skin is permeable to light. This has been tested by holding a prepared sensitive photographic plate behind the ear and then transmitting the rays of the electric light through the flap of the ear in such a manner that the plate is affected by its action, just as if it had been exposed to light directly. If the electric light is incautiously used it produces an inflammation of the skin, and accidents of this kind have often happened. Dr. Finsen has obtained his "remarkably good" results, not only in cases of common lupus, but also in the variety known as erythematous, in loss of hair, in cancerous growths of the skin, in particular skin affections (acne vulgaris and rosacea) and naevi due to blood tumours. Dr. Sabourand, who has charge of the Finsen method in the Hôpital St. Louis, said, in the discussion on the light treatment, that in common lupus "it had given results such that no other method could be compared with it." (*Ann. de Derm.*, July, 1900, page 882.)

There are certain objections to the new method that I feel sure will soon be overcome. One is the great costliness, and

another the tediousness of the cure. The patients attend the *séances* of an hour each for some three or four months, either daily or several times weekly. At present these *séances* must of course take place in a hospital. According to a report from Dr. Brooke, of the Manchester Skin Hospital, where an installation of suitable appliances for the employment of the Finsen Light Treatment is in preparation, it appears that the lamps of 40,000 candle power entail an initial cost of fully £1,000. It is, however, gratifying to see by a report in the *Lancet* (May 4th, 1901), from its Paris Correspondent, that a great step in advance has already been taken by means of the apparatus devised for improving Dr. Finsen's method by M. Lorted and M. Genoud, of Lyons. M. Gaston has given a set to the French Society of Dermatology. The apparatus is based on the same principles as that of Finsen, but is much more powerful, and the results are said to be superior to any hitherto attained. In Finsen's method only a small area of the disease can be attacked at a time, in the French process this area can be almost doubled, and the photo-chemical intensity of the rays is so great that the time of exposure necessary is reduced from one hour to fifteen minutes. This of course brings about great economy in the employment of attendants. In Finsen's apparatus a current of from 60 to 80 amperes is necessary, this requires a special engine and other machinery. The new apparatus only requires a current of ten to twelve amperes, which can be obtained from the ordinary electric light mains for illuminating the streets. It is even hoped that it will be possible to invent apparatus which will allow the treatment to be carried out by doctors at their own houses.

Besides the treatment of Lupus which I have seen in operation I have been privileged to see the employment of the X Rays in Surgery. By this I mean their healing and not their detective power. The terrible disease, rodent ulcer, is generally admitted to be a cancerous tumour of the skin, which eats to the very bones of the skull. This destructive malady, which was formerly treated by cutting, scraping, aqua-fortis, and other caustic applications, can now be cured by the X Rays. Sterbeck, of Stockholm, treated a case on the head of a woman

by applying the rays for ten minutes daily. Good results were apparent after four sittings, and after 35 sittings the skin began to close in from the edges. Ultimately the epidermis grew over the ulcer and in a month a smooth cicatrix was left, differing only slightly from the skin of the rest of the face. There has been some difference of opinion as to the healing power of the X Rays in skin affections, but from my own observation of the treatment of rodent ulcer by this method I am confident in their power to cure. The applications of electric light are not restricted to skin affections. Monburoff, according to the Medical Journals, claims that electric light has a direct effect on the inflammation of rheumatic joints quite apart from the question of heat. He says: "This effect persists for a period varying from a few hours to two days. If the treatment is prolonged the pain permanently ceases. Under the influence of the electric rays the articular exudations which are present in rheumatic affections and in serious affections of the pleura disappear. The same thing takes place in the oedema of gouty affections." He says it reduces temperature and believes that it will unquestionably occupy an important place in the therapeutic arsenal. Others have tried it with good effect in cases of synovitis. My object in this paper is not to boom any particular remedy for this or that disease. I have a higher aim. It is protested again and again by advocates of animal experimentation that only by such means can medicine and surgery be advanced. There is not a medical journal which does not constantly urge that more and still more vivisections must be performed for every step forward in the healing art.

Now for more than twenty years I have laboured hard to discover what are the claims of vivisection, and on what basis, if any, they rest. I do not say after all this research that no claim of the physiological or bacteriological experimenter on animals can be substantiated; there has been an immense amount of material thrown into the sea—some day something may appear above the surface upon which a superstructure of medical importance may proudly stand to approve from a scientific aspect all this labour and suffering; but this I will say, that up to the present time scientific cruelty has offered us doctors nothing

which can for a moment be compared with the splendid benefits to surgery and medicine which this treatment by light has already conferred, although at present only in its infancy. It would seem that the powers of darkness and cruelty were at last to be opposed in their own retreats by the powers of light and mercy, and the beneficent discovery should encourage us to seek our remedies by the pure and rational means which nature has placed at our disposal, which entail no injustice to our fellow creatures in their use. We have seen our men of science spending their time and energies in elaborating filthy serums for the treatment of the very diseases for the dispersal of which the light of heaven waited to be focussed. Like Bunyan's man with the muck rake, we have been scraping in the dirt beneath us, regardless of the wealth offered us above.

If the hierarchy of the medical arts take this lesson of the light-cure to heart and act upon it, we shall discover a much greater remedy than that for lupus: we shall learn that the good physician does not employ bad means, that for every disease there is an innocent remedy, that the beneficent forces of nature, light, heat, pure air, pure and wholesome food, pure water, cleanliness of mind and body, active employment, a desire to live for others and not for ourselves alone, faith in all that makes for righteousness—these are the healing powers we must invoke, and not those whose origin is unholy and impure. The healing power is at hand, what we need is to understand it. Browning's prayer was:—

"I solely crave that one of all the beams
Which do Sun's work in darkness, at my will
Should operate—myself for once have skill
To realize the energy which streams
Flooding the universe—

.

Were Sun's use understood,
I might demonstrate him supplying food,
Warmth, life, no less the while."

It is reported that a generous benefactor has given £10,000 to endow a light for the lupus cure at one of our hospitals. It seems, however, that to give the treatment fair play it should be installed in an institution solely devoted to the cure and

relief of the diseases for which it promises to be remedial. And here there appears to be an appropriate channel for the donations of the many wealthy and generous persons who do not feel confidence in supporting institutions with which vivisectors are more or less connected. The treatment of disease by hot air, which has been found so successful in gout, rheumatism, scrofulous diseases of joints, &c., demands a wider study. This also is as yet in its infancy, but it is another indication of vast possibilities of cure which are promised by a more earnest and humane devotion to therapeutics that have nothing in common with the often abused and always unscientific methods of the vivisector. In this and kindred directions may we disprove the charge of the inhumanity of humanitarianism.

EDWARD BERDOE.

PATRIOTISM: TRUE AND FALSE.

THE duality in the nature of man has been the theme of thinkers in all ages. On the one hand he is an animal, on the other a rational being. From this duality arises the conflict which in some form or other always goes on in human consciousness. We are, indeed, coming to see that while this dualism exists, and must by no means be slurred over, it is nevertheless the expression of one life—a life which needs for its existence and development both the animal and the rational nature—the flesh and the spirit. The supreme problem of human life has been, is, and will be, the harmonizing of these opposite aspects, and its solution will only then have been found when—neither of the factors suppressed or extirpated in favour of the other—each shall have been brought into such relation with its opposite, which yet is its fellow, that conflict shall cease, and they shall take their proper places as the necessary and complementary aspects of one full and beautiful life.

Roughly speaking we may say that the material, the content of life, is furnished by the animal needs, desires and impulses ; whilst the form, the worth, the beauty of life, is found in the rational order into which these impulses, needs, and desires are interwoven and organised.

The mere animal within us is supremely selfish, craves the satisfaction of its wants and desires without regard to the well-being of others ; nay, often feels a savage delight in fighting with them, in subjugating, or even in destroying them. Its

maxims are, "Assert yourself at all costs. Look out for Number One. Each for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost." The rational part of us, recognising the equality of the claims of each for existence, for growth, for development, the unity of man, and the common nature in which all share, insists on human brotherhood, on love to all men without distinction of age, sex, position, nationality, colour, or race. "A man's a man for a' that," it declares. It affirms that the Golden Rule is the true rule of human intercourse, and love the only panacea for human ills. The law of reason is the law of reciprocity. "Do not to another what you would not that another should do to you. Show no preferences, but treat all men as your brethren. Live and work for Humanity."

Could the animal have full sway society would be dissolved, and we should live the life of the beasts of the field. To think only of one's self, to look out solely for Number One, caring naught for the happiness and well-being of others, would soon render life so uninteresting, so unhappy, so unendurable, that even if such a life were possible, release from its misery by death would come to be the chief aim. For man is not a self-contained, self-sufficient, individual being. His self-regard *must* involve some regard for others, and his life grows in interest and worth with the extension of such regard. Man only exists as a member of society, apart from which he cannot live, and in fellowship alone does he find his true life.

On the other hand, to live entirely for humanity, without any wishes or desires for one's self, to love all alike, to make no distinctions, recognising only the common nature of men and ignoring the differences—even the fundamental difference of self and others—is also impossible. Therefore, through sub-conscious feeling, the common-sense of mankind has arrived at the conviction, which reflection only serves to confirm, that a life governed absolutely and completely either by the maxims of the flesh or by the law of reason is incapable of realisation. Life itself is a compromise. The ideas which really sway the minds of the masses, of nations, or races, which are accepted by them actually as guides to practical life, are never completely logical. On the one hand they give expression to the demands

of the rational nature, of the moral ideal towards which we are moving ; on the other they mitigate its severity and allow for exceptions : above all, they limit the sphere of its application. And so in place of the one great law of reason, " Love all men ; live and work for Humanity," we find a scale of duties towards special men or groups of men. We must love our wives, our children, then our friends, then the men of our own nation, in each case with a peculiar and exclusive affection. In early times men seem to have been quite unable to conceive of any duties wider than these ; to feel the claims of any larger love.

" Ye have heard," said Jesus, " that it hath been said, ' thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy.' " In the *Republic* we read how the opponents of Socrates, discoursing on the meaning and value of justice, found it monstrous that a man should be held unjust for showing exclusive favour to his friends at the expense of his enemies. " It is my opinion," declares Polemarchus, who appears to voice the common views of the time. " It is my opinion that it is *justice* to help one's friends and to hurt one's enemies."

The highest of these duties—conjugal, family, and social—is the duty of Patriotism, devotion to one's country, to the common good of the whole community of which one is a member. This is the highest duty because it embraces the widest area, is less exclusive and approximates more nearly to the rational ideal. Accordingly it has always held a foremost place, and in ancient times was accounted the supreme virtue.

The small States of civilized Europe in the days of antiquity were surrounded by barbarous nations who might at any time sweep over the country as a mighty flood, devastating, burning and destroying everything in their path, like the Persian hordes which attacked the little cities of Greece, the Gauls who devastated Italy, or the Scythians who, from time to time, overwhelmed the civilized States of the East. For the Greek or Roman citizen of early days there was no Human Race—the conception had not been formed. There were only Hellenes or Latins ; one's fellow citizens and friends ; and the enemy—hordes of unknown, hostile, cruel creatures who could not even talk, but chattered something quite unintelligible like the monkeys, and were hence called Barbarians, the

stammerers. To devote one's self to the defence of one's beloved country against such inhuman and terrible creatures was the highest duty the ancients could conceive of, and he who did this reached the topmost pinnacle of virtue known to him, and felt that he had indeed lived the good life. We find the noble self-devotion of such an ardent patriotism admirable even now. Our hearts are stirred by the recital of the brave deeds of true patriots in all ages, of the men who fought bravely or gave their lives in defence of freedom and of their native land. The deeds of a Winkelried, a Wallace, a Washington, a Hofer, a Bolivar, a De Wet, will always find an echo in our hearts.

It is but natural that even as we love our parents, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our relations and friends, as we are attached to the old homestead, to the scenes of our childhood, and the graves of our fathers—so we should love the community to which our family and our friends belong; that our own land should always be the dearest of all lands, that no other language should ever sound quite so sweetly in our ears as that which we learned from our mother's lips, that no other mode of life should seem so suitable, no national manners or morals so fitting as those which have moulded our own nature and became in very truth part of ourselves. It is natural that we should rejoice in being Englishmen—Citizens of so mighty a nation. We must find a delight in speaking the tongue which has been the vehicle of such a noble literature. That the language in which Chaucer told his tales, fresh as the month of May, and Shakespeare wrote his immortal dramas, the tongue of Milton, of Shelley, of Wordsworth, of Tennyson, of Browning should be our own vernacular must always be a pleasure to us. We rejoice in being the fellow countrymen and contemporaries of Darwin and Spencer, of Huxley and Tyndall, of Burne Jones and Watts, of Ruskin and William Morris. We find pleasure in thinking of the prosperity of our Country, of the economic, the social, the intellectual progress of which it has been the theatre in the century that is past. It gives us a noble pleasure to remember that Britain has been a land of refuge for the oppressed—the shelter of the political exiles of Europe; that Garibaldi received a heartier welcome in our

streets than had ever been accorded to Kings ; that Mazzini found a home in England, and Stepniak, Kropotkin and many another refugee from Russian tyranny have found safety, rest, and friends amongst us.

It is not only natural, it is right that we should be glad and rejoice in our citizenship in this great nation which has held a foremost place in history and done so much for human freedom and human progress. We owe such an incalculable debt to the nation, to the community into which we were born, which has fashioned our innermost nature and made us the men we are, that we *must* love her as a mother and fervently desire her well-being and prosperity. It would not be well for us entirely to lose the Englishman in the Cosmopolitan—any more than it is well for us to lose the feeling of local citizenship in the larger life of the nation as in the vast whirlpool of metropolitan life is too often the case. The wider sphere is the higher, and the duties it imposes upon us must have the foremost place in our minds ; but they are vaguer, less definite, and less easily realised, and we only learn to perform them faithfully and well by the training received in the narrower circle of the more obvious duties of everyday life.

Patriotism then, we must conclude, in spite of the teaching of some of the moralists of the time, is still a duty. It is not, and is not likely to become, obsolete. We still feel bound to devote ourselves to the well-being of our country, to strive to further its happiness and maintain its greatness. But a true patriotism will never be exclusive. While it is natural and laudable to love our own country, to rejoice in the glories of its art, its literature, and its science, to feel pride in the great part it has played in history—it is unreasonable and foolish to forget that it is also natural and laudable for men of other nations to feel the same emotions with regard to their country. They naturally glory in the greatness of their native land. Their hearts, also, beat high when they dwell upon the heroic deeds of their ancestors or their fellow-countrymen, or when they review their national achievements, and think of their national literature or art.

A sane and worthy patriotism will cause us neither to decry the virtues, the gifts, the glories of other nations, nor blind us

to the follies and vices of our own. Patriotism, like family love, or friendship, should lead us beyond itself. It should guide us towards, and be a part of our love for, Humanity, of which our own and other nations are essential members and organs; should be the school in which a wider love is learned, which should grow till it embraces all mankind. True patriotism is a love of one's own country which delights in national virtue, yet does not deny or conceal the national follies and faults, but recognising, deploring, and striving to remove them, aims at helping the people to a higher life. It is not a foolish pride, a contempt of other peoples, a lust of conquest, a desire for the subjugation and oppression of other nations or races. If our patriotism is of the genuine sort we shall not cry, "Our country right or wrong"; but inspired by a deep love of our native land, and an ardent devotion to the well-being of our fellow citizens, we shall know that a most essential part of the duty of a true patriot is to resist by all means in his power a popular delusion or a wild and irrational passion which is leading the people he loves to commit and applaud deeds of cruelty and oppression, knowing that national injustice will sooner or later recoil upon the oppressor and destroy that freedom which is the most precious heritage of the people.

But if Patriotism is a virtue, it, like all the other special, concrete virtues formed by a limitation of the area within which the supreme law of life is applicable, may easily become a vice—a vice which has been the cause of untold misery to the human race.

The love of a man for the woman of his choice is a good thing—the dearest and tenderest of human relationships, the foundation of all social life. And yet if it prevent the development of heart and mind, and result merely in *l'égoïsme à deux*, a slightly wider selfishness, it becomes an evil, a terrible hindrance to human well being, a barrier in the path of progress. Right-minded people have always recognised that conjugal love must be subordinated to wider claims, Only then indeed can it reach its own highest development—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

So again, devotion to one's family, a fundamental virtue, the source and origin of the ethical life, may through exclusiveness prevent the growth of a wider sympathy, and maim and mutilate the character. Examples abound, unfortunately, of men who are excellent husbands and fathers, but who appear to think that morality not only begins but ends with the family, and who in their intercourse with the outer world are grasping, unscrupulous and cruel. Even friendship, the joy of life, the balm of sorrow, may through its limitations give rise to the direst and cruellest injustice. Favouritism may take the place of impartiality and fairness in business relations and social life; even the political life of a nation may be injured by shameless nepotism; by the elevation of incompetent men to the most important and responsible offices in the public service, merely because they are relatives or friends of those in power. Like the rest Patriotism also is a virtue when it lifts us above selfishness, above a narrow absorption in the interests of our family; when it unites us, not only with our friends, but with those who are indifferent to us, nay, even with our personal enemies in devotion to the common good of our country.

But when it leads us to hate foreigners; to nourish a blind prejudice against other countries; to rejoice in acts of injustice to other nations; to look upon other peoples as enemies; to desire to deprive them of land, wealth, or freedom; to applaud and support a national policy of greed and grab; in short, when it narrows our interests and our sympathies, fills us with stupid pride, hatred, and contempt for other nations; when it makes our love and our devotion exclusive and not inclusive—when it does these things, Patriotism, like all the concrete virtues when they are exclusive, becomes a vice—a vice which, because it is the perversion of a great virtue, has terrible and far-reaching consequences, gives rise to awful evils, stupefies, degrades, and demoralises the people, rendering them an easy prey to the acts of unrighteous rulers, political mountebanks, plausible but false-hearted demagogues, ambitious and self-interested deceivers, delivering them bound and stupefied by lies and hypnotic suggestions into the hands of the professional "Patriots," who trade upon the blank ignorance, insane pride, and blind prejudice of the people, and lead them headlong to

national disgrace and ruin. It was surely not without reason that Dr. Johnson, in the first edition of his famous dictionary, gave as one definition of Patriotism, "the last refuge of a scoundrel." When the people are blinded by national pride, and hatred of other nations, the artful political schemer, the unscrupulous journalist, and the greedy capitalist find their chance.

The deepest root of this false Patriotism which shouts, "Our country, right or wrong," and stops its ears to the voice of justice is ignorance—crass, stupid ignorance. We hate the foreigner because we do not know him; we form a picture of him in our minds, full of hateful traits, and are not able, or do not take the trouble, to compare it with the concrete original. The French are popularly depicted as a despicable race, flighty, untrustworthy, sensual, and cruel; yet when we come to know Frenchmen individually we find them much like ourselves, except that they are often brighter, cleverer, and more charming. The typical American is a mean worshipper of the "almighty dollar," vulgar, boastful, unscrupulous. The American of our acquaintance is more often a genuine, naïve, genial, open-hearted man. Not less perverse are the notions of the French or Americans about ourselves. We pride ourselves above all things on our blunt, straightforward honesty. To the imagination of the Frenchman, England is "la perfide Albion"! We think the leading characteristic of the American is vulgar self-assertion and brag. In the American National Song, Yankee Doodle, we learn how

"The foe went down to New Orleans,
With *British* boast and bluster."

In a recent review article, by M. A. Bréal, we find the root of this false patriotism described in a few striking words. Speaking of the French, "We shall find," he says, "in all classes of the nation, with regard to the neighbours across the water, *an ignorance abounding in ready-made statements always prepared to pronounce judgment rather than to think.* The Frenchman's ignorance of the English can only be compared with the Englishman's ignorance of the French."

In the same article M. Bréal shows how this 'absolute ignorance' becomes hatred :—

"In the eyes of the Breton peasants and fishermen the Englishman is 'the enemy' with whom they have fought battles and will have to fight again but no one thinks of him as a *man*. The enemy is a unit of war, something outside ordinary life, a being in uniform whom it is glorious to kill. He is the *enemy*, something that will do great mischief to France if we do not take care, something which must be much more terrible and dangerous than they can imagine, since all the men of France lose the best years of their youth in learning to kill this eventual adversary. The Breton peasant is ready to march against the English whom he does not know because he does not know them. He has not the least animosity against the actual English people, the living English people, who in times of peace come to Brittany."

This patriotic hatred, based on profound ignorance, is artificially excited and kept alive by all kinds of expedients. Most important of these is the instruction in "history," as it is called, which we received in our childhood. Our school histories are filled with the doings and crimes of monarchs and aristocrats and the wars which they brought about, and in which they were engaged. They deign to tell us next to nothing about the people, their manner of life, their economic condition ; about the spiritual life of the nation, the growth of science, of national literature and art. We become learned, in our childhood, in by-gone feuds between our nation and others, and hand on the legacy of hatred to our children in our turn.

An English boy, brought up in America, I was struck by the tone of the histories used there in the schools. Their great aim seemed to be to stamp firmly on the plastic mind of the child that England was "the enemy." British tyranny, British arrogance and insolence, British intrigue, British faithlessness, and finally British defeat and humiliation, are the ideas ever present to the mind and insisted upon again and again. It is not too much to say that the American boy grows up a fervent hater of England and the English. Talking the other day with an American, from Philadelphia, he told me of an Englishman who had settled in that city a few years ago, and had sent his little boy to a public school. The boy was soon filled with American "patriotism" and amazed his father by

the delight with which he said to him, one day on his return from school: "Ah! Dad, but we did give you a licking in 1775."

Again, the national songs of most countries are inspired by hatred and defiance of neighbouring nations. Take our own National Anthem. Following on fulsome praise of the reigning monarch, comes the following prayer:—

"Oh! Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all."

Anything more Pagan and anti-Christian than this verse it would be hard to find. Note, that the Lord is *our* God, our national tutelary deity whose office it is to protect England and scatter her enemies—the other nations of the earth. They are to be confounded and made to fall in favour of "God's England," the divinely favoured land of the whole world. That this is not mere rhetoric, but is an idea which really rules the minds of large numbers of our countrymen of all classes, will be evident to any one who will keep his eyes and ears open to what goes on around him. A day or two ago I overheard a working man discuss the war with another man and his wife, who were staunch "patriots." After a little argument the woman said, "Ah! you know we're sure to come out all right. Why, it says in the Bible that God will take care of England and never let her be defeated!" Dr. Watson in his address to the Wesleyans, exclaimed, "Why should we not recognise in our England the modern Israel, called of God and set apart by God for a special mission? Speak ye home to the heart of England for the covenant stands between God and England." Now remember that the "covenant" referred to is that we read of in the Bible, when the Prophet speaking of Israel declares, "You *only* have I known of all the families of the earth." Now such a "patriotic" idea is not only Pagan, worthy of the 10th century B.C., but it is supremely stupid and ridiculous. Dr.

Watson may find a congregation of Englishmen in the City Road to agree with him, but should he venture to propound this theory to the German Kaiser I fancy he would be told that he was entirely in error, for it was quite evident that the nation specially favoured by God was the great German nation, with its divinely appointed head to which every knee should bow. In fact, each nation claims to be the special favourite of God, the chosen nation, the peculiar people. It is plain they cannot all be right—it is probable all are wrong. This stupid nonsense may seem grand to him who through ignorance and want of sympathy has his mental vision bounded by the frontier of his native land—to all others it would be supremely ridiculous were it not that it serves to stir up bitter hatred, leads to war and bloodshed, and hinders the progress of mankind to a nobler life.

If so many and such great interests were not involved in maintaining and intensifying this noxious superstition, the good sense of the average man would cause it to die out. But monarchs, ambitious statesmen, capitalists, and newspaper proprietors and journalists all find it to their advantage to foster and support it. By pageants and shows, by shameless lying about the Governments or citizens of other countries, by appeals to national pride and to suspicion and hatred of other nations, they act on the popular mind by continued hypnotic suggestion, and work the people up into a state of frenzy which carries all before it, and leads to shameful deeds and loss of life and wealth. The most dangerous of all these powers at present is the power of the great capitalists and of the newspaper press they control. Think of the foul dishonour into which they have enticed the American people in the matter of the Philippines and Porto Rico! "Is it not an outrage," said Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent speech condemning the war against the Filipinos—"Is it not an outrage to contemplate one nation forcing by the sword her laws, her government, her political institutions on another nation in the interest of trade and commerce, as if merchandise and dollars and cents were of more value than human lives." Would that in England a clergyman could be found of the standing of Cardinal Gibbons, who like a true patriot would dare, in spite of unpopularity, to

denounce the deeds of his countrymen, "intoxicated" as the Cardinal says, "with the wine of Imperialism." Think of the infamous lies which were fabricated day after day by the press of Europe, and especially by the Yellow Press in this country, about the fate of the Ambassadors and other Europeans in Pekin—how, when it was quite impossible to get any news, harrowing tales of massacre and outrage were deliberately invented and published and the peoples of Europe stirred up against the Chinese till, as the report runs, the German Emperor in frantic rage told his soldiers to give no quarter. The terrible result has been that the soldiery of the so-called civilized West, after defeating the Boxers—who being only *Chinese* patriots, were necessarily scoundrels—and taking Pekin, actually committed worse atrocities than were ever fabled of the Boxers. The nameless horrors described by Dr. Dillon have branded the Western nations with indelible disgrace. By circulation for months of all kinds of lies about the Boers the capitalists controlling the press, and virtually the Government of this country, played upon the gross public ignorance about South African affairs, and the deep-seated arrogance and race-hatred which years of prosperity and dominion over subject and coloured races had generated in the minds of the English people, till—"with a light heart"—we have plunged into an unjust war, which has already cost us dear, and is likely to cost us much more in wealth, in honour and in blood.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, a past master in the art of exciting patriotism of the jingo type, boasts, if report speaks truly, that this is his war, and in the *North American Review* sketched out a scheme for a simultaneous newspaper in America and England to be owned by a giant trust which should control the press of both countries and raise its tone—save the mark! Should such a scheme be carried into execution, one might well exclaim, God help the nation, for one fears that the help of man would be of little avail to save us from degradation and ruin.

At this crisis in our national life it behoves all true patriots who value our honour and our well-being, to bestir themselves and fight resolutely against the wave of reaction now passing

over us ; against the recrudescence of outworn political superstitions of every kind ; above all against the dangerous, insidious, counterfeit patriotism which nourished on jubilee pageants, Kipling's verse, sermons like those of Dr. Watson, and leading articles of the type of those in the *Express* and the *Daily Mail*, is driving the English people, flushed with past prosperity, puffed up with a stupid pride, an unreasoning belief in their own power, bravery, and virtue, and an ignorant hatred and contempt for other nations, straight on to the rocks of national humiliation and disaster.

MAURICE ADAMS.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND THE IDEAL HOME.*

I AM very glad to have this opportunity of speaking upon a subject which I have much at heart, and which is, I think, important in its relation to the well-being of a nation.

From early times there has been something sacred in the domestic hearth, and the oldest and most persistent, perhaps, of all the religions of man had its altar there. The fire which there sacredly burnt for so many centuries seems now itself about to be extinguished, and with it much of the feeling of love and reverence which has been for ever associated with it. Science and modern progress can indeed substitute in its stead the commodious gas stove and luminous electricity, but will they carry with them associations of beauty and romance to the generations to follow? I think not. Or will the feeling for home also disappear, and the love of Empire take the place of the love for the domestic hearth. Life is curiously interwoven, and perhaps this modern desire for Empire-expansion is one of the outcomes of a distaste for the narrowness of a restricted home life. I wish, then, now to consider what can be done to make the home more attractive and more in sympathy with the larger life of to-day. There are at this moment many causes at work to destroy the home, and I want to plead for some thought and some help to preserve it.

* A Paper read at the Women's Institute, February, 1901.

I have chosen the name of Domestic Economy because it includes every branch of household management, such as the value of the various kinds of food, and their preparation; clothing and washing, the lighting, warming, ventilation, and sanitation of houses; hygiene, the laws of health and sickness, as well as thrift, the more special subject of Domestic Economy. A knowledge of all these subjects is needed to make the perfect house-mistress.

In America, one of the saintly millionaires, the only saints to be canonized in this century when we count by millions and the widow with her mite must pass unnoticed, has founded in New York an admirable Institute, called after him the Pratt's Institute, where Departments of Domestic Art and Domestic Science take their place beside the Fine Arts, Literature, and Science. The normal course of study for Domestic Economy occupies two years, and includes besides bacteriology and botany, zoology and physiology, chemistry, literature, and drawing, practical work in cooking, sewing, laundry work, household economics, &c. This is as it should be, making technical and practical education one, and enriching both. I wish our own High Schools and Colleges would forego some of their cricket and hockey, and institute instead some of this practical work. The laws of health and the properties of food might be included in the physiology and chemistry lessons, and be practically demonstrated in the saucepan and the baking dish. Knowledge and health would both benefit, and grace and charm would not be lost.

But with all the opportunities for training there still needs to be evolved the ideal house, the real home for all who dwell in it, and I wish in time it might be one of the many missions of the Women's Institute to assist in the formation of this ideal, to establish homes which shall serve as models of what a house should be, and where a woman could be trained according to her ability as worker or organizer to develop houses of the same kind in never-ending succession. Now let me say I consider it fundamental to the successful carrying out of such a scheme that the kitchen should be looked upon as the workshop, the axle upon which the whole machine revolves. Make it the most attractive room in the house, let it shine with the brazen

vessels as the old Dutch and German kitchens of former days. Do away with black lead, and substitute, where possible, clean tiles, consume and use your smoke, and let science help you to make life easier, healthier, and better. Then look upon domestic service as a profession where ability will be recognized, where skill is always needed, and where those who wish and try may rise to honourable and useful positions.

It is the hopeless drudgery of service as at present conceived which keeps so many from it. A hospital nurse has often harder work and more unpleasant duties, but she is respected, and her calling looked upon as an honourable one. Why should not the same respect be felt for the household worker? Only this will make it possible for well educated girls from the Board Schools to accept positions in service. At present they will not, but go instead to the more crowded and less healthy places in factories and shops, or the hard life of a pupil teacher. Why must Art be considered to consist in painting a picture, or decorating a wall, or binding a book, or embroidering a cover, all delightful occupations, if done for the love of the work and not for the money value alone; but why may not the making of bread, the stirring a custard, the mixing a salad be also looked upon as an art, and all life be an enjoyment, and drudgery abolished? At present life is hidden in the basement out of sight, sometimes accompanied with dirt and sometimes with blackbeetles, while enjoyment sits in the drawing room, tries to be amused, does not always succeed, and then abuses life. I was very much struck last year at the Earl's Court Exhibition by the beauty and dignity of a representation of the old German home life. The lady and her maid in beautiful and simple costumes seated together at their embroidery, the room furnished with fine old pieces of carved furniture, and I contrasted it with the vulgarity and futility of the English home as represented by two dressed up young ladies in a modern drawing room, full of useless knick-nacks, and not a piece of furniture that could survive into another century. The English home, however, won the prize by the greatest number of votes given to it.

When I lived in a rich suburban neighbourhood, there was a fine old country house a few miles distant, the owner of which

I was given to understand was out of her mind. Upon making enquiries I discovered, however, that the only reason given for this statement was that she had been found by callers one day cleaning her own front door step. Poor Nausicaa, what should we think of her now ! That beautiful picture in Homer which has been handed down to us through all these centuries, of the King's daughter accompanied by her maidens, washing linen at the river bank. Alas, there are few clear streams left, and no King's daughter to show us the charm and dignity of work.

Art has been substituted for work. Art is the calling a young lady chooses, and the one considered suitable to her position. Work is for slaves. Formerly art and work were one, and life was beautiful ; now they are divided and life is hideous. In no country is this division so apparent as in England, and especially among women.

Ask a foreigner who visits the East End of London what strikes him most, and he will probably reply the rags worn by the women and the curling pins which bristle on their heads. I live in a quarter of London where rents are low, and where most of the houses are inhabited by two or three families of workers, and during the week the women are untidy, dirty, with their hair tightly fastened up in curling pins ; thus I see them cleaning their door steps, or fetching their beer from the public-house at the corner. On Sunday they stay at home, and only in my imagination can I see all those pins undone, and the beauty of their hair displayed to a chosen few. If you cross the Channel life is made more attractive because women treat work as the most important part of life and they dress suitably to their calling. Neatness is a virtue which has to be followed every day of the week, and slovenliness will not be forgotten on account of a gorgeous hat worn on Sunday. Oh how I wish I could abolish best clothes, and substitute in their place new clothes !

The enormous increase of wealth poured into this country, and the example set by a luxurious and idle class, has had a demoralizing effect on the workers, and it is to counteract this evil that I now call upon the rich to come forward and help in establishing in the midst of the luxury and misery which surround us an ideal of domestic life, which may survive the

folly of fashion. Democrat though I am, I do believe that education must come from above, even as I know demoralization has come. It is not for us to address the workers and ask them to adopt the virtues of thrift, industry, and sobriety, but rather let us turn to the rich and remind them of their duties and responsibilities. And at this time, when we hear so much about the glory and power of Empire, may I not remind my hearers that in the past great Empires have fallen because of the corruption that has crept into the home, which has sapped a nation's vitality, and caused its decay, and not on account of the attacks of enemies from without. It is a far more serious thing to destroy homesteads than to destroy armies. Armies may be renewed, homes cannot.

In our great cities, with their crowded houses, insecurity of work, constant change brings a recklessness, a hopelessness, a despair. We stifle reproaches by placing public-houses at every street corner. In houses with families living in one room or perhaps two rooms, where is the home, where can the love of home be? Let us not also destroy the desire for a home. And in those little houses dwelt in by the lower middle class, there is an absence of beauty and homeliness. The parlour never used, full of plush frames, plush cushions, things to hold dust and to be useless. There also is an ideal needed, and they might follow a good example as they have a bad one.

There is a book written many years ago by a great Athenian, giving directions for the management of a household, and in it is a chapter on Order, which I should like to quote to you, for there is a beauty in order, seemliness and simplicity, which modern wealth and luxury cannot surpass, and I believe there are some of us who have not lost the feeling of repose which the white-washed walls, the clean scrubbed floors, and plain rush-bottom chairs can give, and who would gladly exchange them for all the silk and plush of modern upholstery. With our present smoke-ridden atmosphere, cleanliness is often a luxury, and in the great manufacturing cities an impossibility. Her hand-maiden, simplicity, is, however, always available, though we have now almost forgotten her.

Xenophon, in his book "The Economist," describes to Socrates the beauty and accurate piece of arrangement which

he has observed on board a great Phœnician merchantman, where he saw the largest number of things arranged in the smallest possible space. Then he said to his wife:—

“ We should be very foolish-hearted (should we not ?) if while people in ships, that are so small, find room for their goods, and keep them in order, despite all the tossing they get—knowing too where to find what they want even in moments of the greatest panic—yet we, in our house with its large and separate store-rooms, itself too on a firm foundation, do not find out for everything good places and convenient. So far, I have said enough to you about how good a thing accurate Order is, and how easy it is to find a place for everything in a house. And then, how fair a sight it is to see an orderly arrangement of even any kind of shoes, or garments, or bed linen, or vessels of brass, or table gear; fair, too, and graceful (though this might seem especially ridiculous to some wit, not to a man of sober sense) even pots and pans when arranged in order. And thus, too, does all else seem fairer for being set in order; for the kinds of vessels seem like some chorus; and fair is the space between them, as each stands out clear; just as a chorus moving in measured circles is not only a fair sight in itself, but the space in the midst of it also is fair and clear to view. That all this is true, good wife, said I, we may test without any great loss or trouble.”

I fear my hearers may think a good deal of this irrelevant to the subject they had come to listen to—that they expected me to give more practical information, especially on the burning question of domestic service. Let me then say at the outset that all my sympathies are with the servants, and if they are bad and incompetent—and a great many are both—their faults are generally due to the ignorance and inefficiency of the mistress. Good housekeepers are able still to find good servants, and, as a whole, they are an exceedingly honest (considering the great temptations put in their way) and hard-working race; their great fault is that they no longer wish to be servants, and I for one say, no wonder. No skilled workman wishes to bring up his daughter to domestic service any more than you or I do. The labouring class in the country, from which the best class of servants is drawn, remains stationary in number, whilst the middle class in the town increases, and the demand for servants becomes greater every year.

It has been said, “ Whenever the middle class has come into power, it has destroyed all feudal patriarchal idyllic relations, and left no nexus between man and man but that of cash

payment." This is true to-day in the factory and workshop, where men have lost all human relationship, and workmen are now regarded merely as "hands." Shall it also come to this in the household? The old order is changed. The faithful dependent who served the family with devotion, and when beyond work was herself tended and cared for, has passed away. And what have we instead? On the one hand a dissatisfied race of mistresses, expecting much, giving grudgingly, and seeing only their side of the bargain. In constant opposition to them is the class serving without love, looking upon work as an evil, pursued only for the sake of the reward offered, and to be escaped from at the first available moment. There is no respect, no ideal on either side, only fear and distrust. I hope and believe there are many exceptions, but I think you will find them in the households where personal devotion is still felt and the rule is one of love rather than fear.

I have an interesting paper made out by the Information Bureau of the Women's Institute, showing the number of domestic servants employed in England since 1831 up to the present time. In 1831, with a total population in England of 14,001,000, there were 670,491 female domestics. In 1891, out of a total population in England and Wales of 29,002,525, there were 1,748,954 female servants. There is, however, a decrease of two per cent. in the 1891 census, on the census of 1881, and this decrease is with the servants between the ages of 15 and 25, whereas there is an increase in those above this age. Domestic service is still not only the largest women's industry, but is the largest single industry for either men or women; but the census shows it to be declining rapidly.

I think an Institute like this, which represents all kinds of women's work, ought not to regret that the present condition of domestic service is likely to change. It is not, as I have already shown, on the whole satisfactory.

It allows very little opening for mental improvement or development, it represents a remnant of slavery of the worst kind, and above all it is not respected. In the houses of the rich, which George Moore has so vividly depicted, morals are lax and temptations are great, and I cannot imagine a careful mother desiring her daughter to enter into this life, but these

are the places where wages are high and work not so hard as in the more respectable households. And work is very hard and wages small in a great many houses, and what is worse the character and health of a girl are often ruined. I may say frankly that I know many households in which it would be impossible for any servant not to deteriorate, and they are often the families of advanced thinkers, who look upon household work as of little importance, give it no thought or attention, and at the same time they expect their servants to be unfailing in their duties. How would their own daughters behave in such a position, I wonder? Moreover, I maintain the well-being and development of the maid is as important as that of the mistress, and until you can secure it you are leaving the most considerable portion of women workers in a state of bondage, which not even the granting of women's suffrage, as at present conceived, will in any way relieve. So many girls now in domestic service are at the age when the character and habits are being formed. Later they marry and become the wives and mothers of the workers, and the makers of the homes which should be the true foundation of the State.

The most humane of all our modern writers described many years ago the sorrows of the poor little Marchioness in her underground kitchen, and there are many Marchionesses left, who find no Dick Swiveller to come to their rescue, and Sally Brass continues her empire of torture. Dickens also described the type of nurse then in vogue, in the character of Mrs. Gamp, and the imagination was touched and a new order of nurse was created, a class to be admired and respected, and who have risen to the high level of devotion and self-sacrifice which was placed before them.

Now, I am told that Florence Nightingale considers it is from the superior class of housemaids that the best nurses come, and yet when a nurse enters your house from a nursing Institute she hands you a paper on which is stated as a condition for her nursing in your household, she must have no meals with your servants. She may nurse a servant, but she must not eat with her!

We need another Florence Nightingale with her great powers of organization and sympathy, to raise the servant as

the hospital nurse has been raised, so that she may be respected and honoured as every woman should be who works and thinks for others. Now, let me again read to you a passage out of "The Economist" of Xenophon, in which he describes the appointment of a house-keeper:—

"We inspired her" (he says) "with feelings of loyalty towards us, making her to rejoice with us when we rejoiced, and calling her to help us in any time of grief or trouble. And we set about teaching her to feel a zealous interest in increasing the prosperity of the house, by acquainting her with all its concerns, and letting her have a share in its welfare. And further, we instilled into her a notion of justice, by honouring the just beyond the unjust, and showing her that they enjoyed a life of greater luxury and liberty than the latter. And so we made her our house-keeper. But more than this Socrates, said he, I told my wife that all this was of no use unless she too attended in person to the proper order being kept; and I showed her that in well ordered states the people are not satisfied with a code of good laws merely, but, further, appoint guardians of the laws, who are overseers, and give praise to him that acts lawfully, but to the transgressor of the laws punishment. So I bade my wife, said he, look on herself as guardian of the laws of our household, and go over the furniture from time to time at her discretion, just as the officer of a garrison reviews his guards; to give her approval if all is well, like the senate in the case of the horses and cavalry, in royal fashion bestowing praise and honour on him who has done well according to his power; but letting disgrace and punishment fall on him who has failed of the right."

In his preface to "The Economist," Ruskin says, "This book contains the ideal of domestic life; describing in sweet detail the loving help of two equal helpmates, lord and lady; their methods of dominion over their household; of instruction after dominion is secure; and of laying up stores in due time for distribution in due measure. Like the ideal of stately knight-hood, he adds, this ideal of domestic life cannot be changed; nor can it be amended, but in addition of more variously applicable detail, and enlargement of the range of the affections, by the Christian hope of their eternal duration."

This needed spiritual touch has been given by a woman, who leaving ease and comfort went to a distant land, and there devoted herself to the hard life of a manual worker. Later on she evolved in a paper called the House-book, a scheme of Domestic Living, in which all artificial distinctions of rank,

occupations and creeds were to be abolished, and family groups to become a machinery for social service, and households to be formed to secure the advent of ideal good.

And thus it is the ideal good which here as elsewhere must be invoked to transform into accordance with it the harsh relations of the domestic service of to-day.

ANNIE COBDEN-SANDERSON.

PETS: MY OWN AND OTHERS'.

I HAVE been a great keeper of pets myself, and am fully in sympathy with everyone who keeps pets. I believe that almost all pets possible in Great Britain I have kept at one time or other—rabbits, hares, guinea-pigs, toads, lizards, pigeons, gulls, linnets, starlings, mice, and many others, not to speak of canaries, gold-finches, bull-finches, &c., &c. I had forgotten one class, hedgehogs, than which there could hardly be more delightful pets when you come to know them. At the time I had my last hedgehog I had also a dog and cat. At first the hedgehog was very timid, but soon became both bold and familiar with them. My hedgehog was assuredly a bit of a humorist. When he came forth from his box at night he was very fain for a bit of fun. His delight was to dodge behind dog or cat in that scuttling old-wifish walk of his, and, if he could not manage to get at the tail, to dab at their heels and then turn and run away. At first they would try to avenge themselves by attacking him, but soon found out that it was risky—the cat especially learning that a hedgehog's spines were not given to it for nothing, as little wounds in the cushions of her paws showed. My hedgehog acted quite as though he knew that these contests afforded me and others pleasure, and was fond to engage in them. This hedgehog, through neglect of servants, got burned in the forelegs. I did all I could by oils, &c., to ameliorate and heal, and before a few days had passed he knew when I called him, flattened down his spines, and lay contentedly, back down, in my hand, till I had treated

him. He certainly knew that I meant kindly, if eyes could tell anything, and enjoyed the soothing effects of my treatment. But it was all in vain; the limbs would not heal, and I own that I dropped a tear over my hedgehog. Ever since I have had a tender place in my heart for hedgehogs, and have been much distressed at the way they are treated by country people, though they are really their good friends; for if hedgehogs do take a partridge's or pheasant's egg now and then, they earn it and deserve it by what they do in consuming slugs, snails, &c.

It may not be generally known but it is a fact that hedgehogs can climb trees. I could have judged as much from my own experience; for if chairs, or stools, or smaller objects were left in certain positions in relation to higher levels, the hedgehog would manage to "make tracks" up there in his pursuit of black-beetles or cockroaches; and usually I myself made a circuit round at night, before retiring, to see that all such temptations were taken out of the way of my hedgehog to get too high with the risk of losing hold or falling down. Once, indeed, owing to something being left alongside a washing machine, my hedgehog got up on top of it, and the lid being off, fell in. Luckily it was dry, so that beyond the little fall in, and some hours of "penance" in the tub, the hedgehog was all right. In support of what I have said, I find that Mr. Tom Speedy, who kept a pet hedgehog in his garden, tells the following:—

"The hedgehog possesses a greater amount of shrewdness than most people give him credit for. It is not generally known that he climbs trees—at least, so far as we are aware, this has never yet been well authenticated. From observation made while keeping one in a walled garden, it has been discovered that hedgehogs undoubtedly climb trees, and from the circumstance of finding egg-shells at the bottom they evidently rob nests in bushes as well as on the ground. If one is confined in a garden where fruit trees are up against the wall the hedgehog is almost certain to effect his escape. We have known them to get out of one garden in this manner and find their way into another adjoining where they were detained prisoners, owing to there being no fruit trees on its walls to facilitate their climbing up."*

The poor persecuted hedgehog always, in his shy, scuttling ways, reminds me of some old creature whose doom is to do

* Craigmillar, p. 58.

penance, and whose every movement has come to be petitioning and deprecatory, begging only to be left alone.

As to bird-pets, I could fill a book. It was my habit and rule not to confine my birds in cages. I constructed an aviary with wire netting at the far end of the room in which I wrote, and allowed them such freedom as that chamber and an adjoining one which opened into it could afford. Their aviary with its perches was merely a sleeping place. Linnets and gold-finches I found did quite well along with the canaries; indeed, a hen-linnet I had fell violently in love with a spangled cock canary, and got love-sick—yes, literally love-sick—when he failed to return her affection and chose another mate. But the linnet was never spiteful to "Little Spangles," as we called him, and, though she remained unmated, was very glad to be near him, and sit beside him when singing, picking up some of his notes. Mr. Darwin tells how ordinary fowls after reaching a certain age will assume some of the marks and habits of the male; so this hen-linnet, in later years, developed a quite surprising connected song with several of the canary's notes, quaintly introduced, with efforts even at the "trill," which were grotesque failures; but, as it seemed, because we laughed at them and thus attention was drawn to her, she came more and more to affect them, and at the breakdown appeared to look for notice and recognition.

That linnet was a character in many ways. For example, it was seen in this, that any bird introduced from outside—as two German-bred birds were—by the linnet were treated—most decidedly treated—as outsiders, and to the end this attitude on her part was quite marked; she never was to them as to the other birds; and towards young birds bred by ourselves that linnet showed no end of consideration and fondness. She was clearly interested in them from the first, and when the young things in their earliest efforts at flight fell or got into unexpected straits, that linnet was the first with alarm-calls and warnings and flutterings over them.

One of these young birds developed into the most bold and the most affectionate bird I ever had. Often when I was busy writing, my wife, in the golden summer afternoons, would come up and sit beside me with her sewing or knitting. The

birds would hop about, come on the table near us and indicate by many signs that they would like to be noticed. Little "Sweetie," at last, wearied out under the feeling of undue or undeserved neglect, would jump on my shoulder or more often that of my wife's, and pull a single hair, and at the start thus caused, fly off "tweet-tweeting," as much as to say, "You see I have wakened you up to my claims at last, and now, please, you give up your work for a moment or two and talk to me."

I tried a bull-finch in the same way, along with canaries, &c., in the aviary, but not successfully—the more attached he became to us, the more jealous he grew. He resented attentions to the other birds, and began to pine and even refused to eat, so that we had to take him and put him into another room far enough away from the sound of the others, when he recovered. I believe that other folks have had the same experience. If you have a bull-finch (and bull-finches are delightful birds, most affectionate, but overweeningly jealous), then you must keep it by itself, completely away from other birds.

I do not believe in cages for birds—that is, in the absolute sense—a bird wants to use its wings and fly now and then. This is needful even for complete health. If it is denied to them, the air cavities in the bones, &c., refuse at last to act in filling and emptying, and your bird, after years, comes to know this, and refuses to come out of his cage or to attempt to fly at all. I can understand Mr. Matthew Arnold's fine lines in his touching poem to "Poor Matthias"—which he wrote at the request of his children on the death of the pet canary, which had been purchased out of pity for its forlorn condition, and which for years did so much to brighten the home of that family.

" Birds, companions more unknown,
Live beside us, but alone :
Finding not, do all they can,
Passage from their souls to man.
Kindness we bestow and praise,
Laud their plumage, greet their lays ;
Still beneath their feathered breast
Stirs a history unexpressed :
Wishes there and feelings strong
Incommunicably throng :
What they want we cannot guess,
Fail to track their deep distress."

What Mr. Arnold there wrote so beautifully is true of what are strictly caged birds: it is not necessarily at all true in the same degree of all birds confined to houses. I am quite sure that if Mr. Arnold had sat an afternoon with me in that aviary-room of mine, he would have been inclined in much to modify these lines. Indeed, one of the most wonderful things is the way in which birds, more especially canaries, which have this partial freedom, learn to confide in you, to make known to you their needs, their fears, as well as their joy and gratitude. One thing my birds never got reconciled to, and that was the sudden appearance of the chimney-sweeper's broom from the top of the chimney-pots at the opposite side of the street. By cries, I knew at once, without looking, when that appeared. It was to them a nondescript monster that might kill and eat them and nothing else, and their questionings about it were clear and express. In all things indeed, they soon came to be naïvely inquisitive and communicative, and developed a humour and playfulness peculiarly their own. When you are alone how guilelessly they will make talk to you; when you are busy how keenly they will watch for the moment of breathing-space you allow yourself, and will then come, with "tweet-tweet," and chatter, as though they knew the time of play was brief and they must make the most of it. And if you let your birds have their "fly" and their daily bath and bits of green-stuff, groundsel, chickweed, plantain (not to say scraps of lettuce, cabbage-leaf, Brussels-sprouts or grass in seed, or the inside even—that is, the pith—of cabbage stalk, or earthy root of any of these plants, which most people who have birds even throw away), and allow a pair to "mate," then you will see whether they can express themselves or no. When the young birds come to be fed, they grow even "presuming" in the good sense: they will most plainly ask you to aid them, and will use no end of devices to let you know what they want, will tell you in the clearest manner that fresh green food is needed, and that a little piece of salt will be welcome just to aid the flow of saliva which is so much needed then, for hard food wants much softening to prepare it for the young ones. This is a point that we discovered for ourselves. But I have verified it over and over again. In the breeding time especially

a little pinch of salt is essential, and I believe many persons lose their young birds in "breeding cages" for the want of it. I found it out in this way. Sometimes when very busy I would simply take my lunch, or a cup of tea (may be with a relish, as working women say) in my writing room beside my birds, instead of losing time by going to another room to join the rest of the family. When I had a pair with young ones I was surprised at the persistence with which the cock tried and tried to reach a salt-cellar. At length, more out of curiosity than anything else, I pushed it toward him. He enjoyed the salt, dipped his little beak in it again and again, and on after occasions, told me as clearly as bird could, that salt helped the deglutition of the food for the young ones by stimulating the flow of saliva. I believe, also, that it is good against mites, which often attack the young ones. Like most torments of this kind, they do not like salt.

I use saccharine tabloids instead of sugar; the chemists fill up the vacuum at the top of the bottle with cotton wool to prevent undue evaporation. How often have my birds wheedled me out of that same cotton wool at breeding time: they made known very clearly what they wanted then.

As to the humour of birds, and more especially canaries, I have no doubt of it. They can learn to indulge in playful fights with you, to pretend gently to bite your lips instead of kissing you, and ever so much more. I speak here what I know. A little article which I wrote some years ago in *Nature Notes*, on the humorous traits of canaries and other birds, drew from several correspondents their experiences, and Mr. C. Nelson, of Dunbar, in a later number, thus attested and supplemented what I had said from his own experience:

"From my own experience of them and from observation," he said, "I have not the smallest doubt canaries have a sense of humour. Our present feathered pet, a canary, is very fond of fun, and without being taught has developed a strong love for playful fighting with those he knows intimately, more especially in the evening before retiring for the night, when nothing pleases him more than to come forward with open bill and ruffled plumes, making pretence of flying at the kind friend who comes forward, cover in hand, to make him comfortable for the night. I could give many other instances of the love of fun inherent in the feathered tribe as well as among our four-footed friends."

I could give no end of other instances and illustrations of what I can only call humour in birds; and though I remember that a friend of my own in the press took occasion to laugh at the idea of birds having humour and claimed it solely for mammals, I had to remind him that magpies, jackdaws and starlings, not to speak of parrots, surely show touches of humour—not to go further and refer to some of the antics of the bower-birds and others of that class. They certainly show humour as well as love of decoration and device in their forms of pastime.

My friend, Mr. Step, has told of a very strange pet he had, a *shag* or cormorant, which, taken quite young from the nest, followed him about, and which used to make its regular rounds of the Cornish-coast village where he then lived, and would come sometimes to visit him in rainy weather, leaving all too obtrusive records of its march on passages and floorings. One day when he was off on political canvassing intent, the bird, wearied, managed to make its way out of its house, and went round all the haunts its master affected in search of him. That bird showed humour in his treatment of certain of the village people as well as at home, as any one will see who will but take the trouble to find and read Mr. Step's account of this strange pet which he published a few years ago in *Good Words*.

With regard to the intelligence of these birds of mine, I may give this instance. The appearance in the room for the shortest space of time of a cat, even of a small kitten, caused the greatest alarm, fluttering, and concern, escape into aviary, and dashing against the wires. But dogs were, on the contrary, looked at with evident kindness and curiosity; nay, when we got a small hairy Aberdeenshire terrier as a present from a friend, it was not only possible to have her in the bird-room, but the birds were evidently delighted to see her there. The little terrier came to us in the month of June, when the impulse to nest building had not yet spent itself, and, just as some moralists have held that self-interest lies subtly at the basis even of our best feelings and efforts, so here it appeared to be with the birds. On the second day when the dog was lying in an arm-chair, two or three of the birds flew on the arm of the chair and rested there, looking most curiously; after

events proving fully that they were inspired by the notion that, if they could only manage to pick out some of these curly hairs, they would form an excellent material for nest building. More than once after this they did venture when the dog was lying on the hearth-rug to make a snip at hairs in her tail—and all the dog did was to rise and move away. Many times have I seen a couple of birds running along the floor, following her in the hope of getting near enough to the drooping tail to snatch a few hairs out of the end of it, and sometimes the scene was laughable. They all knew at once the difference between a cat and a dog.

I should add that my birds were particularly fond of children, and as my children visitors, many of them, brought green stuff for them, they came to associate the children with such treats, and the moment the children came into the room, would fly about them and perch on their shoulders, arms, or even their heads, as if looking for hidden treasures; they had no fear of children.

I should have mentioned, too, that when the canaries, &c., would disappear, as they sometimes did, resting here and there behind articles, or on the bars of chairs, the linnet before very long invariably began to make the most distressed cries and calls, and showed quite as clearly relief and gladness when the birds came back again. Here, too, to quote the poet's words: "Who dwell together cannot choose but love."

One safe deduction from all we have said is that nobody should keep pets of any kind who is not willing to study to some extent the nature of the creature—its wants, tastes, and necessities. "Evil is done by want of thought as well as want of heart." To make a pet happy and comfortable this is a *sine quâ non*: you must know something of its nature, its habits and desires, and must be prepared to take some trouble to gratify these. I remember once hearing of a boy who was resolved to catch a bat and to keep it. He had determination and resource enough to catch his bat; and when he did so he put it in a box with some straw and what he regarded as fit food for it; but the box had no nail or beam above to which the creature could attach itself by its toes head downwards to sleep. In a day or two it was dead. Many people

who mean well do exactly the same thing as this ignorant foolish boy.

These references to my birds and indoor freedom recall to my mind the practice of my good friend, Mr. James Henderson, of Adon Mount, Dulwich. His delight in the summer time is to take his meals—or some of them—outside in a kind of porch or verandah looking out on his lawn. It is embowered in greenery. The sparrows and tits used to keep him company. They ran about on the low wall near; would jump on the table, help themselves to crumbs, and would sometimes even venture on the butter, at which, he often said to me, that he was forced “to draw the line.” Sometimes it would happen that the pet parrot—a grey parrot and a very knowing fellow—would enter into active competition with his master. For being put out in his cage among the foliage at a window near, he would imitate the cries of the birds, and do his utmost to attract them by throwing out seed liberally from his cage, so that while the master had his attendant feathered company, the parrot also had his. I have heard of parrots thus rewarding the birds for scratching pretty poll's head through the wire; but I cannot say I had ocular demonstration of the fact in this case, though no doubt “pretty poll” would have welcomed such gracious and comforting return for his “liberality.” Any way, it was a pretty sight.

Mr. Henderson is also a great dog lover, and in those days used to be accompanied by a stately Scottish staghound and a small toy terrier. These dogs the birds had not the least fear of, knowing apparently that they were well protected by the master; and in this regard thrushes and blackbirds were at one with the smallest birds. They would run about the lawns, and in the little borders round the shrubberies quite near to the dogs. The grey parrot not unfrequently in the fine days was set out under a tree, and from his locality would send out the most exquisitely imitated cries and calls. He could so call the dogs by name that their masters were not seldom taken in, though the dogs seldom were; and would call the young masters themselves in such away that more than once they have answered in all innocence to the sound and proceeded to the place from whence it came—thinking some other member of

the family had called them. Now and then Mr. Henderson would take his breakfast under a tree at the end of the lawn, and then blackbirds and thrushes would look down from the branches above, half envious of the smaller birds and the parrot near by, and would break out into a bit of song, as though to make up for other music. One favourite thrush, which used to serenade Mr. Henderson in the early morning, and was glad to come near him on that tree—a very fine singer—was in the breeding season tempted away to some distance, and Mr. Henderson when telling me this, remarked quite gravely and regretfully that he so missed that bird, he would gladly give a ten pound note to get it back.

I remember once, when sitting with Mr. Henderson on an iron-seat in a high part of his garden—the dogs at our feet, and the birds all active around, a sudden flutter and scurry arose among the feathered denizens with every warning and alarm, at which I expressed surprise, as I could see and hear nothing unusual. “Ah,” said Mr. Henderson, “somebody with dogs is coming up the path, and the older birds from the tree tops have seen them and are warning the young ones. They know our dogs, but they don’t know the strangers, you see.” And sure enough in a minute or two a party with a couple of dogs came within sight.

A reminiscence of the stately staghound, “Chief,” and the little terrier, may be interesting. The terrier—then little more than a pup—was a late comer. At first the staghound could not put up with its ceaseless activity and frolic, and when it began its teasing play the big creature would rise, and, in his measured stately style, go out. But soon, seeing that the terrier was to be a permanent member of the establishment, the staghound made up his mind that, as a matter of policy, it was short-sighted to deprive himself so much of his master’s company for such a cause. He began to humour the terrier, and allow it to “enjoy itself” at his expense, and, when tired out, it got the habit of cuddling up right in the big dog’s neck, where it was often to be seen lying cozy; indeed, this became its favourite place of retirement and repose, and a very pretty sight it was to see them. I do believe that my friend, with but little active effort, could, near London, have rivalled Thomas Aird in Dumfries, with his hen shilfas

(chaffinches), which stayed with him through the winter and in spring, found mates, and would fly on his shoulder, with chirps of recognition in his walks abroad, and return to him when the brood was fledged.

I recall a day, too, when I found Mr. Henderson quite pleased because a pair of wood-pigeons had begun building in one of his trees, not far from the one under which he often sat and took his breakfast. Food and water were placed on convenient points for the birds; they were well attended to and looked after, and I am fain to think not without practical appreciation on their part. They raised their brood, but immediately the young ones were fledged, much to Mr. Henderson's regret, they all went off, and did not appear again.

I much like to recall these times and these pictures.

I have had some pets by pond and in wild wood, too. At a pond to which I used to go, the little voles became at last quite friendly, and would climb up the bole of pollarded alder on which I used to stand till I could look into their clear little beaded eyes. How still I used to wait till the little things went "plop, plop" into the water as gently as they had come. Pretty little things! They well rewarded me in this way for the effort I had made to save them from persecution and the destruction of the dwellers near by, who blamed them for eating the fish-spawn, &c. While in the country, too, robins I have had who visited me, and would not be kept out of my room, and two of these dear visitants paid the penalty for their devotion and their temerity, the one to a cat and the other to a dog. This so weighed with me that I would have no more robin pets encouraged or permitted to come indoors. That only seemed to add to their attachment. A couple of robins would follow me along the road for miles when walking, and even when driving. The boy who was with me would take notice of them and speak about them, though I never disclosed to him the whole truth as I knew it. Blue tits have come and taken food from a branch when I was standing quite close to it, and wrens have sat and almost let me touch them. More than once a hen has sat on the nest, her little head seen through the twigs of the hedge at the little doorway. Then

the cock has come with insect in bill, and delivered it to her, when both must have seen me quite close to the hedge at bottom of my garden.

This love of pets and interest in watching them and studying their traits, trying to enter into their many hints and endeavours at communicating themselves, is not merely a *diversion*. It is something practically valuable : it may be turned to wonderful account. We have heard of poor men and women confined in prisons who have gained new hope, better impulses, new power to bear their ill-fate, through pets—such insignificant creatures as mice even. Here is an anecdote cut from an American paper which gives direct support to this statement ; and in some of the American prisons the prisoners are allowed and even encouraged to keep pets, as likely to exercise a humanizing and softening influence :—

“ A convict in Sing Sing Prison, formerly in ‘ the bird business ’ in New York, while temporarily engaged at work outside the north prison wall, caught and tamed a young robin. The bird comes to him when he whistles to it, and perches itself upon his finger. Sometimes it goes with him to his cell at night and perches on his bookshelf. It is entirely at home in the prison. In the morning it goes out with him, and hops about while he is at work.”

Wherever one goes over the wide earth, who has learned this, he may evermore reap new delights by his endeavours to win new subjects ; and what is more, new friends, new companions, who will not be unreasonable, too exacting, or trying, or contradictory. I know a lady, who was led by calls of life to settle for a time in the remote Roebuck Bay in Western Australia. To how many ladies would that not have been a banishment—a kind of prison-house, without society, without relief, without attractions,—a desert far rolling with Spinifex and Rolly-polly all around, from horizon to horizon ; and life itself made feverish and fateful only—all intensified by the constant wish and yearning “ to be home again.” “ The wise man,” says Goethe, “ is everywhere at home.” Mrs. Peggs made herself at home among her natives and her pets. Her searches for antiquities and for curios, and natural history specimens, filled up her spare time ; and much information of many kinds, anthropological, ornithological, and botanical, has

she been pleased to send to me—a grand return for small benefits conferred. But best I like to read those parts of her letters which tell me about her beast and bird companions. I think my readers will not blame but rather thank me for making these few extracts:—

“I should like to tell you of some of the pets I have had. I have had three butcher-birds: except for a larger head they are very much like a magpie. They live on butcher meat in captivity—although I believe insects of all sorts are their food in the wild state. My birds, which were quite young when I had them, soon became quite tame, and were allowed to be out of the cage from dawn until dark, hopping about the verandah, house, and compound. At the earliest sight of a hawk (eagle-hawks, of which there are great numbers here) they showed signs of great fear, and got under cover as quickly as possible. It was the same with my chickens, my cockatoos, kangaroo, and other pets.

“I had a pair of flying squirrels (one dead now), and they were the only creatures I have not been able to tame so as to be allowed out of cages and to follow me about. Perhaps being nocturnal animals may be the cause; certainly now the one I have in hotel with me is not nearly so nervous as when I first had him. Of an exquisitely fine chinchilla coloured fur on the back, with black striped markings from the foreheads—large black eyes, tails very long and fluffy, commencing in grey and at tip black: the under part ranging from creamy white to light sable—the animals are exquisitely pretty. The one which unfortunately got killed my husband skinned, and she was provided with a little pouch in which to carry the young. When jumping from side to side of cage the under skin appears to expand so that they seem to fly.

“The little kangaroo I had was taken from its mother's pouch: she was shot. The little one was so young that he was covered with fluff, which in a week or two began to be replaced by hair. At first, for about a month, he had to be kept wrapped up in warm woollen stuff. We fed him on milk and he thrived wonderfully. Soon he began to hop about everywhere, and before I had to give him away (it being one of the rules of hotel that no animals be kept by the boarders, although a concession was made in my case with regard to the flying squirrel) he used to hop away into the bush, after natural feed, no doubt, and be away so long that I had to send my natives for him. He eluded them generally though, and used to make his way back, coming up to me and nestling down on my dress with a little kind of whine of satisfaction. He was a most inquisitive and interesting little chap. Any noise he could not understand immediately aroused him. At once he was on his haunches, and, with tail as centre of gravitation, turning first here and then there, would try to locate it—his face the very embodiment of curiosity. Anything fresh set down within reach at all, he made it his business to enquire into, with the result of upsetting all sorts of things over himself and making very serious tasks in

the way of cleaning himself, as sometimes the thing spilt over him was *not* palatable, and then the noises and faces he made over the job! Time would fail me to tell how often I had to help him and the odd demands made on my ingenuity and resources to do so.

"The first thing in the morning, or whenever hungry, he made a very peculiar noise; he also did the same if he were angry or hurt. I likened it to a suppressed human sneeze. He was most jealous, too; if he thought the dog, cat, or cockatoo was getting more attention he would just make a jump and begin to tear at them, making fur or feathers fly. Langroo is the native name, and means rolled, very soft."

One remark I may add, that my study of pets forces on me the conviction that animals each, like men, have their own temper and mental constitution—some quick, some slow—some bright, some sulky; and that here too individually is the secret to reach in understanding and treating them.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

CRIMINAL TRIALS IN ENGLAND.

THE perfection of our English Criminal System has often been made the subject of boasting, and the public belief in it is one of the main reasons why we have no Court of Criminal Appeal. Yet it cannot be denied that on many occasions our criminal trials have resulted in a manifest error, while in others the public is only half satisfied by the assurances of a secret tribunal which gives no reasons for its decisions, and whose bias is adverse to any open redress of a prisoner's wrongs. This tribunal is, I think, gradually and deservedly losing the reputation which it once possessed as a corrector of injustice. It never possessed the qualifications which an intelligent public ought to demand in an ultimate appellate tribunal dealing with matters of life and death, and its mode of dealing with reasonable doubt seems to be becoming more and more objectionable every year.

That our present criminal trials are free from some of the most glaring defects of past ages must be admitted. It is painful, for example, to read the trial of Lord William Russell, who was allowed no counsel and did not possess a particle of legal acumen, and to think of the manner in which a skilful cross-examiner would have made mincemeat of Lord Howard of Escrick, when the unfortunate accused began to make statements instead of putting questions. But to have got rid of a few flagrant defects is one thing. To have formed a really perfect tribunal whose only fault (if it be one) is that it is too favourable to the prisoner, is another. And it is also worth inquiring

whether, while removing some defects, we have not introduced others.

The two great features of English criminal trials which are supposed to secure complete fairness towards the prisoner are : 1st, The necessity of unanimity on the part of the jury ; and, 2nd, The principle that the prisoner is entitled to the benefit of every reasonable doubt that arises ; to which are sometimes added, 3rd, The Crown Counsel is expected not to press the case unduly against the prisoner ; and, 4th, That a Criminal Trial is really an appeal—the prisoner being in substance first convicted by the magistrate, and then by the Grand Jury, before he is placed in the dock for trial. These preliminary proceedings are moreover relied on as distinguishing between civil and criminal causes, and it is contended that no Court of Appeal is required in the latter because the trial is itself of the nature of an appeal.

To commence with this last contention, it very frequently happens that the magistrate has no jurisdiction to try the case. All that he is asked to do is to ascertain whether the Crown has made out a sufficient *prima facie* case to justify him in sending the prisoner for trial before a tribunal which possesses the jurisdiction that he has not—his main function being to put a stop to frivolous and vexatious prosecutions. He often commits a prisoner for trial whom he would not convict if the final decision were left in his hands. This is so well understood that the prisoner almost invariably reserves his defence before the magistrate, who gives his decision on the evidence for the Crown only. In one of the most fully reported of recent cases—that of Mrs. Maybrick—the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Pickford, when the case for the Crown had closed, asked the magistrates whether they had resolved to commit the prisoner for trial in any event, and it was not until they stated their determination to do so that he declined to call any witnesses for the defence at that stage. The task of the Grand Jury is similar to that of the magistrate. They hear only one side of the case, and what they have to consider is whether that side is strong enough to induce them to send the case farther. The prisoner has an opportunity of producing evidence before the magistrates, though not before the Grand Jury ; but, generally speaking, if

either tribunal really convicted the prisoner, it would do so without hearing one word of the defence. These tribunals, however, never had any intention of convicting the prisoner. They only decided that a further inquiry was necessary. I may, moreover, mention another reason for not going into a defence at the magisterial inquiry. While the costs of the prosecution are defrayed by the State, the prisoner is left to bear his own expenses, and he is seldom in such circumstances as to induce him to heap up costs unnecessarily. Every one knows of instances in which the magistrates committed a man for trial, though nobody expected that a jury would convict him—unless additional evidence were procured before the trial. This has been remarked in local newspapers at the time, and their predictions have been verified by the event. Nor in reality is the difference between civil and criminal cases so wide as some people seem to imagine. The defendant in a civil action can not only procure a Statement of Claim, but a discovery of documents—a discovery which might often prove very useful to an untried prisoner. Much of the plaintiff's case often comes out beforehand through affidavits used on motions or filed for the hearing in the Chancery Division, and the defendant in a civil action is probably almost as well informed as to the case to be made against him as if the action were a criminal one. Nor do the inquiries before the magistrates and the Grand Jury protect the prisoner from being taken by surprise at the trial—as for instance, by the evidence of Dr. Stevenson in the Maybrick case already alluded to; and in this case it may be remarked that the Crown changed the alleged date of the poisoning also, and contended at the trial that the deceased was a strong healthy man at a time when it was contended before the magistrates that he was suffering from arsenical poisoning.

It may be added that if the prisoner derives any advantage from his previous knowledge of the case for the Crown while the prosecutors are ignorant of the nature of his defence, this advantage is balanced by the impression produced on the public, including the minds of the jurors, by publishing in the press all the main features of the evidence against the prisoner a considerable time before a word has been said in his

favour. Nothing similar to this occurs in a civil action. The jurors and the Judge are not prejudiced by any previous knowledge of the plaintiff's case to the exclusion of that of the defendant. There is, consequently, in most cases a really impartial tribunal; but this can hardly be said of a criminal case which has attained any degree of notoriety. Indeed the Judge's duty of charging the Grand Jury compels him to read up the case for the Crown before he knows anything of the defence. Taken by itself it seems, perhaps, to be irresistible. The Judge has reached an age when men are slow to change their minds, and the unfavourable view of the prisoner caused by reading over the depositions remains undisturbed to the last. On the whole, I think the effect of these preliminary proceedings is less favourable to the accused than the effect of the preliminary proceedings in a civil action to the defendant. They involve nothing like a genuine trial of the prisoner, and yet they often create more or less of a prejudice against him before he is placed in the dock—stronger perhaps in the mind of the Judge than in the minds of the jurors.

But these remarks, as well as the first reason for regarding criminal trials as favourable to the prisoner, viz., the necessity of unanimity on the part of the jury, are totally inapplicable to the great number of criminal cases which are now disposed of summarily before the magistrates. There are no preliminary investigations in such cases, unless we consider an occasional remand in that light; and such a remand is more frequently granted in the interests of the prosecution than of the defence. The prisoner is often either undefended or inadequately defended, and when more than one magistrate takes part in the decision unanimity is not requisite for a conviction. Such trials, moreover, are often hurried over owing to the number of cases to be disposed of; and the qualifications of the presiding magistrates are sometimes not of a very high order. The chances of a wrongful summary conviction are evidently very considerable, and it can hardly be alleged that the present powers of appeal are adequate. Nor let it be said that the injury done by a wrongful conviction before the magistrates is small because their sentences cannot be very severe. They can sometimes be severe enough, but a conviction followed by a week's imprison-

ment may lose a man his employment and render it difficult for him to obtain another, while it deprives him of the advantages attached to a first offender in case he should again appear in the dock. A conviction followed by a slight punishment may thus have very serious ill consequences. The police are usually among the principal witnesses on these occasions, and there is little doubt that magistrates lay more stress on police testimony than jurors do. That there are reasons for not disposing of every trivial offence by the machinery of a Judge and jury I readily admit, but I think it requires no argument to prove that our present mode of trial by Courts of Summary Jurisdiction is not favourable to the prisoner.

Returning, however, to the unanimity of the jury; in the first place, it is not required in Scotland, where a verdict of guilty may be returned by eight jurors out of fifteen. In fact not long since a man was convicted of murder, and hanged on a verdict thus arrived at—the other seven jurors voting for a verdict of manslaughter. But in England and Ireland unanimity is as necessary to an acquittal as to a conviction. A disagreement merely leads to a second trial, and at the second trial the longer purse of the Crown usually tells more strongly than at the first. There is undoubtedly one prisoner at present in penal servitude in Ireland who would have been acquitted (on the ground of insanity) at the first trial, if the verdict of the majority of the jury had been accepted. In the case of Sub-Inspector Montgomery the jury disagreed twice. At the third trial the prisoner's means were exhausted, and counsel had to be assigned to him by the Crown. He was convicted and hanged. I believe it will be found that of second trials a much larger number have resulted in a conviction than in an acquittal. It was on a second trial that Mr. John Hay was convicted. The Home Secretary subsequently granted him a free pardon. The most recent case of the kind is that of Mr. M'Hugh, M.P.

But can it be supposed that whenever a verdict is found there is real unanimity among the jurors? In many instances they have come out stating that it was quite impossible for them to agree, and on the Judge sending them back have perhaps in a short time returned with a verdict. Even when this mode of

procuring a verdict has not been adopted, they are anxious to make an end of the case, and they know that a disagreement will not end it. So the minority gives way, stipulating, perhaps, in case of a conviction, for a recommendation to mercy, which is disregarded by both Judge and Home Secretary.

Jurors, I fear, too often palter with their consciences for the sake of unanimity, and the Judge by sending them back, again and again, in order to obtain a verdict, helps on this process. The whole value of unanimity is lost when it once becomes customary for the minority to yield, and the Judges favour this custom. Indeed, it is more than lost. If it were announced in an English trial that the verdict of guilty was that of nine jurors against three, the public would ask what the three dissentient jurors had to say for themselves, and these jurors might take an active part in promoting a movement for a remission of the sentence without being accused of inconsistency. But at present the unanimity of the jury is relied on as one of the strongest reasons for accepting the conviction as just, and not one of the jurors will raise his voice against it, however unwillingly he may have consented to it. As a matter of fact I believe it is more easy to obtain a conviction from English than from a Scotch jury; but Scotch jurors are usually better instructed and more capable of thinking for themselves than English jurors. Nor would real unanimity in a case of difficulty and complication be a sufficient safeguard, if the jurors belonged to the class from which common jurors are frequently selected. They are quite out of their depth in a case of the kind, and have either made up their minds beforehand or allow the Judge to lead them where he pleases. It is often said in such cases that the Judge concurred in the verdict. This would be an important item if the verdict were really that of the jury and the Judge simply *concurred* in it. But what if the Judge has brought about the verdict by his charge and then expressed his concurrence in what was really his own verdict? The Judge's approval of a verdict possesses no value whatever in a case where his charge has led up to it. If he has told the jury in his charge that there is only one verdict which an honest man could arrive at and the jury has returned that verdict, what does it matter whether, when returned, he

expresses his approval of it or withholds that expression? If any stress is to be laid on the fact that the Judge and jury have arrived at the same conclusion, their action must be really independent. And I may make a similar remark as regards the Home Secretary. If he is biassed and swayed by the action of the Judge and jury, his action is not independent. The Judge convinces the jury. The Judge and jury combined convince the Home Secretary. What is this but a trial by Judge only? Indeed it is notorious that the Home Secretary consults the Judge—in private and without anyone to confute him—on every such appeal. I am, however, dealing at present with our trials only. The inadequacy of our present appellate system has been dealt with already.

Then turn to the subject of reasonable doubt. There is no standard of what a reasonable doubt is, and it might be difficult to get two men to arrive at a precise agreement on the subject. It is better, says one authority, that a guilty man should escape than that an innocent man should be punished. This merely means that a man ought not to be convicted unless the chances of guilt are stronger than those of innocence—which is precisely the same rule that we apply in civil actions. Others, however, say that it is better that ten guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be convicted—which means that the jury ought not to convict the prisoner unless the chances of guilt are more than ten to one. Sir Charles Russell, in a well-known trial, said that the doubt which should influence the jurors was one which would have that effect in their ordinary business transactions. But perhaps

* In the Maybrick Case the Judge avoided expressing any concurrence in the verdict, but here is what he said to the jurors near the end of his charge: "But I need not say more about it, and if I were to say much it would be easy to say more than it would be decent to say, and *I should be engaged in an odious task, for very few people in this Court but believe that you are honestly able to arrive at a just verdict*" (Levy, p. 398). Surely this was telling them in the plainest terms that not only he, but almost every one in Court, regarded the evidence as conclusive of the prisoner's guilt, and that to enlarge on her enormities would be a work of supererogation. Similar remarks by the Judge probably occur in other cases where they are not reported. Indeed, it has been again and again alleged by the authorities that there was nothing unusual or unfair in this trial. If so, we may take it as a fair sample of what a Judge can do and say at a Criminal Trial under our present system.

there were no two members of the jury whose standard of doubt as applied to their business transactions was the same. Some men speculate rashly and confidently; others act with over-caution. Moreover, men are influenced by different degrees of doubt according as the business is important or unimportant. A slight defect in the title may prevent a man from investing £1,000 on a purchase or loan although he would sell ten shillings' worth of goods on credit to a man of whose solvency he had grave misgivings. The want of any authoritative tribunal of criminal appeal in fact prevents us from arriving at anything like a definite conclusion as to what doubts are, or are not, reasonable. But both Judge and jurors are usually in the habit of trying civil cases in which the decision turns on the balance of probabilities, and in the absence of any authoritative definition of reasonable doubt, they are apt to fall back on the same balancing of probabilities in criminal trials. Doubt often exists, not merely as to the general fact of innocence or guilt, but as to some particular fact alleged by one side and disputed by the other. I hardly know of an instance in which the Judge in his charge told the jurors that if they had any reasonable doubt as to any particular fact in dispute they should give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt. As regards particular facts there is usually a simple balancing of probabilities, and very possibly an erroneous one. The principle of reasonable doubt—unless very strongly impressed on the jurors by the Judge—is too vague and indefinite to be of much real use to the prisoner. There are indeed instances in which a man was convicted by a jury and afterwards practically acquitted in a civil action turning on the same alleged wrong. This occurred in the case of Lieutenant Wark, who could not have obtained any part of what was left him by Miss Yates if the civil tribunal had held that he had murdered her. The same thing occurred in the case of Dr. Smethurst, who however obtained a free pardon before instituting the civil proceedings, in which he was successful. The principle of reasonable doubt seems moreover to be excluded when the defence is insanity.

As to the supposed leniency of the prosecuting counsel, it is to a large extent mythical. Let the reader, for instance, com-

pare the speeches of Mr. Addison and Sir Charles Russell in the Maybrick Case, and form his own opinion as to which of them was the more moderate, accurate and impartial; and many Crown prosecutors have gone much further than Mr. Addison did. But it is time to turn to the disadvantages at which the prisoner is placed in a criminal trial. First, then, the costs of the prosecution are borne by the State, which can afford to spend any amount of money on them, while the prisoner has to bear his own costs. He may indeed, if undefended, be assigned counsel at the last moment, but it is idle to describe this as placing him on an equal footing with the prosecution. The second disadvantage is that he is often locked up in prison previous to trial under very disadvantageous conditions for preparing his defence—even his letters being opened and read, and intercepted if they contain anything that can be used against him. And if liberated on bail he is also hampered in many ways by the prosecution that hangs over him, and may lose his situation and means of livelihood in consequence of it. But the great disadvantageous element is the police; and the more efficient the police become, the greater is this disadvantage. Whenever a crime is committed the police are expected to find the criminal and to bring him to justice. They are praised and rewarded when they procure a conviction; they are blamed when they fail to convict any one. The natural consequences follow. They select the person who seems most likely to have committed the crime—often an old offender, because they know that in his case a conviction will be more easily obtained. They work up every point that can be made against him. They refuse to follow up any clue that points in a different direction. They often, I fear, keep back the points in favour of the prisoner which they meet with in the course of their inquiries. They are not an investigating agency, but a convicting agency; and a far more powerful agency than any at the disposal of the wealthiest prisoner. Indeed they have powers of investigation which the prisoner has not. Take as an example the Maybrick Case already referred to, where one of the questions was whether the arsenic found in the house was procured by the husband or the wife. The police could require every chemist in Liverpool and the neighbourhood to

produce his books and try whether they could trace a purchase of arsenic by the prisoner either in her own name or a feigned one. Her solicitors had no power to obtain similar information as regards purchases of arsenic by Mr. Maybrick. The purchase of this arsenic was not traced; but is it certain that the police could not have traced it if they had not confined their attention to inquiries as to purchases by the prisoner?

That the police sometimes make a mistake and procure the conviction of the wrong person must be admitted; but in such cases they never find the right man unless he turns up by accident. The man who committed the crime of which Mr. Spriggs was convicted is still at large. So is the man who committed the crime of which Mr. John Hay was convicted. So is the real offender for whose fault Dr. Bynoe suffered.* It was not the police who brought to light the fact that Peace had committed the murder for which Habron was in penal servitude, or that Gregorio Mogui had inflicted the stab for which Pelizzioni was under sentence of death. However clear it may be that the wrong man has been convicted, the police never find the right one. If the innocence of a convict is ever to be established, it will be not only without any assistance from the police, but in spite of all their efforts to the contrary; and there is reason to believe that they can influence the Home Office by means of secret and confidential communications, the truthfulness of which is not submitted to any adequate test. They regard themselves—and justly—as a machinery for procuring rightful convictions, and this naturally leads them to use their best efforts to sustain any conviction that they have once procured. If it were their duty not to procure convictions but to ascertain all the relevant facts—if they were thanked and rewarded for the completeness of their researches, and blamed for incompleteness and still more for keeping anything back—if the acquittal of the innocent were deemed as much a part of their duty as the conviction of the guilty—the labours of the force would be directed

* Even if Dr. Bynoe was concerned in the frauds (which I doubt) it is clear that he was not the person who actually received the money. Who was the latter? What efforts have the police made to find him?

to much better purposes than at present. Indeed the inducement to procure convictions is so strong that policemen have more than once been found guilty of using foul means—even perjury—in order to obtain the conviction of a prisoner against whom they were not shown to have any special ill-will. They wanted to convict somebody, and the prisoner was the man whom they had the best chance of convicting; but even in his case the evidence required a little strengthening. With the majority of the police the sin is no doubt one of omission not of commission. They do not fabricate evidence against the prisoner, but they look for it and look for nothing else.

Suppose, for example, that there is a second person against whom many suspicious circumstances can be alleged. If the prisoner or his counsel relies on these circumstances, his cause is damaged because he has not the means of working up the case thoroughly, and it is supposed that he has made a charge against an innocent person on utterly insufficient grounds. On the other hand if silence is preserved on the subject, the Crown counsel and even the Judge will probably dwell on the fact that there is no suggestion that any person other than the prisoner could have committed the alleged crime. How different would all this be if the police were bound to ascertain, and the Crown to give in evidence, all the relevant facts whether favourable or unfavourable to the accused—whether pointing to his guilt or to the guilt of someone else! The prisoner could not be charged with trying to save himself by making a false accusation against another, if the circumstances tending to cast suspicion on that other person (who should of course be allowed to give evidence) were laid before the jury by the State. This remark applies specially to the element of motive on which some Judges lay great stress. Proof that other persons had similar or perhaps stronger motives to commit the crime should, if available, be procured and laid before the jury whenever motive forms one of the items of circumstantial evidence relied on to connect the prisoner with the crime.*

* Personally, I should be inclined to exclude evidence of motive altogether, unless the prisoner in his defence relied on the absence of motive—in which event the prosecutors should be allowed to prove motive in order to rebut this argument. I distinguish, however, between motive and intention. Expressions

I might enlarge further on the great powers which the police possess and use in criminal cases. Their usual mode of bringing about identifications in particular is very unsatisfactory, and I believe that many cases of mistaken identity are due to it. The police are anxious that a particular person should be identified, and arrange matters so as to facilitate and even suggest the desired identification. I wish, however, to call attention to the disadvantages to which an ex-convict is subject when again placed in the dock. An ex-convict is always a likely man to be accused by a convicting agency because his previous ill-repute will render a conviction more easily obtained. The jury may or may not be aware of his previous history; but care is taken to inform the Judge, because it is supposed that the knowledge should influence his sentence; and as the Judge has sometimes enlarged on the prisoner's demerits immediately after an acquittal, it is plain that this information must have been given to him before the conclusion of the trial. The Judge is thus prejudiced against the prisoner, and the jury is often led by the Judge. Moreover, the prisoner has no opportunity of seeing the record with which the police have supplied the Judge. It may contain mistakes. It will probably make no note of extenuating circumstances, or even of doubts that induced the Home Secretary to shorten the sentence; and the Judge may not notice the fact that the previous conviction was arrived at by a magistrate after a very perfunctory investigation. Persons who ought to know have asserted that wrongful second convictions are (relatively) more frequent than wrongful first convictions. It was a first conviction before a magistrate for some trivial offence that led to the prosecution of Mr. Spriggs, and it was probably the knowledge of that conviction which induced the Judge to sum up strongly against him—to discredit his truthful *alibi* and to rely on identifications probably brought about in the

of hostile intention towards the victim ought not to be excluded. And in a case, for example, of murder and robbery, evidence that the prisoner was in want of money before the crime, and had abundance of money afterwards, may be very important. But evidence of impecuniosity *before* the crime, if standing alone, should, I think, be excluded. Not one out of a thousand impecunious men would commit murder in order to repair his finances.

usual unsatisfactory way. False evidence, it may be remarked, is a very different thing from wilful perjury. It is often due to what has been described as suggestion. The police seldom try to induce a witness to commit wilful perjury, but it would seem that they make large use of the influence of suggestion. No doubt in most instances they firmly believe in the guilt of the person whom they are accusing. In the same way, whenever there is any real doubt (as, for example, in the Smethurst and Maybrick cases which bear the strongest possible resemblance, though the decisions of the Home Office differed so widely), the counsel for the prosecution is almost always convinced of the prisoner's guilt, and the counsel for the defence of the prisoner's innocence. A man who has to play a particular part and who listens to any amount of *ex parte* statements on one side and none on the other, usually becomes a partisan by conviction as well as by employment. He believes that he is on the right side, and persists in this belief in spite of all arguments and decisions to the contrary. As long as the police act merely as a convicting agency—an agency bound to hunt up everything on one side and nothing on the other—they will for the most part entertain a real belief in the guilt of the accused, and deem it a very venial offence to use means to convict him which are not in strict accordance with the rules of justice and morality. When I read a policeman's evidence against a prisoner I always receive it *cum grano salis*—as based on truth, but not free from exaggeration and suppression. The same remark applies to the evidence of all persons who feel interested in procuring a conviction and are convinced of the prisoner's guilt. The whole truth can only be elicited from them by cross-examination, and the prisoner's counsel has seldom sufficient information to enable him to elicit everything that might tell in his client's favour.

APPELLANT.

RICHARD JEFFERIES:

THE TENDER MERCIES OF A GREAT NATURALIST.

It is scarcely probable that the student of zoology will find himself directed to master any one of Richard Jefferies' works, nor will the scientific botanist of to-day be likely to turn to his pages with the hope of finding assistance in solving the problems of his department; the horticultural colleges and the professors of agriculture have never, so far as my knowledge goes, accepted as text-books "Hodge and His Masters," "Wild Life in a Southern County," "The Life of the Fields," or any of the score of works that stand under the name of our English Thoreau; yet in every true sense of the words Richard Jefferies was a great naturalist, and the system or the man that denies him that title stands self-condemned. For, what is a naturalist, and what is great, and what was Jefferies? A naturalist by any rational interpretation of the term is one who has an intimate knowledge of the phenomena of animal and vegetable existence, who is well acquainted with the changing appearances of land and sky, studies the life of bird and insect, and in addition has the power of imparting his knowledge, impressions, and theories to others. The great naturalist is surely he who has a commanding range, whose knowledge extends from the least to the greatest, whose experience is lifelong, whose energy and patience unrelaxing, whose narrative convincing, whose enthusiasm boundless. Jefferies from almost babyhood was a painstaking observer of that abounding life of the fields, brooks

and downs with which he came in closest contact. Nothing escaped his eye, and as his power developed there was scarcely any form of naturalistic lore with which he did not deal. His graphic pen sets before us, as no one before him did and no one after has done, those sights and sounds which the town-dweller never tires of imbibing through eye or ear, through printed page or tinted canvas. That his experience is limited (as far as his writings are concerned) to England, that he did not adopt modern scientific methods, nor accept wholesale the most recent theories, may in the minds of some negative the claim that he should be considered amongst the greatest of nature students; but those who have learned to love nature as the result of his having touched their blinded eyes will probably consider that his first-hand acquaintance with his subject, his heroically patient observation, and his life-long devotion to his almost unlimited field of research amply compensate for any forsaking of the methods of the laboratory and the maker of text-books.

Jefferies lived in the country, knew it and loved it; he was blessed in addition with three gifts seldom before combined—a pair of eyes which nothing escaped, a memory which preserved the smallest details for reproduction at any distance of time, and a graphic power of description which in his own department still remains unique. For museums and stuffed specimens he cared nothing, for German text-books even less; living nature afforded him ample material, and his classified lists of species were in his heart or nowhere.

Were rural England to-morrow to be swept away by some unheard of catastrophe, it would be possible with Richard Jefferies' works at hand for imagination to reconstruct its sweet scenes and reproduce its life and song. Of no other writer, living or dead, indeed of no collection of writers could this be said save of him, our own great nature lover and nature poet. It cannot but be interesting to notice his relationship to the world of conscious sub-human life whose doings he so ably depicted, and of whose existence he has been to some extent both interpreter and revealer.

The writer of "The Story of my Heart" was a man capable of very deep affections; although few human beings succeeded

in evoking them, their presence gives a tone to those volumes that deal with the problems of agricultural life, and the charge of misanthropy never proved so false as when applied to him. By nature he was shy, reserved, difficult of speech, shrinking from unknown personalities and calculated to appear morose, but so lavish was his affection that it went out in overflowing measure to sea and sky, land and flowers; no one who has read his spiritual biography will cavil at this assertion, or fail to understand the feeling of pity for his unnecessarily lonely life.

What was his relation to the living creatures in that world with which he seemed most familiar? How did the animals, the birds, the fishes present themselves to his mind and heart? The unsatisfactoriness of our reply will not be removed by withholding it a moment longer, and so, though we would give much that it might be otherwise, candour compels us to answer that a close study of his works persuades us that towards the sub-human creation he occupied a double relation, divided in himself between lust of killing and love of every living thing.

A strange mixture was Richard Jefferies, a mixture in which the preponderance of different constituents varied from hour to hour. Hereditary instinct was of more importance in his make-up than he himself knew, and if his love of the open air which gave us "Life of the Fields," and "Field and Hedgerow," was really "in the blood," so was also his love of the chase, which is responsible for those traces of inhumanity in his works which make us shudder.

The life-story of Richard Jefferies is too well-known to need repetition here, but it is necessary to recall the classification of his literary output so discriminately made by his most appreciative biographer. From 1872-8 is denoted the Early Period, and includes the two essays which first brought him to light, a number of papers on agricultural subjects, and a considerable amount of "juvenilia" in the shape of novels, of which most Jefferies-students think the less said the better. The Middle or Naturalist Period stretches from 1878 to 1880, and is marked by the issue of such volumes as "The Game-keeper at Home," "The Amateur Poacher," and "Wild Life

in a Southern County." From 1881 to the year of his death—1887—is marked as the Later or Poet-Naturalist Period; to its credit are placed those works which secure for Jefferies his peculiar position amongst English writers, volumes of which "Nature Near London," "The Open Air," "Field and Hedgerow," and "The Story of my Heart" are the best known. One might imagine that with so accurate classification to our hand, and possessed of such facts concerning his development as are provided in Sir Walter Besant's "Eulogy," it would be an easy matter to construct a satisfactory theory concerning his humanitarian development. The early works should have scarcely any trace of kindly consideration for animals, the sportsman and the farmer elements should more often predominate; the middle period would be expected to reveal growing sensibilities and some measure of escape from the conventional inhumanity of the country squire, while in the latest volumes there ought to be noticeable an overflowing of tenderness truly befitting the poet that had sprung so marvellously from the pseudo-novelist and the farmers' apologist. According to that most justifiable theory the following extract should be discoverable in "Life of the Fields" or "The Open Air," denoting as it does a loving interest in the lower creation.

"That watching so often stayed the shot that at last it grew to be a habit; the mere simple pleasure of seeing birds and animals, when they were quite unconscious that they were observed, being too great to be spoiled by the discharge. After carefully getting a wire on a jack: after waiting in a tree till a hare came along: after sitting in a mound till the partridges began to run together to roost: in the end the wire or gun remained unused. The same feeling has equally checked my hand in legitimate shooting: time after time I have flushed partridges without firing, and have let the hare bound over the furrow free."

In reality it is taken from "The Amateur Poacher," one of Jefferies' earlier works (1879), full of horrors concerning ferreting and other equally objectionable practices, horrors which we cannot help but confess are related with evident appreciation and with practically no manifestation of sympathy towards the sufferers. The following is from the same volume:—

"It is a beautiful sight to see the hounds bound over the sward; the sinewy back bends like a bow, but a bow that, instead of an arrow, shoots itself; the deep chests drink the air. Is there any moment so joyful in

life as the second when the chase begins? As we gaze, before we even step forward, the hare is over the ridge and out of sight. Then we race and tear up the slope. . . . In five minutes, as we cross the ridge, we see the game again; the hare is circling back—she passes under us not fifty yards away, as we stand panting on the hill. The youngest hound gains and runs right over her; she doubles, the older hound picks up the running. By a furze bush she doubles again, but the young one turns her, the next moment she is in the jaws of the old dog."

A beautiful sight! What heart worthy the name of human would not find all the beauty of sun and air, flower and song, grace and strength, for the time obliterated by the sight of so sad and cruel a scene. We look in vain for anything approaching sympathy in this descriptive piece, and yet not so many pages away is the touching picture already referred to. It is in "The Amateur Poacher" that we have the story of Jefferies shooting his first snipe, "the bird of all others that I longed to kill." Day after day, he tells us, he studied the problem of its curious flight, in order that he might the more certainly end its life. When at last he has attained sufficient skill and manages to put an end to a definite amount of the world's treasure of life and beauty, he writes concerning the incident as follows: "When the smoke has cleared away in the crisp air, there he lies, the yet warm breast on the frozen ground, to be lifted up not without a passing pity and admiration." *A passing pity*; what travesty of reason have we here! It reminds one very strongly of that prayer—prepared and published recently by some good religious folk devoid of all sense of humour—intended for use by soldiers on the eve of battle:—"May all ambition, and angry passions, and ill-feeling be quenched in every heart. Make us full of consideration and sympathy for the wounded. May the time be hastened when there shall be no more war, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Jefferies, be it noted, from youth upwards, seems also to have been entirely without the sense of humour. Of the spaniel that accompanied him on his poaching expeditions, he says on one occasion when it had proved disobedient: "I am afraid it got a kick," but for the poor innocent rabbits done to death by bloodthirsty ferrets he has not a word of compassion.

Similar incongruities abound in the other writings and considerably disconcert those who expect to find an orderly

development in the finer feelings of the author under consideration. More particularly is this the case in the earlier works.

Jefferies' fame, according to some, rests very largely upon "The Gamekeeper at Home" (1878), a book most difficult for the humanitarian to read. All the dark deeds of rabbit and fox hunting, the battue, &c., &c., are told with nothing to indicate any feelings of regret, and we find in every chapter a full acceptance of the conventional view of sport. The following is typical of much of the book:—

"Coursing for the coursing's sake is capital sport. A hare when sorely tried with the hot breath from the hounds' nostrils on his flanks will sometimes puzzle them by dashing round and round a rick. Then in sweeping circles the trio strain their limbs, but the hare having at the corners the inner side and less ground to cover, easily keeps just ahead. This game lasts several minutes, till at last one of the hounds is sharp enough to dodge back and meet the hare the opposite way. Even then his quick eye and ready turn often give him another short breathing space by rushing away at a tangent."

The single expression "This game," reveals as much as a whole volume could the writer's relation to the chief actors in the scene he so vividly describes. If such sentiment, or rather want of sentiment is bad, what can be said concerning the next extract?

"I have seen a rabbit whose back was broken by shot drag itself ten yards to the ditch. If the forelegs are broken, then he is helpless; all the kicks of the hind legs only tumble him over and over, without giving him much progress. . . . Now and then a rabbit hit in the head will run round and round in circles, making not the slightest attempt to escape. The first time I saw this, not understanding it, I gave the creature the second barrel; but the next time I let the rabbit do as he would. He circled round and round, going at a rapid pace. I stood in his way, and he passed between my legs. After half-a-dozen circles the pace grew slower. Finally, he stopped, sat up quite still for a minute or so, and then drooped and died. The pellet had struck some portion of the brain."

This is none other than the spirit of the vivisector, yet, turn over the page and we read, speaking again of rabbits:—"It is much better to take a steady aim at the head, and so avoid torturing the creature." Further on we find an expression of the same experience as was noted more fully in "The Amateur

Poacher." "There is just sufficient interest to induce one to remain quiet and still, which is the prime condition of seeing anything; and in my own case the rabbits so patiently stalked have at last often gone free."

Nor are there wanting in this, the least inspiring of all Jefferies' works, further evidences of humanity. Some weasels are working a rabbit warren—"To see their reddish heads thrust for a moment from the holes, and then re-appear at another, would have been amusing had it not been for the reflection that their frisky tricks would assuredly end in death." In another chapter we find—"So ready are all creatures to acknowledge kindness that ere now I have even made friends with the inhabitants of a wasps' nest."

The story of Richard Jefferies, sitting gun in hand, watching, and in the end letting his intended victims go free, is a parable of his whole life; being interpreted it explains the strange jumble of kindly and unkindly relations which we find running through the greater part of his published writings.

First and essentially he was a sportsman; his ancestors for many generations suffered from the popular delusion concerning the nobility of chasing wild animals to death; entering into an unworthy tradition he early came to believe that the murder of feeble creatures, such as birds and rabbits, was an occupation worthy of a reasonable human being and much to be commended. Read "Bevis" and "Wood-Magic," two otherwise charming books, and you will find this "sporting" instinct well developed even in childhood; turn to the volumes from which quotations have already been made, and it will be evident that to become a successful "sportsman" is the ideal of his rising youth and manhood. Another impulse than love of sport took him into the open air, but undoubtedly it was the fascination of the chase that often kept him there. The instinct grew less and less powerful as he found his special gift, and learned to use it, but occasionally it re-asserted its sway. A notable instance of the recrudescence of barbaric impulses is found in "Red Deer." This book, written in 1884, is an account of the haunts and habits of the wild deer of Exmoor, and gives a good many details concerning the worrying

of these beautiful creatures in what is by courtesy called "The Hunt." From beginning to end we find no single expression of sympathy. The deer are described accurately, beautifully; all the charm and poetry of their life gleam out upon us from these pages; grace, gentleness, affection, endurance, courage is theirs, while to the specimens we see of human-kind belongs meanness and brutality. The animals are some of them half-tame, hinds heavy in calf are hunted, the scenes at the death of the deer are too grim, too ghastly to be recorded. Jefferies knows all this, makes us know it, too; but in "Red Deer" never a word of pity escapes his lips.

Sportsman, but also and just as much, a lover of wild life. The birds and the animals were sources of unending pleasure to him; their lives interested and charmed him a great deal more than did the concerns of men; he came to have friends and acquaintances in every brook, hedge, and copse, and found himself loving the tiny creatures whose unbounded freedom he never ceased to envy.

Lover and destroyer, sportsman and true naturalist, it is the struggle between these two opposites that forms so interesting a study in the case of Jefferies. Broadly speaking, the longer he lives the more sympathetic, the more truly human he becomes; but ever the old Adam is manifested, so that his latest works are not free from gruesome suggestions. It is a matter for rejoicing, however, that his very last set of essays have no trace of inhumanity. Called upon himself to suffer excruciating agony, his heart went out in pity to all others that could suffer also, and dying a hundred deaths, his anguished heart bled for every unnecessary pang inflicted on the least member of the family, and the sporting instinct was in the end subdued.

Glancing seriatim at one or two of his books the varied phases of the conflict can easily be illustrated. Here is "Wild Life in a Southern County" (1879). Unblushingly are there recorded the author's exploits in the way of shooting kingfishers and herons! Deeds of shame that merit as complete an ostracism as fell upon Coleridge's celebrated sporting mariner. On one occasion Jefferies hears an unfamiliar note. After a while he discovers it proceeds from a redwing, and sees that

although the season was altogether too early there were two or three others with it.

"There were three or four pairs of redwings in close neighbourhood, all evidently bent upon remaining to breed. *To make quite sure I shot one.* Afterwards I found a nest, and had the pleasure of seeing the young birds come to maturity and fly."

The same incongruity; patiently watching the nest, delighting in the growth of the little ones, and joyfully chronicling their doings; but for the sake of curiosity ready without the least scruple to sacrifice a life. The vivisector's spirit again, and in one who knows what life is to birds and animals, who describes it with a master hand, and seldom so well as in this same volume. Listen, it is his voice, the man who silenced the redwing for ever in order to make sure of its species.

"The joy in life of these animals—indeed of almost all animals and birds in freedom—is very great. You may see it in every motion; in the lissome bound of the hare, the playful leap of the rabbit, the song that the lark and finch *must* sing: the soft loving coo of the dove in the hawthorn, the blackbird ruffling out his feathers on a rail. The sense of living, the consciousness of seeing and feeling—is manifestly intense in them all, and is in itself an exquisite pleasure. Their appetites seem ever fresh; they rush to the banquet spread by Mother Earth with a gusto that Lucullus never knew in the midst of his artistic gluttony; they drink from the stream with dainty sips as though it were richest wine. Watch the birds in the spring, the pairs dance from bough to bough, and know not how to express their wild happiness. The hare rejoices in the swiftness of his limbs; his nostrils sniff the air, his strong sinews spurn the earth, like an arrow from a bow he shoots up the steep hill that we must clamber slowly, halting half way to breathe. On outspread wings the swallow floats above, then slants downwards with a rapid swoop, and with the impetus of the motion rises easily."

To make quite sure, I shot one.

Not only to birds but to starving sheep is his tenderness extended; the following does not suggest a callous nature:—

"Of all animals a starved sheep is the most wretched to contemplate, not only because of the angularity of outline, and the cavernous depressions where fat and flesh should be, but because the associations of generations have given the sheep a peculiar claim upon humanity. They hang entirely on human help. They watch for the shepherd as though he were their father; and when he comes he can do no good, so that there is no more painful spectacle than a fold during a drought upon the hills."

Other contrasts equally striking can be found, and no explanation save that which realizes the conflict continually present in the writer's feelings can account for their existence.

In "Round about a Great Estate" (1880) we find a kindly thought expressed for the hares that cross a railway line at a spot where there is a sharp curve and where the train, running swiftly yet silently, inevitably overtakes and destroys them, "a miserable end for the poor creatures in the midst of their moonlight frolic." Such words, all too infrequent, shed a glow over the rest of the book which no amount of apparent indifference to the fate of the animals can remove.

An earnest plea for the preservation of the otter is a notable feature in "Nature near London" (1884), but that plea is based entirely on the claims of "sport." From what is said it cannot be gathered that the thought of the creature's right to live and right to enjoy its life ever entered the writer's head. The idiotic and brutal way in which this rare member of our fauna is treated whenever it does appear on the Thames or elsewhere rouses his ire, but the strongest adjective he uses is "unsportsmanlike," and that word sums up the whole of his argument in this particular case. A description of an otter hunt ("otter worry" is by far the better term) appears in "Life of the Fields," accurate as can be, and ghastly enough; no gruesome detail is omitted, and no thought of pity is allowed to intrude; the otter-hunting Jefferies condones and defends, but his wrath is reserved for those whose destructive abilities promise to exterminate this interesting animal and so "spoil sport."

The most delightful surprise that awaits the student of Jefferies is to be found in "Nature near London"; who that has read "A Brook" and "A London Trout" will ever forget the picture of the sportsman on the bridge, a picture lined in with a Messonier-like skill, but as remarkable for its suggestiveness as for its actual and human interest. Jefferies, with his wondrous eyes, has discovered a trout that daily haunts the arch of a certain bridge; no one else knows or suspects its presence, it is his own secret and the trout is safe.

"As I sat from time to time under the aspen, within hearing of the murmuring water, the thought did rise occasionally that it was a pity to

leave the trout there till someone blundered into the knowledge of his existence. There were ways and means by which he could be withdrawn without any noise or publicity. But, then, what would be the pleasure of securing him, the fleeting pleasure of an hour, compared to the delight of seeing him almost day by day? I watched him for many weeks, taking great precautions that no one should observe how continually I looked over into the water there. . . . So the summer passed, and, though never free from apprehensions, to my great pleasure without discovery."

For four years was this fellowship cultivated, not without further anxieties on Jefferies' side, until as ill-fate would have it the stream was dammed in order "that some accursed main or pipe or other horror" might be laid across it further down. The trout's fate was sealed, but Jefferies could not stand by and see the inevitable end; love hoped against hope that this wary fish, who had escaped so much, might by his skill evade those "barbarians" who one Sunday were bent on his destruction. "But that was in the early summer. It is now winter. . . . I have never seen him since. I never failed to glance over the parapet into the shadowy water. Somehow it seemed to look colder, darker, less pleasant than it used to do." This is his highest expression of humanitarianism yet reached; beside it the finely expressed compassion for over-driven cattle, which makes one of the preceding chapters delightful, seems almost commonplace.

Bird-catchers seemed to have formed Jefferies' *bête noir*, he never misses a chance of denouncing them or of manifesting his full sympathy for their unfortunate victims. This from the same volume as the last extract is worth a place in every bird-lover's scrap-book:—

"Pity it is that anyone can be found to purchase the product of their brutality. No one would do so could they but realize the difference to the captive upon which they are lavishing their mistaken love, between the cage, the alternately hot and cold room (as the fire goes out at night), the close atmosphere and fumes that lurk near the ceiling, and the open air and freedom to which it was born."

Were we considering our author in the light of prison-reform movements the following, which emanates from a real sympathy with sorrows of birds, would scarcely be quotable; as it is, they are an indication that humane sentiment is not lacking in "The Life of the Fields."

"It is to be wished that these notices not to shoot or net small birds were more frequently seen. Brighton is still a bird-catching centre, and before the new close season commences acres of ground are covered with the nets of the bird-catchers. Pity they could not be confined a little while in the same manner as they confine their miserable feathery victims (in cages just to fit the bird, say six inches square) in cells where movement or rest would be alike impossible."

Another beautiful piece of humanitarian sentiment, fit to be put alongside the incident of the London trout, occurs in those brief lines (Round a London Copse) in which he records the visit of starlings to his house.

"The preceding spring a pair filled up the gutter with the materials of their nest. Long after they had finished a storm descended, and the rain thus dammed up, and unable to escape, flooded the corner. It cost half-a-sovereign to repair the damage, but it did not matter; the starlings had been happy."

Half-sovereigns were not too plentiful with Jefferies even in those his "palmy days."

"The Open Air" and "Life of the Fields" run a close race with Jefferies-lovers; viewed from our present standpoint they are much alike. Neither is free from decided traces of the sporting instinct; where no direct reference is made, many of the terms used in describing animals or birds betray the bias. A "gun-shot" is the commonest measurement: to see a fish is at once to think of him as an object for the angler's skill. Perhaps the following is rather in the nature of reminiscence than an expression of Jefferies' own sentiments, but let us bear in mind that it appears in 1885.

"Something in the *power* of the double-barrel, the overwhelming odds it affords the sportsman over bird and animal—pleases. A man feels master of the copse with a double-barrel, and such a sense of power, though only over feeble creatures, is fascinating. Besides, there is the delight of effect; for a clever right and left is sure of applause and makes the gunner feel 'good' in himself."

Surely here is betrayed the sportsman's secret—the love of power, the love of applause. "The Open Air," as we have said, is not without those traces which indicate the author's sympathy with "sport." Yet such misfortune is largely redeemed by the presence of words of pure compassion:—

"Overtaken by the cartridge still the hare, as he lies in the dewy grass is handsome. Even in the excitement of sport regret cannot but be felt

at the sight of these two things it is almost certain that the month which indicate that all the summer was nearly over was now near to be. Had he known his summer would not have been prolonged."

Again, it is the note that more commended his compassion and evoked his tenderest sympathies: entering into their feelings he writes for them what they cannot wish for themselves:—

"So concentrated in their little work in the machine, so intent on the tiny egg, or the insect required in the game up to be carried to the eager feelings, or again in descending to the wing passed out for them, or in pouring it forth, quite unaware of all else. It is in this intense concentration that they are so happy. If they could only live longer—but a few such seasons for them—I wish they could live a hundred years, just to feast on the seeds and song and be utterly ignorant and oblivious of everything but the moment they are passing."

The expression, "the dear birds," recurring in one of these later essays strikes a note of personal affection which is dependent as the natural words of the prose-poet flutter down upon a needless world. The hours of his intensest physical suffering had arrived and he himself began to know from actual experience the meaning of those contortions and cries he had often caused as well as witnessed in his little brothers and sisters, began to understand even more fully that the weaker brethren of the boundless life-community were there to be loved not to be slain.

The picture of those last few essays becomes almost unvariable as we understand those inner experiences that prompted such a burst of loving appreciation of humblest life as this.

"Their hearts so happy, their eyes so observant, the earth so bountiful to them with its supply of food, and the late warmth of the autumn sun lighting up their life. They know and feel the different loveliness of the seasons as much as we do. Everyone must have noticed their joyousness in spring; they are quiet but so very very busy in the height of summer; as autumn comes on they obviously delight in the occasional hours of warmth. The marks of their little feet are almost sacred—a joyous life has been here—do not obliterate it. It is so delightful to know that something is happy."

The man who had shot a redwing just to see if his guess was correct, says in "Some April Insects:"—

"It is difficult to scientifically identify small insects hastily flitting without capturing them, which I object to doing, for I dislike to interfere

with their harmless liberty. They have all been named and classified, and I consider it a great cruelty to destroy them again without special purpose. The pleasure is to see them alive and busy with their works, and not to keep them in a cabinet."

And again—

"It is not worth while to catch them just for the purpose of identification, for they have enough enemies in the field without man and his heartless cabinets. The collector is the most terrible parasite of all. Let them go on with a happy hum, while the tulip opens in the sunshine."

Life seems to him a more valued possession than ever before, too precious to be thoughtlessly spilled. The sportsman's passion is surely dead when he writes in "Swallow-Time" ("Field and Hedgerow") that most charming elegy on our household favourite ending with the memorable and pregnant words:—

"The beautiful swallows, be tender to them, for they symbol all that is best in our nature and all that is best in our hearts."

A little known but most remarkable essay of Jefferies is that which appeared some considerable time after his death, and was published under the title "Nature and Eternity" (*Longman's Magazine*, May, 1895). Probably one of his very last pieces of work, it equals if it does not surpass anything else that ever came from his pen; to read it, and no one can afford not to read it, is to be convinced that before the end came to our great naturalist's earthly career the sportsman in him died and the poet and lover was fully born. There is a picture in our mind of the gun flung away and broken, nothing marring the harmony between the interpreter and the world he endeavoured to reveal to his fellow men, his heart beating with that of every living creature, too gentle, too tender, too true to be able to forget the feelings even of the least. If that is not Jefferies, then he never wrote "Field and Hedgerow," and the following is the work of some unknown genius who will wrest the laurel from the brows of him whose bust will yet make famous the walls of Salisbury's ancient fane:—

"The goldfinches and the tiny caterpillars, the brilliant sun, if looked at lovingly and thoughtfully, will lift the soul out of the smaller life of human care that is of selfish aims, bounded by seventy years, into the greater, the limitless life which has been going on over universal space from endless

ages past." He finds himself "full of love and sympathy for this feeble ant climbing over grass and leaf; for yonder nightingale pouring forth its song; feeling a community with the finches, with bird, with plant, with animal, and reverently studying all these and more."

One parting word, and we know that Jefferies has obtained the secret of St. Francis and all humanitarians. So beautiful, so true, so tenderly said.

"There is a slight rustle among the bushes and the fern upon the mound. It is a rabbit who has peeped forth into the sunshine. His eye opens wide with wonder at the sight of us; his nostrils work nervously as he watches us narrowly. But in a little while the silence and stillness re-assure him: he nibbles in a desultory way at the stray grasses on the mound, and finally ventures out into the meadow almost within reach of the hand. It is so easy to make the acquaintance—to make friends with the children of Nature. From the tiniest insect upwards, they are so ready to dwell in sympathy with us—only be tender, quiet, considerate, in a word *gentlemanly*, towards them, and they will freely wander around. And they have such marvellous tales to tell—intricate problems to solve for us."

So from him who had ravaged came forth perfect sweetness, so the sportsman fell before the poet, so Richard Jefferies ascended into Heaven.

ARTHUR HARVIE.

NOTES.

THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

THE chief event of the last three months, as far as humanitarian questions are concerned, has been without doubt the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds—an event, we make bold to say, of much more importance, in its bearing on the general treatment of animals, than the public, or even the humanitarian public, has yet realised. There has been a tendency in some quarters to regard the maintenance of a State-endowed stag-hunt as a comparatively small matter, because, as is frequently said, the cruelty of such a sport is “not so bad” as that involved in certain other practices. But this argument, it seems to us, is quite beside the point. It may be granted that there are cruelties in other forms of sport which are worse than the “disgusting tom-foolery” of the Royal Buckhounds; but it has to be remembered that in the reform of sport, as in all other reforms, some definite plan of campaign has to be adopted, and that the most obvious and logical method of procedure (as was seen by so acute an observer as Lord Randolph Churchill) is that of extending the protection now given only to “domestic” animals to those which are, in fact, semi-domesticated, such as the carted stag, though by a legal fiction still classed as *feræ naturæ*. Now the establishment of the Royal Buckhounds entirely blocked this line of reform; and for that reason the Humanitarian League was well advised to work vigorously for the removal of so serious an obstacle as the association of Royalty and the State with a form of sport which was heartily detested by all humane persons.

It is precisely because the attack on the Royal Buckhounds was clearly thought out from the first, with a full understanding

of its significance in relation not only to sport generally, but to the whole status of animals, that it has been carried to a triumphant conclusion in a period of ten years, which as agitations go, is a very moderate time. Nor is it by any means a slight thing in itself to have forced a Conservative Government to discontinue an institution that had lasted seven hundred years, and to have carried the public conscience a step beyond the point at which it arrived half-a-century ago—the prohibition of bull and bear-baiting.

For these reasons alone, we should consider the pamphlet just published by the Rev. J. Stratton, "The Decline and Fall of the Royal Buckhounds,"* well worthy of attention, even if it were less readable and interesting than we find it. It is a notable proof of how much can be done by a tireless and single-hearted worker, even in the face of the tremendous difficulties by which an attack on an old and corrupt institution like the Royal Hunt must ever be attended. In such a case there are always plenty of reformers, so-called, who counsel a masterly inactivity as a wiser course than action; but Mr. Stratton evidently paid scant attention to such advisers, and he has been fully justified by the result.

It must not be thought, however, that there was any mere recklessness in Mr. Stratton's methods; on the contrary, the reader is struck by the extreme carefulness and indefatigable industry with which all his charges were verified.

"The distances I had to cover," he says, "were often enormous. Whenever a person told me of a sporting occurrence savouring of barbarity, or I saw in the papers a notice of anything likely to be useful to me, I had to be off. I have frequently been pretty tired when nearing Chenies or Rickmansworth after a 20 miles' walk, engaged in detective work. And sometimes I have had to make two or three expeditions over one case before I could compare the statements of eye-witnesses in such a way as to warrant my going into the Press against the enemy. I knew this laborious and disagreeable work must be done by myself personally, or the anti-buckhound crusade would go to pieces, so I persevered. Whenever I could do so, I got witnesses to sign papers, stating what they had seen, and some of these were in the form of affidavits. Anyone who may fancy that I have performed my part in this movement for the last ten years sitting in a study chair is a trifle mistaken."

* Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane. 3d.

As to the amount of work represented by Mr. Stratton's record, probably only those who have had personal experience in fighting such uphill battles against the entrenched forces of privilege and cruelty will be able to realise it ; and there was, of course, much done behind the scenes, by himself and others, which is necessarily omitted in the narrative.

BUT, in these days of associated effort, no individual, however strong and energetic, could avail much against powerful vested interests, unless he had an organisation behind him to give continuity to the work. Such assistance Mr. Stratton opportunely found in the Humanitarian League, which was beginning its career as a society when he was opening his campaign against the Buckhounds ; and the appearance, in 1891, of the pamphlet on "Royal Sport," written by Mr. Stratton, and published by the League, marks the first epoch in the struggle that has just been concluded, ten years later, by the total collapse of the Hunt. This signal success, it should be noted, was the fruit of a long succession of exposures, protests, and petitions, each of which appeared at the time to fail absolutely, or at least fell on deaf ears as regards those to whom the appeal was addressed ; but nevertheless the public mind was being slowly and surely awakened to a knowledge of the cowardly and contemptible nature of the "sport" carried on at the national expense and in the Sovereign's name.

We would here remark that the treatment accorded the League by the several ministers to whom it appealed (with the exception perhaps of Mr. Gladstone) seems to suggest that those who attempt to abolish a cruel and reprehensible practice are regarded, in official circles, with much more disfavour than those who actually participate in such cruelty. Certainly the League's proposed deputations, which the Prime Ministers and Home Secretaries, of both parties, invariably refused to receive, were far more influential personally, and far more important in subject, than nine out of ten that as a matter of course are politely received in Downing Street. Less encouragement it would have been impossible to accord to any Society, even if it had been one that was seeking some thoroughly selfish or nefarious end. This was perhaps due to the tacit influence of the Hunt officials—to such men as Lord Coventry, on the Conservative side, and Lord Ribblesdale (that so-called "Progressive") on the Liberal side ; and the salutary

snub which has at last been administered to these sporting gentry, by the ignominious disruption of their pet establishment, is, to our mind, not the least satisfactory feature of the whole business. The Humanitarian League may at least congratulate itself on having taught these high-and-mighty paid officials, and other hangers-on of the Hunt, a much deserved lesson that will not readily be forgotten.

THERE yet remains to be mentioned another agency in the Decline and Fall of the Royal Buckhounds, without which neither Mr. Stratton nor the Humanitarian League could have effected so much, and that is the sportsmen themselves.

The stupidity with which the pro-Buckhound party played its cards, from beginning to end, is almost inconceivable, except on the assumption that blood-sports of the baser class induce, in those who practise or defend them, a decay of the intellectual, no less than of the moral faculties. Note, for example, the action of the *Field*, the chief sporting newspaper, which first supported the Buckhounds strongly; then, in 1892 (apparently thinking that Mr. Gladstone was about to abolish the Hunt) printed an article in which it avowed that stag-hunting "stood on the same footing as bull or bear-baiting," and much more of the same sort, which the humanitarians have of course quoted ever since; and finally, in 1896, reverted once more to the orthodox stag-hunting position with the fatuous announcement that the article of 1892 "was inserted by an oversight." This is a fair sample of the way in which the sporting party has blundered throughout—making ridiculous statements, for instance, about the kindness and chivalry of the huntsmen who ride "to save the deer for another day;" publishing an imaginary interview with the famous stag, Guy Fawkes, in which he was represented as hugely enjoying the chase three weeks *after* the wretched animal had been spiked, disembowelled, and killed; and generally making it plain to the readers of newspapers that blood-sportsmen have as little sense of humour as they have of humaneness. All these ineptitudes have been turned to good account by the Humanitarian League, which, through the medium of its numerous press-letters widely published throughout the kingdom, has literally buried the cruel and crazy old Hunt under a pile of ridicule and contempt.

REVIEWS.

The Penalty of Death, or The Problem of Capital Punishment.
By JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M.A., B.C.L., L.R.C.P., Barrister-at-Law.
(London: George Bell and Sons. 3/6, net. 1901.)

To all who are interested in the question of capital punishment we heartily commend this work of Dr. Oldfield, which we hope will attain a large circulation; and we should be glad to see the author's reasonings put into a shorter and more popular form in some magazine or review. If we dwell in some instances on what seems to us its defects, it is because we hope it will pass through many future editions, in which our remarks may lead to the removal of some superfluities and defects.

Dr. Oldfield's preface is chiefly a collection of opinions *à la* Tallack. When a question depends on reason and experience, opinions are of comparatively small value unless based on an intimate acquaintance with the facts. Experience in passing sentences, for example, is of no importance unless the writer has ascertained the consequences of the sentences which he has passed, about which many judges and magistrates do not seem to give themselves much trouble. Moreover, nobody can give a complete collection of opinions on a given subject by the persons who are (rightly or wrongly) supposed to be authorities on it, and in making a selection it is easy to "pack a jury" to support one's own opinions. Dr. Oldfield cannot indeed be accused of jury-packing; for he complains, we think sometimes without sufficient reason, of the reactionary views of those who ought to know better. We regret that besides asking whether the persons to whom he was writing were in favour of the abolition or suspension of capital punish-

ment, he did not put a question as to whether they were in favour of the reduction of it; and it seems to us that an answer to the effect that the writer thinks capital punishment ought not to be abolished does not imply that he would object to the reduction of the present number of executions by one-half. And let us add that we do not believe that a Bill to abolish or suspend capital punishment will have much chance of success until the number of commutations of the death-sentence has first been largely increased. Capital punishment for other crimes was not abolished until the executions had been reduced to a small fraction of the death-sentences without leading to any marked increase in these crimes. The abolition of these death-sentences was thus in reality a trifling change. The carrying out of death-sentences in cases of murder now depends on a responsible public officer. Our first task is, by the pressure of public opinion, to induce that officer to reduce the number of executions. When this reducing process has gone on for some time, the ultimate change will be trifling and will probably meet with ready assent.

Dr. Oldfield has, we think, too hastily concluded that the Judges are opposed to the abolition or reduction of capital punishment. Though he wrote to all the Judges in the United Kingdom, he only mentions the opinions of four of the number. Three of these, we infer, were opposed to the abolition of capital punishment, while the fourth (Lord Russell of Killowen) was in favour of it. Two answers, however, were of a jocular kind, and as Dr. Oldfield suppresses the names of the writers, we do not know whether they had any criminal jurisdiction or not. We infer that Mr. Justice Grantham's opinion was in favour of capital punishment; on which we will only remark that since the Home Secretary consults the Judge who presided at the trial, and acts (under all ordinary circumstances) on his advice, a man's life may have more than once depended on whether he was tried before Lord Russell or before Mr. Justice Grantham. Is this a state of things that ought to continue? But it will probably continue so long as we have no Court of Criminal Appeal.

After the Judges, Dr. Oldfield consulted the Bishops, and the result proves that the Bishops, whether Anglican or Romanist, think more about the traditional views of the Church than about the teachings of Christ. Dissenters were naturally more disposed to read the New Testament for themselves, and draw their own conclusions irrespective of authority; and, as a result, they were,

as a rule, opposed to capital punishment. Dr. Oldfield, however, only gives the opinions of three Roman Catholic prelates—and what are they among so many? Moreover, some of the Anglican Bishops express their opinions with great caution. The Bishop of Wakefield, for instance, “sees no *particular* reason why the law with regard to capital punishment need be altered *at the present time*.” This reminds one of Mr. Artemus Ward’s reply to the gentleman who remarked that it was a fine day, “Middlin’, says I, not wishing to commit myself.” Humanitarians, however, are aware that there are members both of the Judicial and of the Episcopal Bench who sympathise with their objects, nor was the late Lord Russell of Killowen the only Roman Catholic Judge who did so.

Of much greater weight than the opinions of Judges and Bishops are these of the Governors and Chaplains of prisons who have real experience of capital punishment, and also know from their conversations with other prisoners how far the latter have been prevented from committing murder by the fear of the gallows. But it appears that the Governors are not allowed to give opinions on the subject without permission from the Prisons Commissioners, *and that this permission was actually refused!** Some however did give opinions—all but one *against* capital punishment. We hope that the Whitehall Inquisitors (Dr. Oldfield of course suppresses the names) will not find them out and punish them, with the exception of the one who was “found among the faithless, faithful only he.” The Chaplains appear to have been almost unanimous against capital punishment—a fact which their Bishops might find it worth while to consider.

From opinions we pass to statistics. These when properly used are of great value, being records of experience of a more reliable character than any opinion formed even by a careful and impartial observer without their aid. But much depends on the completeness of the collection and the intelligent use made of it, and here we think again there is too much Tallack in the figures cited by Dr. Oldfield. We are not surprised to find, for example, that he and Dr. Anderson should have arrived at such opposite conclusions

* The ground assigned for this strange decision was that it was not “the *official duty* of the Governors of prisons to reply to *abstract* questions concerning the efficacy of capital punishment.” Is the governor of a prison *prohibited* from expressing an opinion on any subject outside of the bare routine of his official duties? We hope Mr. Ruggles-Brise will reply.

as regards burglary and house-breaking; and we regard the arguments of both on this subject as irrelevant. If a change in the punishment for any offence either increases or diminishes the deterrent effect, the result will appear in the statistics of the first few years after the change is made. When the crime becomes more or less prevalent after the lapse of 20 years or upwards, the rise or fall is attributable to other causes. A smaller amount of statistics carefully arranged and intelligently discussed, relating either to the period of change or else brought up to date (in cases where it was contended that some particular state of things continued up to the present) would be of more value than those which we find in this volume. Collections of opinions and statistics are useful in their way. They often furnish the raw material from which valuable conclusions can be drawn. But when thrown down without explanation or analysis they are almost as likely to lead to error as to truth. It was not without reason that the Irishman said: "Statistics is the falsest thing in the world, even when they are true."

The volume, as a rule, states the case against capital punishment clearly and well. But the first chapter on "The Function of the Law" seems to a considerable extent to assume what many of the advocates of capital punishment would dispute. This function is compendiously expressed by Bishop Butler (with whose writings the Anglican Bishops are supposed to be familiar) as "to prevent future mischief." And on this point Dr. Anderson adopts the doctrine of Sir John Bridge: "I have nothing to do with punishing crime; that rests with a higher power. My business is to protect the community." To which Dr. Anderson adds: "Punishment is merely a means to an end, namely, the safe-guarding of the community, and therefore if those interests can be best served by letting an offender go unpunished, as *e.g.*, in the case of youthful offenders, no sentence is imposed." Truly Dr. Anderson has blessed the "humanity-mongers," as Balaam blessed the children of Israel. If the only object of State punishment is to protect the community, the corollary that the community should be protected with as little suffering as possible to the prisoner will be generally conceded.

"Popular Objections" are on the whole well dealt with by our author, though we think more space might have been allotted to the Scripture argument which still weighs heavily with many persons. But we think the chapter on "The Origin of the Savage

Mind" might have been spared. It is really on the origin of capital punishment, but goes back to the unhistoric ages where all is conjecture, and throws little light on the subject of the work. The prevalence of capital and corporal punishments in early ages seems to us to have arisen from the fact that there were then very few prisons, and imprisonment was never thought of as a punishment, but only as a means of safe custody before trial. Corporal punishment must still be resorted to when imprisonment is impossible, as for example, in an expedition to the heart of Africa or to the North Pole. It is no argument in favour of these punishments that men, whether civilised or savage, adopted them when no other alternative was available; nor on the other hand, if our ancestors were rude and untutored, does their adoption of a particular punishment afford any argument against it. Dr. Oldfield enlarges too much on evolution. We do not wish to leave the abolition or reduction of capital punishment to the slow though sure progress of evolution. We want to hasten it by an appeal to the reason and conscience of the public. We have to make history, instead of allowing history to make us (or rather to make our descendants).

We have not space to continue a detailed examination of Dr. Oldfield's book, but we are not altogether satisfied with the punishments which he proposes to substitute for the death-penalty. In fact he does not commit himself definitely to any particular substitute, and some of those which he suggests seem to us to be as inhuman as the penalty which they are intended to supersede. A real life-sentence, carried out in the inhuman manner in which sentences of penal servitude are now carried out, would, we think, be worse than death. It would indeed usually be death by slow torture instead of death by hanging. As regards deterrent effect, we doubt if the difference between penal servitude for life and penal servitude for ten years would deter one intended murderer in a hundred from committing the offence. Generally speaking, murderers do not calculate at all. They act from sudden impulse or from desperation. Calculating murderers usually expect to escape detection. Consequently the punishment which they will undergo if convicted has comparatively little effect on them. Governors, chaplains, visitors, &c., to prisons are usually of opinion that murderers are morally no worse than other prisoners. They are very often first offenders. In many cases if released they would be unlikely to offend again. Our present terms of penal servitude

for murderers (in cases where the death-penalty is not carried out) are indeed too long and too severe. The additional suffering in these cases is great. The additional deterrent effect is small. And when the ground of the commutation is doubt, it is really monstrous to keep the prisoner in penal servitude year after year, although the doubt is still not merely unsolved but actually increased by subsequent evidence in the prisoner's favour. Commutations for doubt should be regarded as merely affording opportunities for the prosecution to complete a defective case; and if the doubt cannot be removed after a reasonable time has been allowed for the purpose, it is not humanity but justice that demands the liberation of the prisoner. "Prove your innocence," is a requirement that involves a complete reversal of the principles, both of law and of justice; and if the Home Office were a judicial tribunal, it would find no place there. But it would seem that *mercy* is sometimes withheld because innocence is not proved to demonstration. What a wretched play upon words!

These last remarks are, we think, apposite to the subject. In advocating the abolition of capital punishment in England, it is important to bear in mind that, in the total absence of a Court of Criminal Appeal, the death-sentence is much more likely to be carried out on an innocent man in England than in almost any other civilised country. If we persist in sending murderers to the gallows, we ought at all events to take every reasonable step to prevent persons who are not murderers from being sent there. Other countries do this. We do not. We execute more than the usual percentage of persons convicted of murder, and our judges have strained the meaning of the term *murder*, so as to embrace persons who would not be classed as murderers in other countries. If we exclude these technical murders from the list, the proportion of executions to convictions is much higher than our judicial statistics indicate; and it is in this country where clemency to persons convicted of real murders is so rare, that we are absolutely without a Court of Criminal Appeal, where the errors (much more frequent we believe than is usually supposed) committed in the Court below can be corrected. Numbers of persons are now wearing out their lives in prison who would be acquitted with little hesitation if a new trial were possible; and some have no doubt been hanged under similar circumstances.

Dr. Oldfield's peculiar views are often interesting and suggestive, but we think his work would have been more effective if he had

stuck more closely to the beaten track. Peculiar views on the part of a writer on such a subject enable a hostile reviewer to depreciate the entire work by confining his remarks to them. But the opponents of capital punishment will find in this work an excellent repository of arguments from which they can make their own selection; and we think that impartial inquirers, though they may not adopt all the writer's theories or arguments, will be led to adopt his conclusion.

Finally, we think Dr. Oldfield under-rates (or at least some of his authorities do so) the strength of public feeling on the subject. This feeling manifests itself locally in almost every instance in which a prisoner is convicted of a murder which is not of an aggravated type, or in which there is any doubt as to the guilt of the accused. But the feeling, or at least the expression of it, is merely local and confined to the particular case—partly because the facts are unknown elsewhere, and partly because there is nobody to organise such a movement except in the immediate neighbourhood. The task of the humanitarian is to bring these scattered rays to a focus—to give a general direction to a feeling which at present only exhibits itself in individual cases, and to make this public feeling influence our Parliamentary elections and our Legislature. This remark is indeed true of all Humanitarianism. There is a strong public feeling in its favour. What is wanted is an organisation which will give to this feeling a practical political influence with which would-be M.P.s will have to reckon. We trust that at every future General Election there will be a Humanitarian Vote, and that capital punishment will be one of the questions on which the opinions of candidates will be asked by the electorate, and that the answer will affect a number of votes, increasing on every occasion that the experiment is repeated.

APPELLANT.

The Confessions of a Poacher. By J. CONNELL, with Illustrations by S. T. DADD. (London: Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson. 1901. 3s. 6d.)

In the last number of *THE HUMANE REVIEW* there appeared an article by Mr. Connell on "The Game Laws," and some of our readers are doubtless familiar with his pamphlet on the same subject, published by the Humanitarian League. The case against the Game Laws is a strong, indeed an unanswerable one, and Mr.

Connell has stated it with the more force and clearness in that he has himself had intimate acquaintance with these detestable laws from the point of view of the poacher. He writes, in fact, as the exponent and advocate of the poacher's case against the monopoly of the game-preserve; and in this volume he gives the personal account of what he deals with argumentatively in the essays. As a record of exciting adventures told in a particularly racy style, and with that sense of reality which only actual experience can give, the book is admirable; and it has the further merit of being inspired by a sincere belief in the rightness of the poacher's cause. We have been surprised to note, in some reviews of the book that have appeared in certain Liberal papers, the tone of caution, and even of apology, with which the writers referred to this record of poaching illegalities—a susceptibility to “law and order” (however unjust the law) which certainly would not have been shown by the more sturdy Radicalism of half-a-century back.

From the humanitarian point of view, poaching may be considered under two heads, first as regards the human social question; and secondly as regards the claims of the lower animals. Socially speaking, we do not hesitate to say that we have very much less respect for the game-preserve than for the poacher; for though the latter violates the law of the land, there is so much excuse for his doing so that it is practically impossible to regard him as an ordinary criminal; whereas the game-preserve, though frequently a local magnate and J.P., is responsible, by his selfish tyranny, for a larger amount of ill-feeling and misery than a hundred criminals put together. For the game-keeper, who is but the hired fighting man of the game-preserve, one ought indeed to feel compassion; yet we fear it must be admitted that the sympathy of the reader of Mr. Connell's poaching affrays is altogether with the poacher. Whatever the poacher's shortcomings, he has at least kept open the protest against as shameful a law as was ever passed by a clique of monopolists for the safe-guarding of their own selfish recreations. We can forgive him a good deal for that.

When we turn, however, to the question of the treatment of animals, and man's moral relation to the animal kingdom, the case is very different, for here the poacher and the game-preserve are on much the same ground, and the ground is not that of the humanitarian. Mr. Connell, in a chapter entitled “In Praise of Sport,” attempts to justify the poacher's sport on the plea that it is more humane to course hares than to shoot them. He condemns

the battue, especially where hares are concerned, as cruel, and "much more suggestive of the butcher than the sportsman." But that is just the point on which we should be disposed to join issue with Mr. Connell. The despised "butcher," to our mind, is a much more excusable person than the romantic "sportsman." Granted the necessity of flesh-food (and the fact that such necessity is usually assumed on faulty reasoning need not affect our argument), the butcher is at least performing a service, however unpleasant it may be, for society. But to take *pleasure* in such infliction of suffering, and to constitute oneself an *amateur* butcher, or blood-sportsman, is a very different matter; and whatever else may be said of it, the instinct that prompts men to blood-sports is quite incompatible with the instinct of humanitarianism. "If the hunting instinct is not allowed legitimate indulgence," says Mr. Connell, "it will seek gratification in more ignoble ways." As between game-keeper and poacher that is doubtless true enough; but it is no answer to those who look for the gradual elimination of *all* these savage instincts that have been handed down to us from a barbarous ancestry.

And as for the humanity of the poacher's methods, our readers shall judge for themselves from an account given by Mr. Connell of the coursing of a "marvellously clever hare" on Plumstead Marshes:—

"Two greyhounds were slipped at the hare. One was a very strong dog, about five years old, of great tenacity. The other was a bitch, fast and clever, and about two years old. . . . Turn followed turn, and still the hare was not caught. When a dozen turns had been taken, the bitch's strength began to fail, and she lagged somewhat. The dog, however, kept the sport going. . . . If we had known what was coming, we would have counted the turns, and I have been sorry ever since that we did not. I feel sure that they must have numbered nearly a hundred. The course lasted an almost incredible time, and the speed of the animals was at last reduced to a mere jog-trot. Still the fun was kept going. The beginning of the end was marked by the death of the bitch, she simply lay down and gave up the ghost. The tough old dog still stuck to his work, and took a multitude of turns after the death of his mate. At last the run became quite laughable. Neither hare nor dog was able to run properly . . . until at last the dog lay down, and the hare, thinking doubtless that a rest had been fairly earned, lay down too, about three yards in front of him. We drew nearer the couple, and as we approached, the dog, game to the end, without getting on his legs, tried to crawl on his belly towards the hare. When he had got within a yard, puss managed to stand up and stagger away about five yards. Both panted

painfully, and the dog was quite too exhausted to kill the hare. We decided that the latter had fairly earned her life."

That the poachers behaved on this occasion in a most "sportsmanlike" manner we do not doubt. But no humanitarians would have been able to see any "fun" in the scene so graphically narrated. Elsewhere, when describing a method of capturing pheasants, by making them tipsy, Mr. Connell opines that "if all the members of the Humanitarian League had been there, not one of them could have refrained from laughing." Our opinion of the Humanitarian Leaguers is higher than Mr. Connell's. A drunken man is not an amusing sight, and a drugged bird is still less so. Mr. Connell's Irish humour can (and does) find better material for merriment.

De l'Animalité, et de son Droit. Par ÉDOUARD ENGELHARDT, Ministre Plénipotentiaire, Membre de l'Institut de Droit International. (Paris: A. Chevalier-Maresq, 20, Rue Soufflot. 1900.)

It is most gratifying to those who have long striven for the recognition of the rights of animals to find the subject now receiving the simultaneous attention of thoughtful writers in different parts of the world. A year ago we published in THE HUMANE REVIEW a very remarkable article, entitled "The Psychical Kinship of Man and the other Animals," by Professor J. Howard Moore, of Chicago; and it is an open secret that this article was the forerunner of a larger work which Professor Moore is about to publish on the Kinship of Life. And now from the book before us we learn that M. Édouard Engelhardt is doing in France a very similar work to that which Professor Moore is doing in America—that is, he is demonstrating the utter futility of the old-world notion that there is a hard-and-fast line of demarcation between the human and the non-human—a division which is supposed to furnish some moral and intellectual justification for the denial of rights to animals. In one respect M. Engelhardt goes further than his predecessors, for he shows that even the denial of *legal* rights cannot strictly be maintained.

The book is divided into three portions, of which the first deals very admirably with the affinities, physical, intellectual, and moral, that exist between animals and men; the second with the various customs and laws relating to the treatment of animals; while the third enforces the principle that animals have rights. Nothing is better in the book than the chapter which shows (what

Professor D. G. Ritchie and others of the pseudo-ethical school have persistently denied) that where animals are protected by law the protection is given them as sentient beings, for their own sakes, not, as mere goods and chattels, for the sake of man.

"Animals," he says, "live as much for their own sakes as does mankind, which did not come on the scene till a later period. Like mankind, they have their place in the providential order, their natural share of pleasures and pains.

"The characteristic of life is organic sensibility, and this sensibility is as intense in animals as in men. They have consciousness of their physical individuality; they have egoism, that is to say, constant care for self-preservation. Here we see already good title to a *direct* regard for this individuality.

"To contrast animals with 'persons,' and to class them as 'things,' is to deny nature, to do violence to truth and good sense."

The only criticism we have to make on M. Engelhardt's work is that the importance of the food question, in its bearing on the recognition of animals' rights, seems to have escaped him. He is content to dismiss this momentous part of the problem in a few lines, in which he says that "a fatal law compels us to feed on the flesh of animals," and he finds a justification for this in the plea that the world of beings is made subject to man, and that the animals prey on one another. A study of vegetarian literature will very soon convince him of the fallacy that lurks in these arguments. We trust that he will re-consider this point when his excellent book passes into a second edition.

Edward Carpenter: Poet and Prophet. By ERNEST CROSBY, Author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable." (*The Conservator*, Camden, New Jersey, U.S.A. 1901.)

We welcome the re-issue, in the form of a booklet, of these thoughtful articles, which first appeared in the *Conservator*. Edward Carpenter, it seems to us, is one of the few really noteworthy English authors of the present time; for critics who look below the surface of things need not greatly concern themselves with the crowd of "popular" writers whose praises fill the mind of the public, and the columns of the literary journals, until some new favourite arises. Readers who wish to know how quietly genuine books come into being, while a noise is being made over those of little value, cannot do better than follow Mr. Crosby's careful and sympathetic analysis of Carpenter's chief writings.

The Day of the Sun. By CONRAD NOEL, Curate of St. Mary's, Paddington Green. (London: David Nutt. 1901.)

It is an encouraging sign of the times that a book of this sort should be written by a clergyman of the Established Church. Nothing, perhaps, has been more depressing in English social history than the Puritanical Sunday, with its bigoted hatred of all that is natural and free, and its stupid confusion of pleasure with "sin;" and Mr. Noel has done a real service to the cause of humanism by his able and courageous demonstration that the Puritanical Sunday has as little justification in Church history as it has in reason and common-sense. Sunday observance, as he shows, is conspicuously lacking in the humane and truly religious instincts. "At present," he says, "education—even religious (!) education—proceeds from the false basis of self-interest so-called. The prevalent love of pleasure is not at all a thing that need alarm us. The thing that should *terrify* us is the atheistic and inhuman pessimism of 'religion,' the inhuman assumption upon which our philosophy of life is based, namely, that self-interest is the root-principle of life."

Humanitarians will find Mr. Noel's book a most instructive and valuable one.

Kith and Kin: Poems of Animal Life. Selected by HENRY S. SALT. (London: George Bell and Sons. 1901. 1s. net.)

Character Building: Thought Power. By RALPH WALDO TRINE. (London: George Bell and Sons. 1901. 1s. net.)

These are the two latest volumes in Messrs. Bell's prettily got up "Life and Light Books."

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Hon. Sec.: H. S. SALT.

53, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

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To secure the co-operation of those who are in sympathy with some particular branch of the work, four special departments have been formed—

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- (2) Blood Sports;
- (3) Humane Diet and Dress;
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Each of these Departments issues literature and organises meetings of its own, in addition to the regular series of pamphlets and volumes issued by the Central Committee.

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JOHN COLAM, *Secretary.*

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THE HUMANE REVIEW.

CAIN.

NAY, flee not from me. Does this livid brand
Stamped on my brow affright you? Fear it not,
It marks a sin, perhaps, but yet a sin
That had its root in kindliness of heart,
Which brought upon my soul, bent Edenward,
The hatred of my brother Abel's God.
For with my mother's milk I had sucked in
Eden's sweet memories, and she told me much
Of that glad time when all the beasts and birds
Were, as it were, her brethren—how it was,
The Master of the garden blessed them all,
And gave them every herb and every tree
To be to them for food, and how one day
She plucked the fairest fruit of all, and how
The Master drove them forth, Adam and Eve,
In anger, and how first he slew the beasts
That looked with trustful pitiful amaze
At this new monster, Death, and how he bound
Their bloody skins around her waist and his,
While both shrank back in horror. From the day
I first could understand that oft-told tale,

I dreamt of Eden, and I sought to turn
Even with my baby hands this cursèd earth
Into another garden. And I loved
To till the soil, and bring my choicest fruits
And lay them in my mother's lap, and ask
If these were fair as Eden's golden yield.
And she would smile,—oh, such a plaintive smile,—
And tell me "Ay," and kiss me, but the tears
That fell upon my face and her deep sigh
Said "Nay" more clearly. Abel listened too
To all these tales, but little did he care
For Eden and its green luxuriant herbs.
Rather he loved to hear how the dumb beasts
Came to the slaughter,—how the skins were ripped
From the warm bodies, how the sharpened stone
Pierced the soft flesh, and how the blood gushed forth.

And once upon a time, as with my foot
I guided through the thick and blackened soil
The irrigating waters, in the sky
I saw a smoke ascending and I smelt
A burning stench, and heard the bleat of lambs.
Then ran I toward the place and through the trees
Looked curiously. What was it that I saw?
My brother Abel holding in his hands
A new-born lamb that cried just like a child
While he bent back its head and cut its throat!
And well-nigh all its blood poured out and left
The trembling body. On a pile of stones
Crackled a mighty fire, while bones and wool
And bits of flesh and trickling streams of blood,
With here and there great splashes, made a scene
That touched mine eyes with madness, and I felt,—
As I beheld those helpless slaughtered lambs,—
The self-same spirit of blind blood-thirstiness,
That filled their murderer, strike into my soul.
I stooped and lifted from the ground a stone
Large as my head and hurled it at the lad
Before he saw me. It felled him to the earth

Crushing his back. I saw his red life's blood
 Mix with the lamb's upon his legs and arms,
 And then I fled. . . .

If I had only guessed
 That violence will not yield to violence,—
 That butchery keeps alive the butcher's trade,
 Shedding of blood the murderer's! Had I known
 That by my very deed I gave assent
 To Abel's sin, and made it permanent,
 Forever taking from myself the right
 Of re-creating Eden! Had I dreamed,
 (As since that day I often have foreseen
 In visions), how the centuries would drag on
 From cruelty to cruelty, with that sin
 Transmuted into custom,—slaughter-houses
 Revered as temples, lines of butcher-priests
 Pointing mankind to Moloch, conjuring up
 A God who loves to hear his victims' cries,—
 To sniff the smell of blood, and in the end
 To torture his own son, whose followers—
 The wolf-like followers of a lamb—should joy
 In burning saints and prophets at the stake,
 And later yet in preaching war and strife,
 Bloodshed and tyranny against those who work
 For peace and justice! When I think of this,
 And how one moment of a wider love,
 Embracing killed and killer, in my heart
 Might once have blotted out this tale of guilt
 And changed the current of the stubborn years,
 My punishment is more than I can bear.

But do not shun me. Do not turn away.
 Be sorry, for this hateful brand proclaims
 A sin that was at worst but half a sin.

ERNEST CROSBY.

Rhinebeck, N.Y.

INDUSTRIAL WOMEN AND HOW TO HELP THEM.

AMONGST all the questions of social reform stirring the world at present, none, so far as women are concerned, seems more universally popular than that of how to improve the industrial woman. The W.L.A. considers it as amongst the most important part of their agenda at their annual meeting; the N.U.W.W. discuss it continually; in all women's organisations the subject is continually cropping up in various forms, and attracts deep attention.

The philanthropically-minded take it up in the shape of girls' clubs, classes for amusement, prize-givings, teas, "socials," etc. Chapels have their P.S.A.'s and P.S.E.'s for women as well as for men. District visitors and Bible readers frequent the mills and factories in the dinner-hour and read to the girls. Self-sacrificing women are everywhere engaged in rescue work.

Still, in spite of this, I, for one, do not see a correspondingly great improvement in the temper of the industrial woman's mind, in her moral condition, and—most important, since it underlies the two first—in her economic position. There is doubtless an awakening going on in the minds of those who are working to help the industrial classes by the means I have enumerated, but that is not the point under consideration at present, nor is it of so much moment; for when the working woman does awake and desire her true salvation, she must, as all of us must, work it out for herself. All that can be done

INDUSTRIAL WOMEN, HOW TO HELP THEM. 197

by outsiders—*i.e.*, persons not of the proletariat class—is to help to awaken that desire, and to see that it is a desire for a true salvation, and not for some second rate form of it. Do the lines on which these various schemes of reform run tend in this direction? Of course the promoters of them say they do. I consider they do not. I will ask my readers to bear in mind that in this article I am referring chiefly to the industrial women in the large manufacturing centres—*e.g.*, the textile workers and the wholesale clothing workers of the North, the straw-plaiters, nail and chain makers, &c. In London, owing to many things—such as the educative policy adopted now by the women's trade union and industrial organizations, the settlement system (spreading slowly to the provinces), the various kinds of co-operative societies, &c.—the conditions are somewhat different.

My reason for considering that these schemes do not run upon lines of real reform is that none of them perceive, or attack, the real roots of the question. They avoid the economic side of the question, and they therefore—for economics and morals ever run hand in hand—are confused and blinded about its moral side. If working women were made to appreciate, desire, and therefore obtain, better wages and better economic conditions generally, they would both desire, and attain to, better moral (and sanitary) conditions. All history, both political and economic, teaches us this, but the teaching for the most part falls on deaf ears. History teaches us, too, that in order to accomplish this we must fill the minds of those we wish to emancipate with an intelligent discontent with the conditions enslaving them, and help them to obtain freedom by means of a discriminating and well-organised rebellion, of the sort that leads to effective results, and not, as now, to mere disorder.

In order to show how to produce this rebellion—this great mental revolution—and to prove that at present the general teaching and practice of the world is opposed to it, let us examine what the conditions are which enslave the industrial woman. We shall then the better see how the district visitor, the rescue worker, &c., are unconsciously, mostly working on the side of the perpetuation of the very evils they deplore.

I will not enter into the well-known hardships working women have to endure—such as, defective or indecent sanitary accommodation, overcrowding, non-ventilation, &c.; for surely these hardships are by this time perfectly well known to the public,—nor will I enter into details concerning wages, except to remind my readers that women's wages in factories range from about 2s. 6d. per week (the lowest "standing wage" in paper-bag factories and wholesale clothing factories) up to over a pound a week for piece work amongst the Lancashire textile-workers. In the West Riding of Yorkshire the average wage (during a year) for women textile-workers is at the most about 12s. per week. In the same county, amongst the female wholesale clothing workers, the highest average is from 14s. to 15s. per week. After those three sets of workers, we come down to the immense army of women whose average is less—such as, tea-folders, earning 7s. for folding 35,000 packets of tea per week; and girls whom I have met in the sweetmeat and tin-tack trades, earning 5s. per week.

But what is in some respects more important than these matters, and is, therefore, what I particularly wish to describe, is the effect produced on the general morality of the workers, the deadening and warping of their humanity, by the ordinary regulations imposed upon them in their industrial lives by most factories (with some few exceptions) good and bad alike.

Carelessness and unpunctuality are faults especially ascribed to female workers—both of them, of course, very serious faults. In order to cure the workers of these an elaborate system of fining exists. One of the factory inspectors says of this system: "As regards fines for disciplinary purposes, they are ineffective, and sometimes a positive encouragement to breaking the regulations. I find that they frequently feel quite justified in being late, on the ground that, whatever time they may cause their employer to lose, they at least pay him well for it; a not unnatural view to a girl who, earning ten shillings a week, pays a fine of twopence (an hour's wage) for being five minutes late."

The same inspector says of one list of fines: "It was a study in research as to every conceivable act or omission that the

average healthy boy or girl could be capable of, *e.g.*, 'going upstairs without permission, 1s.; looking out of window, 6d.; any kind of damage in lavatory, 5s.; laughing, 6d.; breaking the rules, fine at discretion of foreman or forewoman in charge.' "

My own experience shows me that the inspector's words that these fines "are sometimes a positive encouragement to breaking the regulations," are entirely true. Fines condone the offence, and from the girl's point of view are of more benefit to the employer than her punctuality or carefulness are of benefit to him. In girls' wage-books that I have examined, fines for lateness appear in some with unfailing regularity. Serious faults of this sort ought not to be treated as a matter of pecuniary bargain in which the employer comes off best. Dismissal, after a certain number of warnings, is the only way to make the worker comprehend the immorality of her behaviour. All trade union action runs in this direction. In places where fines are abolished, and dismissal is the punishment, the tone of the workers is distinctly better.

Besides the idea that to pay a certain price as money for your offence makes it no offence, the knowledge that (as is the case in many factories) the employer makes a good thing out of your faults has a bad effect on the women. It tends to perpetuate the feeling rankling at the bottom of so many women's minds that they are being perpetually plundered by their employer, and in return they endeavour to plunder him back again.

In still another way it is injurious. In the North particularly, the employée who is possessed of the qualities requisite for success in the industrial battle, becomes in time an employer. The girl who has worked in a factory becomes the wife of an employer, and the mother of employers.

The lessons learnt in the workshop are not forgotten, and so the system tends to repeat itself. It is a common saying that no employer of labour is so hard in his treatment of his work-people as one who has himself been through the workshop; is not the reason for this that he is the result, the product, of the system working there? An inspector once said to me that the hardest, most indifferent set of people as regards factory

improvements, were the employers' wives of the class I have described.

The last tinkering at the Truck Act—which, instead of simply abolishing all fines and deductions, demands that deductions be of a “reasonable” amount—has, it seems to me, by this word “reasonable,” accentuated the existence of fines as far as women are concerned. It runs on the old methods of curing instead of preventing. Few working women could or would appeal against unreasonable deductions. Fear keeps them quiet. Magistrates are still drawn from one sex only, and mostly from one class; so is it surprising that fines are uncomplainingly endured? That there is a fund now to support women who resist does not largely attract North-country women. Being drawn from another class than their own, it savours somewhat of charity. They regard it as a slightly illogical arrangement. With one hand the richer classes plunder them by means of fines, and with the other hand they apparently pay for their acquittal from these penalties.

In factories not possessing a good reputation the girls sometimes see what they have been heavily fined for as bad work sold as good work at the ordinary price. In most wholesale clothing places a compulsory deduction of one penny per week is made for “sick;” and in places where there is a dining-room, of one penny for its use, &c., even though, as is tolerably often the case, the dining-room be not large enough to hold all the workers. In drawing attention to these things, I wish to emphasise, not the hardship of them, but the extremely bad moral effect they have on the women. Deception and meanness they see practised by those who are above them in worldly position—who are, in the old language of political economy, their benefactors, in as far as they are employers of labour. How can these women have any sense of honour when they see that moral quantity left out, ignored, in the regulations imposed on them, when they see everywhere a “debasement of the moral currency”? Truth and honour they cannot learn in the workshop. Is it possible, when to answer the inspector's questions truthfully means, more often than not, the “sack”? When the manager, or foreman or forewoman stands behind

the inspector's back making signs to the girl who is being questioned? When word comes up through the speaking-tube from the office into the workroom, announcing his arrival and ordering the concealment of this and that, the hasty ordering of everything so that all may be legal and right by the time the different floors are inspected? An instance rises in my mind that occurred lately in a large and highly respected factory. The screw fastening a girl's sewing machine to the floor (the machine ran by steam-power, of course) was loose. The inspector was coming; a fine was feared, for such a loose screw was dangerous; the girl working on the machine had left during the morning, being completely unnerved by an accident caused by this loose screw, which had nearly cost her her life. She received a message telling her to come back that afternoon and sit at her machine during the inspector's visit, so that her dress might cover the loose screw. Her machine would not be running as he passed, for fear the jarring sound might attract his attention. The girls thought it a good joke. This is how they mostly regard these meannesses. Deceiving the inspector, lying to his face, many of them—appallingly many—thoroughly enjoy. Listening to their stories—told, it is true, with a good deal of humour—is depressing beyond description. The employer, of course, figures as a thieving tyrant, but the inspector is worse, in that he is an interloper as well. It is only when you know the girls very well indeed—so well that they have lost all fear in your presence—that they will thus unconsciously reveal to you the texture of their minds. As a rule, they quickly, and with no deceitful intention, adapt themselves to the standard of the person they are with. The presence of a teacher or a visitor brings even a different tone into their voices. It is only by mixing with them as one of themselves, listening to them unobserved as they talk to *each other* in the streets, in trains, during a strike, &c., that one learns to know them thoroughly well, and learns to understand how hardly their industrial conditions tell upon their natures. When this lesson is well learnt (it takes a long time) the path of reform begins to lie plain—not plain in the sense of being easy to pursue, but plain to understand.

To take one more instance before leaving this point. It is illegal to keep factory doors locked during working hours on account of fire. Numbers of factories still keep them locked, so that if there is no work the girls cannot go home and let everyone know how slack of work Messrs. So and So are. If the inspector finds these doors locked, the employer or manager explains it was an accidental oversight and apologizes. The girls hear this apology, and they also know the truth. They learn to admire the adroitness of their masters.

Anyone who cares to study all this earnestly, and really grasps this point of view, can never again lose patience or faith in these girls. They are not by nature depraved; they are simply the result—the logical result—of the mill in which they are being ground. There are occasions in which they can even rise above this terrible grinding. In a strike of some weavers, in a small village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the people who worked in the “adulterating shed” were not noticed or spoken to by those who worked in the more honourable departments of the business. Indeed, the more one knows of industrial life for women—for these facts, these conditions, fines, &c., apply to women and not to men—the more one begins to wonder at the goodness of which its members are capable: a goodness which makes that of one’s own class seem to be a poor cheap sort, mainly the result of good physical and moral training.

It is said, and quite rightly, that working-women are selfish and cruel to each other, underselling each other and pushing each other down, in the struggle for wages. This is quite true, and this is where the influence of the Sunday-school and the district visitor comes in. The general tone of this influence is against the idea that women should assert their rights as human beings, or that they should be loyal to a cause, and to their comrades, known and unknown, in that cause, sooner than to their own immediate interests. They are taught, and quite properly, that everything begins at home; but they are also taught that everything *ends* with the home. Duties to their fellow human beings are as nothing compared with their duties to their home circle. They are taught indirectly that trade unions, which are disliked by the average teacher, mean strikes

and general revolution and disorder, and what is much worse, are unwomanly and intensely vulgar. There is no intelligent teaching on the subject in these centres, or in any schools; no showing of how a trade union, by displacing the immediate advantage of the individual by the ultimate advantage of the many, and particularly of the weak and suffering, is a kind—and a high kind, in my opinion—of religion. It teaches the best form of renunciation, and surely no one can be strong who does not learn something of that. But no; the girls are taught that to mix themselves up in those matters is vulgar; a strike is vulgar disorder. To be a blackleg, to be disloyal to a cause, is shown to be the most womanly way of supporting your home.

The orthodox religious teaching they also get tends, I find, to make this world of too little importance in that the exclusive fixing of the attention on the next world, and the compensations it holds for all the oppressed and miserable, inclines the girls to be too submissive. Since happiness will certainly be the result of patiently-borne misery, then let us be patient and silent. They are not taught to discriminate between the nobility of bearing with patience personal troubles, and the indolent selfishness of not resisting, to the utmost, evil that degrades and demoralises others as well as themselves. There is no teaching showing the direct connection between underselling your fellow-women and prostitution. The blackleg is not made to see that it is largely she who makes for other women an honest living less possible. The employer who underpays is responsible for prostitution, but so are the women who uncomplainingly accept his underpay. Orthodox teaching says on the one hand to these women, "Be patient, a small wage is better than none," and on the other, "Starvation is better than dishonour." Which teaching shall they follow?

That earnest-minded band of women who spend their lives in rescue-work, also, it seems to me, tend to perpetuate the evil they detest, since everyone who works on curative rather than on preventive lines must do so in some degree. They remove girls from the streets, and so leave room for others to step in and take their places. They, as it were, keep the market from being overstocked, thus preventing its unpopularity by any great fall in prices. Prostitution is largely an economic

question. One wishes the day to come when only those are in its miserable ranks who are there from preference; but that day will come infinitely sooner when rescue-workers awake and work on economic lines, openly recognising that at present no industrial woman's wage is so good as the wage she can earn on the streets, and also when, as a nation, we agree that it is no longer to be tolerated that mere existence for thousands of women is only possible by prostitution. What an upward step it would be, if the public were to brand as outlaws, instead of worshipping as financial geniuses, all persons making fortunes out of the miserable wages (such as seven shillings per week) of their women employées!

The industrial woman, as I said at the beginning, must be roused to desire and work out for herself her own salvation. Any lightening of the task for her, such as many people desire to undertake, will only lessen the effectiveness of the result. Our first step must be to gain full freedom for her. She must be given the full rights of citizenship. She must have a vote.

At present she shirks her responsibilities. True to the teaching she gets, she ignores and dislikes the responsibility of citizenship. Give her full responsibility, and teach her what it really means. At present, she does not study the laws; as I have shown, she regards an inspector as an enemy; she does not care about or understand the Factory Acts. When a new regulation affecting her welfare is posted, she seldom reads it, and, if she reads it, often does not understand it. Why should she, seeing that she has had no voice in making the Acts or in framing these regulations? She feels very much about it as a labourer once put it: "Laws is made by a lot o' men as lives so far away they can know nought about it."

At election days, they, being women, are of no real account, for, as a candidate remarked, they are not constituents; and, until these women have a vote and are constituents, Factory Acts will not be understood and obeyed; they will be, as some of them are now in some places, mere waste paper. Of this I am more and more convinced every day of my life. The industrial woman must have the legal power given to her whereby she can herself improve her own industrial conditions. Men have done so, and backward, ignorant, light-hearted as

working women are, what their men-kind have done they can do also; though, of course, there are many who think, especially of working people, that, as George Eliot puts it, a man's mind is always superior to a woman's, "and, therefore, even his ignorance is of a sounder quality."

Certainly trade unions will never flourish amongst women, until on election days the female trade union voice can make itself heard alongside of the male trade union voice, and some legal result of trade unionism can come to women, won by their own efforts. It has always been so with men; and men and women are wonderfully alike.

There is one point people seem to forget—a point which makes the Parliamentary Franchise even more important for working women than for any other class of women. They spend most of their time in the factory, where they are entirely legislated for by that State of which they are not recognized members. A non-working woman lives mostly in her own home, in the parish or municipality of which she is more or less a member. This puts the working woman at a decided disadvantage.

That the improved status a vote would give these women would be a large factor in raising their wages there cannot be the smallest doubt. In the language of the girls themselves about it: "They don't dare put on a man same as they do on us; not they!" ("They," of course, standing for the employing class generally.) "Of course not," said a man trade unionist; "you see men have a vote."

When women have got the vote, the next step will be to make them understand its connection with every part of their individual lives; to make them realize the responsibility it gives them; and to awaken in them the desire to undertake the troublesome difficult tasks of full citizenship. At present they are somewhat like the slave who enjoys his slavery; and they dread the idea of working upwards towards the light as men are working. Philanthropy, of which we have so much, rather tends to increase this dread, partly by temporarily alleviating and gilding over the ugly sordidness of working women's lives, with its kindnesses, and partly by the deadening of vision it produces in those who exercise it; a deadening

which makes them regard this dread, not as what it is, a selfish indifference of the same sort which makes so many "educated" women a bar to the progress of their sex, but as a womanly shrinking from the coarser side of life—what in Miss Burney's days was so much admired under the name of "female delicacy."

Conventional teaching, philanthropy, and rescue-work, then, all tend to keep things as they are. The district visitor visiting in the mills, of whom I have made mention, does this also, in two ways. Directly, by her teaching the beauty of humility, patience, and resignation; and, indirectly, by her ignoring the evils which she might, if she would but look and understand, see going on round her. She sits reading to the girls in a dining-room which is perhaps too small to hold all those who have to pay their weekly penny for its use; too ill-ventilated (except when the inspector is expected) to be sanitary. One dining-room rises before me as I write: underground, lighted entirely and constantly by gas; the damp stone floor covered with sawdust, reached only by a ladder staircase; no ventilation, and consequently pervaded by a most appalling smell. The district visitor sees these things and is silent. If she thinks about them at all, she probably accepts them as an inevitable part of women's industrial life. This general attitude of acceptance soaks into working women's minds of course, and thus by all these combined influences, are produced, a careless indifferent race of human beings, not disliking, except dumbly and helplessly, conditions which they ought to dislike, and not resenting treatment they ought to resent.

We are all more or less responsible for this state of things, and the vague misery stirring constantly within us, as we walk along the streets of a manufacturing town particularly, is the haunting of this responsibility. But just as we are all responsible, so can we all work in the path of reform, each in our own way. Only one thing is necessary for us all to remember, viz., that the industrial woman must work out her freedom for herself. We cannot, we have no right to do it for her. We cannot possibly know her needs so well as she herself can. Or perhaps I should say, as she herself will, when we have helped her to find a voice whereby she can express her needs, and above

all, when we have given her a knowledge of what freedom really is, and how it can only be gained by desiring and aiming at the best and highest—a desire of which she is as capable as any one of us in all the world.

This is our task; and that it is unpopular, often misunderstood by those whom it is meant to help, and often therefore thankless, only makes it more worth while. These difficulties serve to quicken and strengthen one's vision, convincing one more each day that this task is the right one. The straight and narrow path was ever reported to be difficult and hard to pursue, but any other road is surely not to be tolerated.

ISABELLA O. FORD.

A THRUSH THAT NEVER LIVED.

ONE summer afternoon I was walking on the South Downs in a very silent lonely place where these great round green hills are highest ; and when I had got to the top of one of the hills I saw far down on the further side a small ancient farm in the hollow at its foot. The old grey farm-house with its clustering shade trees, out-buildings with thatched roofs, and a small orchard and garden surrounded by a high stone wall, formed together a pretty peaceful picture, and although seen distinctly in all its details in that clear atmosphere, the buildings yet appeared at that distance no bigger than dolls' houses. On the further side of the deep hollow in which the farm stood arose a second hill higher even than the one I stood upon. I crossed over to it, going close to the farm on my way, and in passing heard the shrill voices of a number of children playing in the little walled orchard. Their shouts and laughter sounded very loud as I passed their hidden playground, but the noise soon died away as I toiled up the opposing slope. Half way to the top I paused to rest and admire the view, and looking back I once more heard the voices of the children—the high-pitched tones and peals of laughter, now faint and far and made musical by distance. It seemed strange to hear such a sound in such a place, in the silence of those great lonely hills, under the vast blue silent sky.

It was then, while listening, that I caught sight of a narrow slip of wood close to my feet, about four inches long, rounded at one end and pointed at the other, with some words written

on it. I took it to be a gardener's label, and wondered how it got there out on the open down ; then, just to see the name of the plant written on it, I picked it up and made the discovery that it had been placed there to mark the burial place of a little bird. It had been stuck in the ground, but the hoof of some grazing animal had knocked it out. The words written on it, in a large laboured childish hand, were—

Mr. Thrush
Who died.

A short inscription on a thrush, a bird which had no doubt been taken from its nest by one of the merry children to whose voices I had just been listening, to be reared by hand. On enquiry at the farm I found that this was the case ; and the bird had died and was buried out on the green down at a distance from the house. And the little owner of the bird had no doubt experienced a pang of grief in his young heart when he buried his feathered pet and placed this poor little memorial over the spot.

So short and simple an epitaph composed by a child ! Yet it contained all that there was to be said of a bird which had known no bird's real life, which in a sense had never lived, yet had died.

That does indeed seem a miserable destiny for any creature, and a very strange thing—to have no real life and yet to die. This is the way of it. We know that the embryo, the young bird in the shell, has no conscious or intelligent life, but only what may be called a vegetative life. And almost as much may be said of the fledgling's passive existence in the nest, when it is absorbing air and food and light and warmth—warmth of the sun and of the brooding parent's body ; and when all the forces in it are busily building up that set of huge breast-muscles that will be so much to it by-and-bye when its active life begins. Not until this building-up process is complete and the impulse to open its wing and fly comes like a sudden divine intuition, and lifts and sustains it in the void air, does the young bird come into its real life, its splendid inheritance. If made captive from the nest it will never know its true destiny ; life will be to it even less than a probation

and a waiting, since it will end in nothing. Those great pectoral muscles, that are more to the bird than legs and arms to the man, will have been made in vain. For man lives not so much in motion, and he is bound to earth; and furthermore by means of his pictorial faculty he inhabits two worlds at once, and has a double life—the life of the senses, of what he sees and hears and feels, and the inner life of thought and memory and imagination.

It is hard, nay impossible for us, in spite of our mental powers and our power of sympathy, to realise what loss of liberty is to a winged creature.

We see a boy or youth, physically weak, a cripple, perhaps deformed, from his birth, placed out of doors at some spot from which he may quietly watch and enjoy the athletic games of the others of his own age. How he gazes and listens and takes it all in—their swift motion, their speed and strength, their excited shouts and peals of merry laughter, their faces glowing with health and happiness! I have watched him, the poor cripple, at such a time, and seen a hungry look come into his eyes and pale face which seemed to say, "Oh that I could run and leap and shout and laugh with joy just once in my life—just for a few minutes, even if swift death should follow!"

How sad is his case! But his loss is less than that of a caged bird, because of that double life I have spoken of. For the bird has but one life, and one supreme faculty—that great faculty of flight to which all the others have been subordinated and brought into an exquisite harmony. Deprive it of this special gift—the power of swift aerial motion which we are without, and all else—all faculties, with everything beside—the feathered garment and swift blood and aerial soul—are made of no account; and are like dead straws and dust blown about by the wind, and like mere vain promptings, such as would be an impulse in a dumb man to open his mouth and cry out aloud.

W. H. HUDSON.

GAMES WHICH THE NATION NEEDS.

As a player and lover of games rather than a "sportsman" in the sense of a would-be hunter and slayer of animals; as one who finds in games all the physical pleasure and recreation that he needs; as one who has not the slightest desire to hunt or fish or shoot, the writer of this article must be not a little biassed. He knows, however, that "sport" must have a strong fascination for "sportsmen," and that many if not most "sportsmen" are kind and humane men in other ways; moreover, he feels that his own favourite games at the present time, for instance, tennis, lawn tennis, and racquets are exceptionally interesting and exciting, and are not to be taken as common types of games. He believes that if such forms of exercise were within the reach of the majority, there would be comparatively little desire for "sport;" and believing this, he wishes to put no less interesting games within the reach of the majority, of the millions; he wishes to suggest games which shall be possible all over Great Britain and the colonies, even within the hearts of cities, and which shall be within the reach even of the very poor.

Although the writer looks forward to a distant future when "sport" will be a tradition of which some learned antiquarians will conclusively disprove the existence in the past, yet he does not intend to condemn "sport" as utterly useless and valueless. "Sport" may be defended as developing calmness and patience, promptitude and alertness, giving nerve and giving "eye," an athletic body with activity and endurance, and a healthy body

←qualities all invaluable to any and every member of any and every nation all the world over. The advocates of "sport" grant that "sport" is out of the question for our millions, but they say that our millions are at present led by a few hundreds, or at the most thousands of politicians and others, and that it is necessary for these few to have the above qualities at all costs.

Now the cost of the "sport" of these comparatively few individuals is great for the individuals themselves; but it is still greater for the nation, not only because of the unused land, much of which might be used for the cultivation of fruit trees, etc., but also for the habit of animal killing, which "sport" encourages. Is there no better means for developing the above qualities? Is there no means suited for our millions also, as well as for our few?

I believe that no quality which is developed by means of "sport" would not also be developed by means of *carefully selected and adapted* games and athletics. If we need shooting besides, we can supply this want by the shooting of clay pigeons, as the Americans are doing with increasing frequency. We might also have moving targets. But I have little doubt that the best games and athletics, such as football and boxing, would do for us whatever "sport" does, and at less cost.

At present the sole justification for "sport" is that it is an incentive to exercise, and to the development of the above qualities. Education tells us that the starting-point for action should be interest; "sport" affords this interest, as I have pointed out in another article. A walk by the banks of a lovely river may be good for all of us, but at present few of our leading men would walk there unless the river were good for fishing; and we may apply this to nature generally. There are exceptions—for example, when mountains have to be climbed, or when there is some element of competition, as in some race or trial of speed on a motor-car. But to the majority of us the study of nature as a pleasure is a lost art; there is no longer the starting-point of interest and attraction. There is a firmly-established craving for some sort of *competition*, a well exercised and habitual desire for some sort of mastery; and we had better admit this at once as a characteristic of

most "Anglo-Saxons"; the part of the reformer is not to ignore such a tendency, but to direct it into a healthy channel.

I wish to suggest here at some length how certain games and athletics can be adapted to modern conditions, and made as interesting to the millions as "sport" is to the few. I may begin with the indisputable fact, too often forgotten, that our most popular games and athletics need a large open space, and that therefore, though they be possible in the suburbs of cities, and in the country, yet they are not possible in their present form in the cities themselves. Our squares are little used for purposes of exercise, more's the pity. At the best we have a covered boxing and fencing club or gymnasium, and a covered swimming bath, here and there; also a few "physical culture" schools, not yet adopting any scientific principle, but still doing grand work for the nation because they interest people. People like to see their muscles growing larger and larger. The cycling throughout England must be taken into account. Its general effect is excellent, especially for clerks and others who have sedentary occupations. For few people walk much now-a-days; and, besides this, walking rarely gives the brisk exercise which we need. The great majority, especially in our slums, take practically no healthy exercise at all. Most of those who can afford it are carried to their work; before and after their work they feel too tired to move quickly. They would rather smoke or read the paper; there is as yet no attracting and absorbing interest which shall drag them out of their unhealthy homes or clubs or public houses.

On the other hand, no one in his senses will deny that the great majority of "Anglo-Saxons" would enjoy the best "Anglo-Saxon" games and athletics, if they could be practised in cities. Look, for instance, at the small boys in the street, who play cricket with a lamp-post for their wicket, a stick for their bat, and a newspaper rolled up and tied with string, for their ball. These little hero-worshippers of the great cricketers love their imitation game. If philanthropists would provide india-rubber balls for such boys, especially in the neighbourhood of so-called model dwellings, they would be doing more good than they do by their gifts of tea and beef-tea and arrowroot to hungry poor families. But is it possible

to put the best games within the reach of our millions, without tremendous initial and permanent cost ?

I unhesitatingly answer, yes, it is quite possible. I go a step further and say that it is quite essential to our future success, nay, to our future existence, as a nation. I grant that the initial cost will be considerable ; perhaps it would almost amount to as much as the cost of a single week of the present war ; but such clubs would soon become self-supporting, if worked on the proper lines. There would be some care needed in adapting new rules of the games to the new conditions ; for instance, in cricket, we should need more interest for the fielders. The whole interest should not be concentrated for the few makers of centuries and for the few bowlers. There should be more innings in a given time, and there should be the free use of handicaps. But special commissions can easily be appointed to regulate such things. You laugh ; but why not ? We already have commissions for all sorts of smugghishnesses and trivialities, for all sorts of things which are utterly unimportant and lifeless, so why not for games, for games and athletics, for those means of education to which every *manly* Britisher looks back as among the most valuable influences in his early life ? Why not put such influences within the reach of our millions ? Is it not time yet ?

In a few pages it is impossible to do more than answer one or two questions. These questions shall be, what are our best and most popular "Anglo-Saxon" games ? what can these games do for us as a nation, for our boys and men, for our girls and women who form our majority ? Has any experiment such as I suggest succeeded anywhere already ? How can the games be adapted, especially to our city life ? Can they be made so interesting to our millions that our millions will rush to play them ? For, as a player of most games, I strongly believe that in their present forms, *e.g.*, cricket and lawn tennis are not adapted to the needs of the millions.

1. *What are our best and most popular "Anglo-Saxon" games ?*

We might say much about athletic and other exercises, about walking, cycling, rowing, running, boxing, fencing, and single-stick, gymnastics, swimming, &c. Some of these will be

considered directly, but here we shall deal chiefly with games. Swimming is not a game, though water polo is. Among the games we must reckon hockey, football, rounders and baseball, cricket, lawn tennis, the mixture of cricket and lawn tennis which has just been tried at Queen's Club, squash, fives, Badminton, and even ping-pong.

2. *What can these games do for us as a nation ?*

I quote a few words here from another article. They represent a very small fraction of what games and athletics *might* do for us as a nation if we organised them as carefully as we are organising many other departments of life.

"Let us consider a few headings:—

"I. *Military Training*.—The South African war alone would be sufficient to tell us what our games have done for military training by encouraging physical health and endurance, pluck and prompt activity.

"II. *Social Training*.—All classes should compete in games, and both sexes. If handicaps were scientifically introduced, games would have a still greater influence. They are among the greatest national, international, and cosmopolitan bonds of union.

"III. *Intellectual Training*.—Games encourage ready thought, which quickly becomes action, and is surely tested by its results—success or failure. Games teach people to change and adapt themselves to new conditions, and to try new methods, and to keep to those methods which seem to be best after fair experiment. Games are also good exercise for the memory.

"IV. *Economical Training*.—They teach co-operation under capable organisers, together with specialisation in some particular department. Each does his own work best, but his own work is only one part of the whole work.

"V. *Moral Training*.—The player has to observe the laws of the game, and the unwritten laws of honour. He has to accept defeat cheerfully, and to see whether he can learn any lessons from it. He acquires courage and pluck, self-confidence and self-respect.

"VI. *Physical Training*, which is closely connected with moral and intellectual training in many ways. Games should develop the various parts of the body, and should develop beauty. They should give pleasure and joy, which have an important effect, chemical and tonic, upon the blood through-

out the whole body. They should give vigorous health and incidentally lead to a study and love of nature.

"Games, in fact, are or should be a grand preparation for life, by being an imitation of life's struggles, to which imitation the keenest interest is not wanting, while the worst side of life's struggles, as seen in religion and commerce, can be excluded."

3. *Has such an experiment as I suggest yet succeeded anywhere?*

We may start by looking at the game of squash in America. The game of squash needs a small room, *e.g.*, of wood, and a little artificial light for evening play. There must be a line on the wall, above which line the ball must be hit. There must be a ball and a racket, for instance, an old lawn tennis ball and an old lawn tennis racket. The rules are simple; the expense can be reduced to almost nothing, and half-an-hour of play gives plenty of exciting exercise and a good sweat. American business men need something very attractive to drag them from their arm-chairs after their day's work in the city. But hundreds play and enjoy squash at New York, Tuxedo, Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere, even though there be few squash competitions. I have seen many of the leading Wall Street and other magnates of America thoroughly revelling in the game, and feeling especially well afterwards. The squash-courts can be on the highest floor of a building. They are high up at Boston and in New York; in Philadelphia there is one on the roof of the racquet court.

On the lower floors of the Boston Athletic Association there are many arrangements for athletics; the chief of these is the gymnasium with its various apparatus. The leading universities have imitation boats, in which people can practice rowing. Indeed, there is scarcely any modern apparatus which is missing. In a gallery round the wall of the gymnasium there is frequently a running track. The building on some other floor may have its swimming-bath, and perhaps its Turkish bath, as well as regular club-rooms. The Boston Association has two thousand members in this single building; they are mostly active members. Those who do not go in for hard games or gymnastics will perhaps take the lift downstairs, and play a game of bowls or billiards.

Some of our London clubs do not pay. One reason is that they are spread out over a large area, and the rent of the ground is heavy. The American associations and clubs are built *upwards*. Each floor has its own use; and, so far as convenience goes, the lift makes it as easy to get from one floor to another as to get from one building to another on the same floor. The American winter and summer, both of them extreme in their severity, are among the chief causes for these buildings. Each university has its huge gymnásium, in which basket-ball can be played. This is the chief game for ladies in America, apart from their lawn tennis and golf.

We might mention many other isolated experiments, such as the game of football in the old racquet court at Oxford, the game of cricket which we used to play in a little uncovered squash court at Marlborough, and Canadian hockey on the ice, which uses the side walls for play. It would be easy to add to the list.

There is no need to imitate slavishly. We can easily improve. We need not imitate the Americans in their lack of ventilation in winter; that is one of their terrible mistakes. We can have our whole building quite cool and airy, and we can have our exercise-rooms almost as fresh as if they were in the open air. Fortunately we have not those extremes of climate from which the Americans suffer so much.

4. *How can the best Anglo-Saxon games be adapted, especially to our city life, and made so interesting to our millions that our millions will rush to play them?*

Let me repeat, we need not imitate slavishly; for example, we might allow ladies to use the club on certain days, at any rate until the evening, when the business men will want it. We can have a large lecture-room, at which many authorities on health, and training, and athletics would be only too glad to lecture. As in some American city clubs, we can have frequent competitions, with small cups or trophies for prizes; and we can have light refreshments. But all such details could easily be arranged afterwards.

There would be the swimming-tank, bath-rooms, &c.; and places in which flannels could be kept. At Columbia

University, in America, hundreds of sets of flannels were kept in a single room, and the arrangements were so excellent that the place was quite sweet. There would be a large gymnasium with all sorts of appliances, *e.g.*, the punch-ball, and the imitation rowing-boat, and perhaps the various "developers." There might be the gallery with its running-track. Above there would certainly be the squash courts, where cheap and imperishable balls and rackets could be easily obtained. The same courts could be used for fives, where perhaps soft balls could be used instead of the usual hard balls. Of course fives is played with the hands, and therefore cheaper than squash. It is good all-round exercise, since both sides of the body are employed, and there is a considerable amount of stooping. So far, we have advanced little beyond the American plan.

To these items, however, we may add an open space on the flat roof, like that which is used by the St. Paul's Choir School in London. One of the leading American bankers was going to build a squash-court on his roof, just before I left America. In the building there should be plain rooms for boxing, fencing, single-stick, and perhaps for ping-pong, and such other games as may be popular.

But the chief feature of the building should be *large plain wooden-walled rooms for indoor games*. The best games are to be adapted so that they may be played in these large rooms. In these large rooms there must be artificial light for evening play; that is absolutely essential. It is strange that in England no architect has yet studied indoor games as a special subject. The light should not be thrown downwards, but upwards on to a reflector, or on to a white ceiling; anyhow, the ceiling should be white, so that it may not absorb so much light. The indirect light would be scarcely at all trying to the eyes. Add to these rooms balls of various sizes, and all kinds of implements, which can be sold by the professional or manager, and we have everything ready for the best English games in cities. All games will include play off the four walls. This play off the walls is one of the chief charms of many forms of squash and fives; without it racquets and tennis would lose half their variety. One of the best games in the world, Canadian

hockey on the ice, as played at Montreal, allows of great skill in the use of the walls.

Court-hockey might be very like out-of-door hockey, only there would be a softer ball and fewer people on each side. We might compare the hockey "sixes" at some Cambridge colleges. The side-wall play would improve the game of hockey considerably. There would be commissions, as we have said, to decide the details, and rules would be drawn up temporarily; *experientia docebit*.

Court-football might have a smaller ball and fewer people a side. The Association rules would be better than the Rugby. Here also there would be side-wall play. American basket-ball might be played in the gymnasium, or in one of the large rooms.

Court-cricket would use a softer ball, a smaller bat, and larger wickets, so that there might be more frequent innings. There would be handicaps, so that the inferior players might get more pleasure. Some arrangements would be made as to boundary hits on to the walls. Catching off the walls would be allowed.

It would be easy to enlarge this list, but there is no need to do so here. All the above games would be exciting because they would be competitive; they would be all the more exciting if the commissions devoted some time to a scientific system of handicaps. There would be single games, double games, and team games, which would encourage co-operation, and would bring club into friendly conflict with club, and city with city. It is surprising how much of the pleasant intercourse between American cities and classes is due to the large clubs like the New York Athletic Club. And these games would be healthy, and comparatively free from danger. Looking at them from a scientific point of view, I should say that it would be far less dangerous to life and health to play such games than to travel in a stuffy omnibus or railway carriage, and run the risk of catching consumption for want of fresh air and exercise and lung-development. All the games would be cheap, all would be possible for both sexes, and for all classes, though it is doubtful if, as a nation, we are yet ready for mixed clubs. Anyhow, the social influence would be immense. Last, but not

least, the games would be possible during any month in the year, during any day in the month, and during any time in the day.

One of our crying needs is exercise for the millions. There is plenty of exercise possible for the millions, but as yet there is lacking a sufficient inducement and attraction. Games offer this inducement. Games within buildings, where artificial light is possible, are especially adapted to our modern city life, where most of the daytime is spent (or should be spent) in brain work. Such a scheme as I suggest here is recommended to the notice of those who have money, and of those who have the management of such affairs. It is time that politicians awoke from their apathy. They see our nation degenerating physically, at least in our cities, in spite of all the tremendously expensive sanitary precautions, and the advance of the science of surgery. And yet they will not wake up. If one were to suggest to an influential person that the millions need games, he would say: "I am too busy to attend to this." Once or twice I have suggested the idea to editors, but they have replied, "My paper is not frivolous." It is time that we began to see the reality of things, that we candidly examined into these questions. What have games done for us? What would they do for our millions if they were possible for our millions? What are the effects of games as compared with the effects of "education," which is too often the mere swallowing of dry facts; as compared with the effects of religion, which is too often mere adherence to dry dogmas; as compared with the effects of commerce, which is too often mere money-making by hook or by crook; as compared in fact with almost any "orthodox" department of life?

EUSTACE MILES.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE REFORM.

THE attitude of the public towards the cruelties of the slaughter-house may fairly be described as deliberate indifference, indifference, that is, with a guilty sub-consciousness of the reality of the cruelties and of the responsibility of the community. This guilty sub-consciousness comes out plainly in their refusal to examine the facts and ascertain the truth.

Those who have had any experience of the agitation against vivisection will find this attitude in no way surprising; for it is an attitude with which their work has made them sadly familiar. The truth is that the average man who accepts the horrors of the vivisector's laboratory or the cruelties of the slaughter-house as a necessary concomitant of our unrivalled twentieth century civilization and refuses to be made acquainted with what goes on behind the veil, takes up this attitude from a selfish desire to avoid the unpleasantness of knowing the existence of remediable evils, involved in his own supposed self-interest, which, if looked into, would clamour for reform to his unwilling conscience.

Now the tortures inflicted in the scientific laboratory may, and often do, far exceed in intensity and still more largely in duration of time the worst atrocities of the slaughter-house. But they are the necessary price for the supposed gains of vivisection. You cannot have the practice without them, as has been abundantly proved by what has gone on for a quarter of a century and still goes on under Government licenses and inspection. The vivisector's object is not to kill his victim. He wishes to keep his victim alive for days, weeks, or months,

as the case may be, that he may study the results of his experiments.

The object of the slaughter-house operator is altogether different; it is simply to convert living animals into dead meat, to kill, and nothing more; and the cruelties of the slaughter-house are not only not a necessary accompaniment of slaughter, but on the contrary, an animal can, and should be killed for food in the mere physical interests of the consumer as quickly and painlessly as possible.

This, I suppose, would be denied by few. What is denied by the vested interests which make a profit from our numerous private slaughter-houses is that there is any unnecessary cruelty or any conditions harmful to the wholesomeness of the meat in the present system. The truth is that the cruelties of the private slaughter-houses, whenever inspection has been possible—and an entry is commonly denied, even to the officers of the R.S.P.C.A., and even at the slaughter-houses of the Corporation at Deptford and Islington—are seen to be enormous in extent, millions of animals passing into them every year, and are sufficiently atrocious when it is remembered that they are absolutely unnecessary, that by a little trouble and expense they could be removed completely.

To remedy the evils of the slaughter-house, and the allied evils of the sea-borne and inland cattle trade, would be not only to discharge a manifest moral duty of the community, but also to consult the interests of the bodily health of the nation. These assertions I make deliberately, and I propose to give the grounds on which I make them.

First, as to the manifest moral duty. Cruelty, according to the Christian religion, professed in England by the majority of the community, and, no less, according to their enlightened conscience, is the worst kind of immorality; and the careless and needless cruelty which goes on continually in the slaughter of animals for food, and the passage of animals to the slaughter-house gives to the slaughter-man and the drover, and the other persons connected with the work, an education in cruelty which is to their own moral detriment, and certainly not for the advantage of other human beings with whom they have to do.

That the slaughter-house, where it has not been thoroughly reformed, should be a place of cruelty is to be expected. It is a survival of the savage past, which has been left very much as it was. Moreover it is unquestionably true that the fact that an animal has been doomed to die seems to blunt all feeling of compassion in persons under other circumstances not cruel to animals. The almost universal argument from drovers or butchers when remonstrated with for cruelty is this, that the animal has got to die, and it will be all the same to it how you use it, in a few minutes or a few hours as the case may be. Behind this argument lurks a darker fact of human nature. The infliction or even the contemplation of suffering, when it is not allowed to arouse compassion or does not arouse it, tends to produce a pleasurable excitement; the sleeping devil in the heart of every man, as Kingsley called it, awakens, for the sight of a living, bleeding, quivering organism most undoubtedly does act in a particular way upon what has been called the emotion-motor nature in us; whether or not this be, as Prof. Rolleston thought, an ancestral instinct possessed by us in common with the carnivora.

So strong is this tendency that the infliction or the mere spectacle of deliberate slaughter tends to divest of pity even those who have kindly feelings, established by association, towards various animals, towards the pet lambs, the farmyard pigs and fowls they have fed and taken care of. The dying struggles and dying squeals or groans of their former pets often produce nothing but amusement in the farmer's family, and pig-killing, because of its long continuance and the squealing of the stuck pig, is regarded by many, by townsfolk as well as peasants, by girls as well as boys, as highly entertaining. One might add that social position does not alter the human heart, for delicately nurtured ladies who follow the Devon and Somerset Hounds and other packs in pursuit of stags or timid in-calf hinds, apparently enjoy the spectacle of the butchery of the exhausted and terrified animal, even more thoroughly than do their male companions.

This feeling, which Aristotle and Plutarch knew under the name of *Επιχαιρεκακία*, is in its primitive form seen in the violent death which many animals and even many

savage tribes deal out to their sick or age-worn relatives or friends. Whatever its explanation, this phenomenon must be taken into account in dealing with such a question as the slaughter of immense numbers of animals for food and the moral effect on those who do the work. Of course it is quite possible for a man to perform the work of slaughter, even of violent slaughter, as a necessary duty, with disgust and dislike for the work and pity for the animal; but the facts of human nature make this work morally a very dangerous one. No one who engages in such work (and this is of course true of the vivisector to a far greater extent than of the butcher) can be sure that the tendency may not be lurking in him, to be evoked by his work, the tendency which, encouraged and allowed free course, gave to the world such monsters as a Nero, a Domitian, or even a Gilles de Retz.

The fact that these moral dangers are attached to the repression of pity in the presence of suffering, not only in the slaughter-men but in the onlookers (and these in private slaughter-houses are often lads and little boys), would lead us to expect that in a country of the moral standing of England and particularly in the great centre of national life, London, the greatest care would be taken to guard against the moral danger that attaches to careless cruelty in that taking of life which must be going on continually to supply the meat for the population of a great city. What one would expect would be strict supervision of a dangerous trade, the trade being carried on in places where effective supervision is possible. What do we find in London? Instead of public abattoirs, which even the Latin races have to some extent adopted, though not from any motive of humanity towards the animals, properly equipped with the most scientific apparatus for humane killing and to ensure the wholesomeness of the meat, we find in London more than four hundred private slaughter-houses (the *Meat Trades Journal* gives four hundred and fifty as the number) scattered over London, which would require an army of inspectors if the inspection was to be efficient, for in private slaughter-houses cattle can be killed just as the meat is wanted, and so killing may go on at any time as suits the butcher's convenience. Even at the semi-public slaughter-

houses of the Corporation of London at Deptford and Islington, the R.S.P.C.A. officers are refused admission, much more at the really private slaughter-houses. From time to time someone who has eyes to see gains admission, and the veil is lifted and a glimpse is obtained of what is continually going on within. An officer of the R.S.P.C.A. looks perhaps through a chink in the boards or under the door, and records what he sees. Thus, for example, convictions have been obtained for such offences in slaughter-houses as revengeful cruelty, when a butcher deliberately hacked the legs from under a bullock, striking just above the hoof to avoid injuring the meat, in revenge for the trouble the bullock had given him before he could force him down the narrow way into the cellar-like den where the slaughter went on. Again, and more frequently, cases of interested cruelty have been proved and punished, as when a butcher has skinned alive and dismembered alive a number of sheep in a private slaughter-house in order to get through his work quickly and earn his money, he being paid so much a head for killing, skinning, and hanging up the carcasses.

Again, cases of ignorant cruelty have been discovered and prosecuted, cases where young, untrained lads have tried their luck with a poleaxe on some unfortunate ox or cow. There used to be a cow's skull at the office of the R.S.P.C.A. in Jermyn Street which bore a number of indentations made by a bungler endeavouring to fell it in a private slaughter-house. This employment of absolutely unskilled men is of course peculiar to the private slaughter-house, and is, I think, unknown in the larger and better private slaughter-houses; at any rate I never saw any want of skill in the large private slaughter-houses I have visited. It must be remembered that the fact of slaughter-houses being private, which greatly increases the difficulty of inspection, accounts for the scantiness of evidence, since without the goodwill of the slaughter-men, an entry is impossible. Probably every conviction might be multiplied one thousand-fold, and yet fall far short of the actuality, for even the great Society in Jermyn Street is powerless to protect the victims of the slaughter-house and the convictions it has to show are of necessity very rare. My friend, the late Mr. H. F. Lester, an ardent humanitarian with whom

I was associated on the Committee of the London Model Abattoir Society, and in a careful inspection of slaughter-houses, gave in his excellent pamphlet "Behind the Scenes in Slaughter-houses" experiences such as this: "In one slaughter-house we happened to see a youth killing a bullock. He hit the unfortunate animal five blows before he actually felled it. There is plenty of evidence to show that this, far from being rare—is one of the commonest occurrences in the world."

It would be easy to multiply instances of what goes on in the smaller class of private slaughter-houses, but perhaps the fairest way of dealing with the inhumanity of these places is to give some account of what goes on in the largest and best conducted slaughter-houses in London, from one of which, at Islington, I will venture to lift the veil. The slaughter-house in question was large and compared with other slaughter-houses I have visited, well equipped and in excellent order. I got into talk with one of the slaughter-men, and when a free distribution of cigars and other inducements had made my footing sure, was admitted to see the killing of a lot of upwards of sixty head of fine cattle. The cattle were in the lairs separated from the slaughter-house proper by partition doors, which it had been reported to me at this very slaughter-house a few days before were always kept closed during the killing. The animals were mostly oxen, but I noticed two bulls who would, I expected, give trouble when the time for slaughter arrived.

I confess that the mere anticipation of the slaughter of these sleek, well-fed, quiet domestic animals, accustomed to trust man and without suspicion of his goodwill, made me so uncomfortable with the sense of my powerlessness to protect them, that I would have gladly left the building but that I knew what I witnessed might be of use to aid the cause of slaughter-house reform. I was not kept long waiting. The doors were opened wide, converting the lairs and the slaughter-house proper into what was practically one building. Two butchers with bared arms stepped up to the nearest bullock, a fat, sleek shorthorn, roped him, and dragged him half-resisting to the spot, where a tall young butcher waited with a poleaxe. As soon as the bullock's head was in position for the blow, the poleaxe fell with a crunching

sound, penetrating the skull, and the bullock tumbled over struggling and kicking on the stone floor. Immediately another slaughter-man stepped forward and inserted a cane in the hole punched in the skull from which the poleaxe had been withdrawn and proceeded to stir up the brain, an operation accompanied by the convulsive kicking of the bullock now lying on its back. In a few moments the throat was cut, and dark streams flooded the floor. Then at once two butchers began to skin the still writhing carcass, broke and cut off the legs at the knee, and removed the entrails, and before one had got over the first shock of horror the carcass was hanging up in its place and other bullocks were felled and struggling on the floor.

Bullock followed bullock—and the poleaxe was used so adroitly as seldom to require to be used a second time, and the slaughter was probably as skilfully carried out, and as humanely, as in any slaughter-house in London. But the dexterity of the men was not more manifest than the abject terror of the oxen who waited their turn. The slaughter of their companions went on before their eyes, which were fixed with a horrified fascination on the scene. Their tails tucked in between their legs, their quarters drawn in as if half frozen by an icy breath, they were evidently on the rack of agonized anticipation. I expected the two bulls to show some fight, but so terrified were they that a butcher with blood-smeared arms dragged out each of them in turn, as one might drag a calf, too paralyzed at what they saw to attempt serious resistance. As they slaughtered, skinned, and disembowelled bullock after bullock, the men seemed to catch a certain savage excitement from their work, a feebler form perhaps of the "joyful excitement" of Cyon's ideal vivisector; and joked and cursed at the struggling beasts, and occasionally as the disembowelling went on threw the entrails at one another, till the blood-smeared slaughter-men, the blood-flooded floor, the steaming carcasses, and the terrified remnant of cattle waiting for the violent death they had been watching inflicted on their neighbours, made a veritable *inferno*.

And this was in one of the best and largest private slaughter-houses in London. The men were skilful, and the only thing

that invited criticism was the fact that the partition doors between the lairs and the slaughter-house proper were not, as they ought to have been, closed after every bullock taken out for slaughter, so that the slaughter might not be done under the eyes of the living beasts awaiting their turn. Theoretically, the rule is to shut and keep the doors closed during the slaughter, but practically this would take a great deal too much time, and the slaughter-men here, as elsewhere, never attempted to move the doors after they were once opened wide, but worked unceasingly until the last of the oxen hung a steaming carcass beside the carcasses of his companions. As regards the reality of the sufferings of the animals there could be no doubt, if one may accept the evidence of one's eyes. Unquestionably they suffered the most overwhelming terror from the sight of their neighbours' slaughter and the anticipation of their own. Every sign of terror was manifest in their bearing. The hopelessness with which they accepted the inevitable without a struggle to escape made a vivid impression on me. As regards the actual physical pain of the slaughter, the poleaxe was here employed very skilfully, and the cane used promptly; but still the animal groaned and afterwards kicked and struggled convulsively, and at the insertion of the cane into the brain, and the vigorous stirring of it to break up the brain substance, there were further violent movements and twitchings that may possibly have been merely reflex, but that bore a suspiciously close likeness to suffering. These twitchings and movements continued, though much more faintly, after the skinning had begun, though by this time consciousness was probably almost or altogether annihilated. The sight of the struggling, twitching legs and the heaving belly of each slaughtered beast as it lay on its back on the stone floor while the knives were plied and the skin removed is not one to be forgotten, and it struck me at the time that when we arbitrarily assert that consciousness has ceased, though movement continues, we are asserting what we naturally wish but without any adequate evidence to support our conclusion.

Such was the ordinary course of a day's work at a first-class private slaughter-house, where there was ample accommodation and the slaughter-men were numerous and skilful. This was the

poleaxe and the cane at their best ; and yet the result may strike some of my readers as not altogether satisfactory, not a convincing proof of the needlessness of reform. Of course the case is far worse in the smaller private slaughter-houses, where the accommodation and arrangement of the premises is inadequate and the poleaxe work is seldom competent, and many blows have to be delivered before the ox is down. In such places young lads are sometimes allowed to try their hands at killing oxen, while they are frequently employed to stab, skin, and dismember the patient and unresisting sheep or lambs, and through ignorance and haste inflict a great amount of suffering. If the poleaxe for oxen and the knife for sheep were the last resort of our civilization, then certainly some technical training for the operators would be imperative, some anatomical knowledge, in order particularly that the vertebræ of the sheep should be broken, and not as I have repeatedly seen, and as is very generally the case—I might almost say it is the rule—that the sheep should be stabbed through the throat, the vertebræ untouched, and the animal left to die slowly if the killer has time and is humane or if he is hurried for time, working by piece-work, and callous to suffering, skinned and even dismembered alive, as by no means rarely occurs.

And yet in the face of all this it is very commonly assumed by persons of light and leading that animals for food are killed, as they ought to be and could be, swiftly and painlessly. For example, a writer of high distinction in this department of ethics, deals thus with the question of slaughter :—“ Let us suppose the man to say : ‘ I wish to rear sheep, cows, swine, fowls. I will take pains that the species be multiplied ; and each individual, so far as I can do it, shall be comfortably fed and sheltered, and supplied with the necessities of a happy animal’s existence for a certain number of months or years—on condition that at the end of that time I am at liberty to take its life in the quickest and least painful way possible—a way far preferable to natural death by old age,’ would the Umpire, on behalf of the animal, accept of this bargain ? There can be no question he would freely sanction it.” I am quite in agreement with this thoughtful moralist, whose long life has been devoted to the cause of the animals,

provided that "the quickest and least painful way" of taking the life be assured; but that is just what, as a matter of fact, is not only not assured, but scarcely exists in the work of the slaughter-house as it is.

Owing to the fewness of those who have given any attention to this subject, progress has been disgracefully slow; but of late years methods of killing which may fairly be described as humane have been in some places introduced, for instance at Sherborne, where Canon Westcott, the Headmaster of Sherborne School, has done an admirable work in slaughter-house reform. The by-law of the London County Council that no animal is to be killed in sight of another would do much, if it were strictly enforced, to lessen the suffering by anticipation, the terror of the doomed animals who watch their companions slaughtered as they wait their turn. But even if enforced, this by-law leaves the animals in the lairs, often, in the small private slaughter-houses, separated only by an ill-joined partition of boards, and in hearing distance of the groans and struggles of their slaughtered companions, and in smelling distance of the blood, and the effect of the smell of blood is noteworthy on horned cattle even more than sheep. As to the actual killing, the poleaxe, needing as it does a very highly skilled man to use it effectively, and subject, moreover, to the risk of movement on the part of the oxen, leaves much to be desired. The "Baxter" mask is one of a number of similar masks, formed on the principle of the poleaxe, containing a punch, which is driven by the blow of a mallet into the brain. Pithing and the cutting of the throat follow, for the animal is felled, not dead. The advantages are that the animal does not see the blow coming, and that an unskilled man can drive home the punch effectively. The "Bruneau" mask used in France, and the Kleinschmidt mask used in Germany are on the same lines. A superior instrument which is now used in various parts of England is "Greener's Humane Cattle Killer," a development of the Stahel pistol, by which instead of a punch being driven a bullet is discharged into the brain. In Chicago, purely for the sake of saving time and trouble, an excellent plan of shooting the horned cattle has long been established in many large slaughter-houses. A man with a carbine walks along a

plank over the cattle, and simply lowers his carbine close to the animal's head and the bullet pierces the brain, death, or at least unconsciousness, being instantaneous. The bullet is far more swift and effective in its results than the best swung poleaxe or the sharpest knife; and another great advantage of shooting is that it is less demoralizing to the slaughter-men than the violence of poleaxing and pithing.

For smaller animals, for sheep and pigs, the possibility of using an anæsthetic was some years ago successfully demonstrated by the London Model Abattoir Society at its establishment at Croydon. Carbonic oxide gas was employed, and in a certain number of seconds the animal, over whose nose and mouth the instrument had been fixed, inhaled the gas, became unconscious, and was killed and bled while in that state. This is probably the direction in which progress will go on—seeing that in large public abattoirs a proper chamber of carbonic oxide gas could be provided at a relatively moderate expense, and large cattle as well as sheep could be submitted to the process. As a mode of euthanasia this seems to leave nothing to be desired. It is swift, absolutely painless, and gets rid altogether of the worst suffering of slaughter, its anticipation. While the initial expense of the chamber would be too much for the 450 private slaughter-houses of London, this expense would be a mere nothing for the six abattoirs proposed by the London County Council to be established in their place. Even were the question of expense got over, it would be impossible to introduce the lethal chamber into the private slaughter-houses because of the requirement of space, and also of the need of time; whereas in a great abattoir the system could be organized to work expeditiously on large numbers of animals and efficient supervision could be ensured.

If the case against private slaughter-houses rested solely on the cruel treatment of the animals slaughtered, the prospect of reform would be, I fear, somewhat remote. Fortunately it can be shown that they are a grave danger to the physical health of the community and the appeal to self-interest reaches a wide audience which is unmoved by the appeal to higher motives.

The Report of Dr. Shirley Murphy, the Medical Officer for London, recommended to the London County Council the estab-

lishment of six public abattoirs and the abolition of all private slaughter-houses. This recommendation was avowedly made solely for the purpose of obtaining efficient meat inspection, which the present system of private slaughter-houses makes quite impracticable. The L.C.C. has a staff of six men employed in this work, and it is sufficient to say that they have to inspect about 450 slaughter-houses scattered over the vast area of London to show that the inspection could not possibly be efficient. Something may be done by district officers, but, as Dr. Shirley Murphy says, efficient meat inspection cannot be had in London as long as the present system of hundreds of private slaughter-houses exists. The possibility of diseased meat reaching the consumer is a very real and wide-spread danger, the facilities supplied by the private slaughter-house system for buying sick and even seriously diseased animals and disposing of them to the poorer class of consumer being unquestionable.

The ablest and most exhaustive statement of the case for private slaughter-houses as against public abattoirs is that republished in a pamphlet with the title "Private Slaughter-houses v. Public Abattoirs" by the *Meat Trades Journal*. The author, who presents his case with much ability, is a butcher; but he very skilfully keeps in the background the real inwardness of his arguments. His main object is to safeguard the vested interests of the 450 private slaughter-houses in London. His statement that the present inspection of slaughter-houses is efficient is answered fully by Dr. Shirley Murphy's report, and by the conditions of the problem. His assertion that tuberculosis is not conveyed by meat has, in the light of Koch's recent pronouncement to the same effect, something—the Royal Commission may be able to decide how much—to be said for it. But how about other diseases? Is it quite clear, for instance, that cancer is not due to cancerous meat? This possibility has been very ably set forth in an article, "Tuberculosis and Cancer," in the August number of the *Abolitionist* by that thoughtful and experienced health-reformer, Lady Paget. The author of "Private Slaughter-houses v. Public Abattoirs" points out that the great increase in meat-eating is coincident with a great decrease in tuberculosis, and thinks that statistics

as to tuberculosis in England as compared with Scotland and Ireland, and the figures as to the respective ages at which the disease is most prevalent, "certainly go to show that meat-eating builds up the constitution to enable it to resist the tuberculous assaults which are made upon it by the microbes nursed by dust, damp, sputum, domestic animals, etc." But statistics show that during the same period of great increase in meat-eating the terrible disease of cancer has enormously increased, and by a similar argument this may be attributed to meat-eating; I do not mean to say the eating of wholesome meat, but the eating of the meat of the fevered, starved, ill-used, and cruelly butchered animals which have passed through the sufferings of the sea voyage or the railway, or both, and endured the horrors of the private slaughter-house. Lady Paget testifies that "One of the doctors of the greatest hospital there (*i.e.*, Vienna) said to me: 'No wonder that cancer increases so frightfully here, for nobody in Vienna, not even the Emperor, ever tastes a bit of really healthy meat, we may not detect it, but it has all turned.' Worry, as the French say, *tourne le sang*, and this ill-usage turns the blood of the animal before it is killed."

Furthermore, the argument that the increase of cancer may be attributed to the increased use of unwholesome meat is very much stronger than the *Meat Trades Journal* pamphleteer's argument that the decrease of tuberculosis is due to the increase of meat-eating; because the immense improvements of drainage and all other sanitary conditions have to be taken into account as a potent cause of the decrease of tuberculosis; while the increase of cancer has gone on in spite of these improved sanitary conditions, and therefore must be attributed to some cause, and a possible cause, a cause for which there is medical authority, is the eating of unwholesome meat. As the Scotch doctor quoted by Lady Paget said, the cause of cancer is the eating of cancerous meat, and cancerous meat was defined by that doctor to be "meat that has travelled, or has not been killed in a proper way, or has not been kept as it ought." Possibly this etiology of cancer is explicable by a great increase of particular waste products, caused by ill-usage, fear, and suffering, which may make the meat of animals killed after

being subjected to such treatment so unwholesome as to be practically poisonous. It is not of course a proved fact; but it is possible and even probable that the Nemesis of the cruelty with which animals killed for food are treated lets fall on the community which permits this cruelty and ill-usage the scourge of cancer. A large increase of other diseases, such as Bright's disease, nephritis, &c., may also perhaps one day be traced in part to the same source. At all events the fact that deaths from cancer in spite of improved sanitation increased from 501 per million in Great Britain in 1878 to 787 per million in 1897, requires, in face of the great improvement in health conditions, to be explained. I do not attribute the increase solely to the eating of unwholesome meat, but I do consider the large increase in the consumption of meat, which is synchronous with a large increase in deaths from cancer, to point to a possible cause well worth consideration.

That an immense amount of excellent meat is rendered unwholesome by the ill-treatment, the beating and starving of animals in their transit to the slaughter-house, and by the terror and other cruelty which they have to endure in the slaughter-house, seems to amount practically to a certainty. Even were the animals taken care of and killed painlessly, the present system of private slaughter-houses involves the danger of hanging up steaming carcasses to "set" in the unsanitary surroundings which often obtain in private slaughter-houses. It must be remembered that freshly killed meat, hot from the slaughter-man's knife, readily receives and retains any corruption from foul gases that may be in the air, a state of things not only possible from neglect in the slaughter-house itself but from its surroundings, which are usually those of a poor and crowded neighbourhood. This, of course, is to leave out of account the carcasses of actually diseased and dying animals which the poorer class of private slaughter-house gives continual opportunities of palming off on the unsuspecting public. Professor James Long, writing in the *Rural World*, put the case against the private slaughter-house, on sanitary grounds, with an authority to which I lay no claim.

"The question is in a nutshell: Is it or is it not consistent with the maintenance of public health that cattle should be driven into private

shambles, situated in the midst of a stupendously thick population, for slaughter, and that these buildings, reeking with their blood and entrails, should remain as they do at this moment centres of danger? No man would willingly live next door to a slaughter-house, inasmuch as he is aware of the objections which exist against it from a sanitary point of view. It is not only liable to affect the drainage system, but it is an attraction to the rat, and to that street scavenger, the derelict dog. It has been stated by thoughtless speakers that inspection would be extremely simple: but examination of every carcass slaughtered at all hours in 450 shambles would necessitate special regulations and a small army of inspectors; it is, therefore, out of the question. In view of this fact, who is to prevent the continued introduction of meat, the produce of animals unfit for food? In the old days, every dropped cow, every diseased beast which could possibly be smuggled into the trade, was bought up by a class of country dealers who knew where to place it. That time has passed, but there are still men who will run a certain amount of risk for a few sovereigns, and in consequence diseased cattle are continually sold to them and placed in the hands of those who slaughter their own, and who have no compunction as to sale to the poor and the ignorant. These carcasses cannot by any chance be sold in the meat market, where inspection is so easy; but so long as the private slaughter-house exists diseased meat will find its place on the tables of the people."

To these evils which the private slaughter-house fosters, must be added the continuance of practices which are contrary to law, injurious to the health of the consumer, and the morals of the butcher, and which would be impossible in public abattoirs. Such a practice is the bleeding of calves to produce white veal. At a case tried in Norwich thirty calves were shown to have been bled, and at a case at Long Ashton Petty Sessions reported in the *Bristol Times and Mirror* (June 12th, 1897), the Magistrate expressed astonishment at such a charge, remarking that "It was very commonly done." The defendant's lawyer stated that his client "had not bled the calves simply for the purpose of torturing them, but in order that the veal might be of a white colour, and in the belief that it was a common practice." The calves, not yet weaned, had been shut up and starved in a dark stable, one for thirty hours, another for sixteen. They were bleeding for about sixteen hours—in terror and suffering—and (apart from the cruelty) the unwholesomeness of the fevered tortured creatures' meat was the natural result of their treatment.

Again, the establishment of public abattoirs in place of private slaughter-houses would hasten the reform of the senselessly cruel Jewish method of slaughtering. The Jewish method, Shechita, is a requirement of the religion. The ox has to be thrown on the floor of the slaughter-house, a process called "casting." An iron lever, passed between a chain fastened to the horns and the jaw, wrenches back the head into a position for the neck to receive the knife of the "Shochet," or official Jewish killer. The struggle to throw the ox is commonly a very long and cruel one, and the delay, after the animal is down, before the knife can be applied, is increased not seldom by the non-arrival of the Shochet, who may be engaged at a neighbouring slaughter-house, or may be waiting outside smoking and chatting, being concerned with nothing but the delivery of the death-stroke when the neck is ready for his knife. A special commissioner of the Humane Diet Department of the Humanitarian League visited Deptford Market and reported not long ago on the cruelties he saw, and especially the Jewish method of slaughter. "I saw extreme cruelty in 'casting.'" The animals being quite maddened with pain and terror knock themselves about in a very sickening manner. This lasts several minutes, generally five or six, the animal in some cases roaring all the time. "In nearly every case the animals waiting to be killed were in sight of those being killed, and the fear they show is pitiful to see."—April 27th, 1899. Again, Sunday, April 30th, "I again visited Deptford Market and saw an animal cast. It was very shocking to see how it plunged about before it was secured, snorting with terror and making frantic efforts to keep its feet, which were slipping owing to the blood upon the stone floor. It took about eight or nine minutes to 'cast' it, and when the chain was being placed in its mouth a man (in the employ of the firm) said to the assistant, 'Keep its head down; stick your — fingers in his eye and hold him.' This the assistant did, the animal groaning piteously all the while." Again on another visit, Sunday, May 7th. "The bullocks were only 'cast' after great suffering, each animal struggling and slipping about as though its legs would break. They were beaten very unmercifully in every case, and the men

were generally upwards of five minutes in getting them down, and they were as long in dying." It seems to be supposed by many humane persons that when the death blow with the knife is delivered the suffering is over. Mr. Bell, for example, speaks of "the knife, which cuts across the jugular vein and brings to an end the pain of the victim," but this, unfortunately, is against the evidence of one's eyes. There is every sign of continued suffering, and the fact that pigs, after the throat is cut, make for their own sties has been pointed out by a practical butcher as a sign of a persistence of consciousness which I see no reason to doubt.

The Jewish method would seem to be plainly contrary to a by-law of the London County Council, which is to the effect that "an occupier of a slaughter-house should use such instruments and appliances and adopt such methods of slaughtering, and otherwise take such precautions as may be requisite to prevent unnecessary suffering to the animal." This by-law strictly enforced would stop the atrocities of the Jewish method of slaughter; but the strict application of the best law is impossible as long as there are four hundred and fifty private slaughter-houses scattered over the immense area of London; for it would take a veritable regiment of inspectors to make the inspection efficient; whereas probably one inspector would be sufficient for each of the six public abattoirs, the substitution of which for the 450 private slaughter-houses was proposed by Dr. Murphy.

The present position of the London County Council's abattoir scheme, to substitute public abattoirs for private slaughter-houses, is as follows. The Public Health Committee of the London County Council at the end of January, 1899, submitted for adoption by the London County Council certain resolutions. The resolutions and the result are taken or abridged from the excellent report in the *Meat Trade Journal*, February, 1899:—

"THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND PRIVATE SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

"ABATTOIR SCHEME ABANDONED.

"The proposal of the Public Health Committee to abolish private slaughter-houses in the Metropolis, and to substitute public abattoirs,

was again brought before the London County Council on Tuesday. The resolutions which the Committee submitted for adoption by the Council were as under :—

“(a.) That in the opinion of the Council it is desirable that, as a first step towards ensuring the proper inspection of meat, private slaughter-houses should cease to exist in London, and that butchers should in substitution be afforded such facilities as are necessary for the killing of animals in public slaughter-houses to be erected by the Council.

“(b.) That a copy of this report and of the Council's resolutions thereon be sent to the Local Government Board, with an intimation that the Council is prepared to accept such responsibilities as may be necessary to give effect in London to the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, and that the Board be asked whether they will include in any legislation introduced by them in connection with the Royal Commission's report the provisions which would be necessary for this purpose.”

After some discussion, Mr. A. M. Torrance moved that the Committee proceed to the next business, and this was carried by a large majority of votes and the scheme of reform practically rejected. The fact is that the butchers, seeing their vested interests in hundreds of slaughter-houses in London in danger, succeeded in alarming some representatives of the farming interest, and the hostile attitude of the farming interest is perhaps the explanation of the surprising part in the controversy played by the Prince of Wales in allowing his name to be associated with the action of the Smithfield Club in opposition to the London County Council's public abattoir scheme. Professor James Long has pointed out that there is no reason for the farmers' alarm.

“Many farmers have morally allied themselves with the butchers, and have apparently determined at any cost to prevent if possible the establishment of abattoirs and the abolition of the slaughter-house. Is there any justification for this action? It has been stated on authority that there are some 5,000 butchers in London, and that of this large number only 450 possess slaughter-houses, the remaining 4,550 buying their meat in the carcass market. It is, therefore, so far as London is concerned, to prevent the abolition of 450 slaughter-houses that action is being taken. Assuming that in every instance the butchers who own these establishments were to buy meat in the carcass market and to give up

slaughter, the possible loss to the farmer would not be felt, more particularly as, being traders in British meat, it would still be their aim to purchase that meat for their customers."

The weaker supporters of the abattoir scheme in the London County Council probably felt the Royal influence, especially with the weighty support of the farming interest behind it, and to this may be ascribed the hasty "dropping" of the proposed reform.

It is somewhat surprising that the vested interests of a few butchers should be able at this time of day to terrorise the London County Council and force them to abandon their proposed excellent first step in slaughter-house reform. London in this matter lags behind not only many small English towns, but also a considerable number of Continental cities. The health and the humane progress of the greatest city in the world are sacrificed to the supposed or real financial interests of a mere handful of individuals. Once get public abattoirs established in the place of private slaughter-houses, and efficient inspection of meat, and efficient suppression of animal suffering will be within measurable distance of attainment. Of course nothing less than the completely terrorless and painless extinction of life will be the ultimate demand of humane feeling in England; but while the lethal chamber is being perfected, methods approximating to it—the carbine, or the Greener, or Kleinschmidt methods—may be accepted provisionally. At present the private slaughter-house stops the way in London alike to humane reform and to the protection of the consumer from unwholesome and diseased meat. With the introduction of a real euthanasia for the animal its sufferings (provided that the evils of transit are also removed) will be over. The infliction of death by a lethal chamber, as it involves no cruelty, death being perfectly terrorless and perfectly painless, will cease to demoralize the operator. An important step in humane progress will have been made.

To bring about this happy result is a moral duty incumbent specially on meat-eaters. Their food is the ultimate *raison d'être* of the slaughter-house, and it is their business to see that neither needless suffering to animals, nor needless demoralization to men, should go on there. It is very little to the credit

in the most-advanced, and very much in the credit of the vegetarians that the latter have to a great extent led the advance against the excesses of the slaughter-house and of the inland and seaport cattle trade. But it is time that those on whom the main responsibility rests should manfully shoulder the burden, and not, as in the past, shelter themselves behind a deliberate ignorance or indifference to what goes on. If a small fraction of those who are ultimately responsible for all the cruelties of the slaughter-house were to realise their responsibility and do their duty, those cruelties in London, at any rate, would in a very short time be a thing of the past. The use of the rack has ceased long ago in our prisons: and the poisoning and stabbing of living and sentient animals must cease in our abattoirs, for nothing but the arguments of ignorance, indifference, or cupidity can be alleged against that euthanasia which is the right of every beast killed for food to obtain, and the duty of every person who eats meat to insist upon and ensure. A great religious thinker long ago rightly laid down the axiom that from the fact of an animal being sentient arises our duty to spare it pain: and slaughter-house reform by the substitution of public abattoirs and euthanasia will be found to be as expedient in the physical interests of the community as it is right in the moral interests.

By slaughter-house reform such as I have sketched an enormous mass of preventable animal suffering would be immediately removed and the mere success of this humane reform would raise the general tide of humane sentiment in this country with regard to animals to a higher level than it has touched before. This would materially aid the cause of the humaner treatment of our humbler fellow creatures in every direction. Then the actual saving of animal terror and pain by slaughter-house reform would be enormous. The whole of the preventive and punitive work of that renowned Society, the R.S.P.C.A., not in one year only, but probably during its whole existence, would bulk very small beside the deliverance in a single year of the millions of cattle, sheep, and swine from the sufferings which universal slaughter-house reform, led by the example of London, would remove. Any slaughter-house reform that merits the name of reform

must be built up gradually on one foundation, and that is the establishment of public abattoirs and the abolition of private slaughter-houses. The first step towards rearing the edifice is to lay the foundation, and all humane persons, whether meat-eaters or vegetarians, ought at once to bring their united weight to bear on the London County Council and force or persuade that august body to brave the wrath of the incensed butchers, and in spite of vested interests carry out the recommendations of the Council's own Inspector.

JOHN VERSCHOYLE.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

ANYONE who undertakes to reverse some judgment in history or criticism, or to set the public right regarding some neglected man or work, becomes at once an object of suspicion. Nine times out of ten he is called a literary snob for his pains, or a prig who presumes to teach his betters, or a "phrase-monger," or a "young Osrice," or something equally soul-subduing. Besides, the burden of proof lies heavy upon him. He preaches to a sleeping congregation. The good public has returned its verdict upon the case, and is slow to review the evidence in favour of the accused, or, having done so, to confess itself in the wrong. Still, difficult as the work of rehabilitation always is, there are cheering instances of its complete success; notably, the rescue of the Elizabethan dramatists by Lamb and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt. Nor in such a matter is the will always free. As Heine says, ideas take possession of us and force us into the arena, there to fight for them. There is also the possibility of triumph to steel the raw recruit against all dangers. Though the world at large may not care, the judicious few may be glad of new light, and may feel satisfaction in seeing even tardy justice meted out to real merit. In my poor opinion much less than justice has been done to an American writer, whose achievement is so considerable that it is hard to account for the neglect into which he has fallen.

This writer is Herman Melville, who died in New York in the autumn of 1891, aged eighty-three. That his death excited little attention is in consonance with the popular apathy

towards him and his work. The civil war marks a dividing line in his literary production as well as in his life. His best work belongs to the *ante-bellum* days, and is cut off in taste and sympathy from the distinctive literary fashions of the present time. To find how complete the neglect is, one has only to put question to the most cultivated and patriotic Americans north or south, east or west, even professed specialists in the nativist literature, and it will be long before the Melville enthusiast meets either sympathy or understanding. The present writer made his first acquaintance with "Moby Dick, or The Whale," in the dim, dusty Mechanics' Institute Library (opened once a week by the old doctor) of an obscure Canadian village, nearly twenty years ago; and since that time he has seen only one copy of the book exposed for sale, and met only one person (and that not an American) who had read it. Though Kingsley has a good word for Melville, almost the only place where real appreciation of him is to be found of recent years is in one of Mr. Clark Russell's dedications. There occurs the phrase "the best sea story ever written." Whoever takes the trouble to read this unique and original book will concede that Mr. Russell knows whereof he affirms.*

Melville is a man of one book, and this fact accounts possibly for much of his unpopularity. The marked inferiority of his work after the war, as well as changes in literary fashion, would drag the rest down with it. Nor are his earliest works, embodying personal experience like "Redburn" and "White Jacket," quite worthy of the pen which wrote "Moby Dick." "Omoo" and "Typee" are little more than sketches, legitimately idealized, of his own adventures in the Marquesas. They are notable works in that they are the first to reveal to civilized people the charm of life in the islands of the Pacific, the charm which is so potent in "Vailima Letters" and "The Beach of Falesà." Again, the boundless archipelagos of Oceanica furnish the scenes of "Mardi," his curious political satire. This contains a prophecy of the war, and a fine example of obsolete oratory in the speech of the great chief

* "Moby Dick, or The Whale." A new edition. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. London. 1900.

Alanno from Hio-Hio. The prologue in a whale-ship and the voyage in an open boat are, perhaps, the most interesting parts. None of his books are without distinct and peculiar excellences, but nearly all have some fatal fault. Melville's seems a case of arrested literary development. The power and promise of power in his best work are almost unbounded; but he either did not care to follow them up or he had worked out all his rifts of ore. The last years of his life he spent as a recluse.

His life fitted him to write his one book. The representative of a good old Scottish name, his portrait shows distinctively Scottish traits. The head is the sort that goes naturally with a tall, powerful figure. The forehead is broad and square; the hair is abundant; the full beard masks the mouth and chin; the general aspect is of great but disciplined strength. The eyes are level and determined; they have speculation in them. Nor does his work belie his blood. It shows the natural bent of the Scot towards metaphysics; and this thoughtfulness is one pervading quality of Melville's books. In the second place, his family had been so long established in the country (his grandfather was a member of the "Boston tea-party") that he secured the benefits of education and inherited culture: and this enlightenment was indispensable in enabling him to perceive the literary "values" of the strange men, strange scenes and strange events amongst which he was thrown. And then, he had the love of adventure which drove him forth to gather his material at the ends of the earth. He made two voyages; first as a green hand of eighteen in one of the old clipper packets to Liverpool and back; and next, as a young man of twenty-three, in a whaler. The latter was sufficiently adventurous. Wearying of sea-life, he deserted on one of the Marquesas Islands, and came near being killed and eaten by cannibal natives who kept him prisoner for four months. At last he escaped and worked his way home on a U.S. man-o'-war. This adventure lasted four years and he went no more to sea.

After his marriage, he lived at Pittsfield for thirteen years, in close intimacy with Hawthorne, to whom he dedicated his chief work. My copy shows that it was written as early as

1851, but the title page is dated exactly twenty years later. It shows as its three chief elements the Scottish thoughtfulness, the love of literature and the love of adventure.

When Mr. Clark Russell singles out "Moby Dick" for such high praise as he bestows upon it, we think at once of other sea-stories,—his own, Marryat's, Smollett's perhaps, and such books as Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." But the last is a plain record of fact; in Smollett's tales, sea-life is only part of one great round of adventure; in Mr. Russell's mercantile marine, there is generally the romantic interest of the way of a man with a maid; and in Marryat's the rise of a naval officer through various ranks, *plus* a love-story or plenty of fun, fighting and prize-money. From all these advantages Melville not only cuts himself off, but seems to heap all sorts of obstacles in his self-appointed path. Great are the prejudices to be overcome; but he triumphs over all. Whalers are commonly regarded as a sort of sea-scavengers. He convinces you that their business is poetic; and that they are finest fellows afloat. He dispenses with a love-story altogether; there is hardly a flutter of a petticoat from chapter first to last. The book is not a record of fact; but of fact idealized, which supplies the frame for a terrible duel to the death between a mad whaling-captain and a miraculous white sperm whale. It is not a love-story but a story of undying hate. Yet in spite of the savage theme with which it deals, the inner spirit of the book is always a humane one.

In no other tale is one so completely detached from the land, even from the very suggestion of land. Though Nantucket and New Bedford must be mentioned, only their nautical aspects are touched on; they are but the steps of the saddle-block from which the mariner vaults upon the back of his sea-horse. The strange ship *Pequod* is the theatre of all the strange adventures. For ever off soundings, she shows but as a central speck in a wide circle of blue or stormy sea; and yet a speck crammed full of human passions, the world itself in little. Comparison brings out only more strongly the unique character of the book. Whaling is the most peculiar business done by man upon the deep waters. A war-ship is but a mobile fort or battery; a merchantman is but a floating shop or warehouse; fishing is

devoid of any but the ordinary perils of navigation ; but sperm-whaling, according to Melville, is the most exciting and dangerous kind of big game hunting. One part of the author's triumph consists in having made the complicated operations of this strange pursuit perfectly familiar to the reader ; and that not in any dull, pedantic fashion, but touched with the imagination, the humour, the fancy, the reflection of a poet. His intimate knowledge of his subject and his intense interest in it make the whaler's life in all its details not only comprehensible but fascinating.

A bare outline of the story, though it cannot suggest its peculiar charm, may arouse a desire to know more about it. The book takes its name from a monstrous, invincible, sperm whale of diabolical strength and malice. In an encounter with this leviathan, Ahab, the captain of a Nantucket whaler, has had his leg torn off. The long illness which ensues drives him mad ; and his one thought upon recovery is vengeance upon the creature that has mutilated him. He gets command of the *Pequod*, concealing his purpose with the cunning of insanity until the fitting moment comes ; then he swears the whole crew into his fatal vendetta. From this point on, the mad captain bears down all opposition, imposes his own iron will upon the ship's company, and affects them with like heat, until they are as one keen weapon fitted to his hand and to his purpose. In spite of all difficulties, in spite of all signs and portents and warnings, human and divine, he drives on to certain destruction. Everything conduces to one end, a three days' battle with the monster, who staves and sinks the ship, like the ill-fated *Essex*.

For a tale of such length, "Moby Dick" is undoubtedly well constructed. Possibly the "Town-Ho's Story," interesting as it is, somewhat checks the progress of the plot ; but by the time the reader reaches this point, he is infected with the leisurely, trade-wind, whaling atmosphere, and has no desire to proceed faster than at the *Pequod's* own cruising rate. Possibly the book might be shortened by excision, but when one looks over the chapters it is hard to decide which to sacrifice. The interest begins with the quaint words of the opening sentence : "Call me Ishmael" ; and never slackens for at least a hundred pages.

Ishmael's reasons for going to sea, his sudden friendship with Queequeg, the Fijian harpooneer, Father Mapple's sermon on Jonah, in the seamen's Bethel, Queequeg's rescue of the country bumpkin on the way to Nantucket, Queequeg's Ramadan, the description of the ship *Pequod* and her two owners, Elijah's warning, getting under way and dropping the pilot—make up an introduction of great variety and picturesqueness. The second part deals with all the particulars of the various operations in whaling from manning the mast-heads and lowering the boats to trying out the blubber and cleaning up the ship, when all the oil is barrelled. In this part Ahab, who has been invisible in the retirement of his cabin, comes on deck and in various scenes different sides of his vehement, iron-willed, yet pathetic nature, are made intelligible. Here also is much learning to be found, and here, if anywhere, the story dawdles. The last part deals with the fatal three days' chase, the death of Ahab, and the escape of the White Whale.

One striking peculiarity of the book is its Americanism—a word which needs definition. The theme and style are peculiar to this country. Nowhere but in America could such a theme have been treated in such a style. Whaling is peculiarly an American industry; and of all whale-men, the Nantucketers were the keenest, the most daring, and the most successful. Now, though there are still whalers to be found in the New Bedford slips, and interesting as it is to clamber about them and hear the unconscious confirmation of all Melville's details from the lips of some old harpooneer or boat-header, the industry is almost extinct. The discovery of petroleum did for it. Perhaps Melville went to sea for no other purpose than to construct the monument of whaling in this unique book. Not in his subject alone, but in his style is Melville distinctly American. It is large in idea, expansive; it has an Elizabethan force and freshness and swing, and is, perhaps, more rich in figures than any style but Emerson's. It has the picturesqueness of the new world, and, above all, a free-flowing humour, which is the distinct *cachet* of American literature. No one would contend that it is a perfect style; some mannerisms become tedious, like the constant moral turn, and the curiously coined adverbs placed before the verb. Occasionally there is

more than a hint of manner, as indeed might be expected; but upon the whole, it is an extraordinary style, rich, clear, vivid, original. It shows reading and is full of thought and allusion: but its chief charm is its freedom from all scholastic rules and conventions. Melville is a Walt Whitman of prose.

Like Browning he has a dialect of his own. The poet of "The Ring and the Book" translates the different emotions and thoughts and possible words of pope, jurist, murderer, victim into the level mixture Browningese; reduces them to a common denominator, in a way of speaking, and Melville gives us not the actual words of American whalersmen, but what they would say under the imagined conditions, translated into one consistent, though various Melvillesque manner of speech. The life he deals with belongs already to the legendary past, and he has us completely at his mercy. He is completely successful in creating his "atmosphere." Granted the conditions, the men and their words, emotions and actions, are all consistent. One powerful scene takes place on the quarter-deck of the *Pequod* one evening, when, all hands mustered aft, the Captain, Ahab, tells of the White Whale, and offers a *debillion* to the first man who "raises" him:—

"'Captain Ahab,' said Tashtego, 'that White Whale must be the same that some call Moby Dick.'

"'Moby Dick?' shouted Ahab. 'Do ye know the White Whale, then, Tash?'

"'Does he fan-tail a little curious, sir, before he goes down?' said the Gay-Header, deliberately.

"'And has he a curious spout, too,' said Daggoo, 'very bushy, even for a parmacetty, and mighty quick, Captain Ahab?'

"'And he have one, two, tree—oh good many iron in him hide, too, Captain,' cried Queequeg, disjointedly, 'all twisketee be-twisk, like him—him—' faltering hard for a word, and screwing his hand round and round as though uncorking a bottle—'like him—him—'

"'Corkscrew!' cried Ahab, 'aye, Queequeg, the harpoons lie all twisted and wrenched in him; aye, Daggoo, his spout is a big one, like a whole shock of wheat, and white as a pile of our Nantucket wool after the great annual sheep-shearing: aye, Tashtego, and he fan-tails like a split jib in a squall.'"

The first mate, Starbuck, asks him, "'it was not Moby Dick that took off thy leg?'

"'Who told thee that?' cried Ahab; then pausing, 'Aye, Starbuck; aye, my hearties all round, it was Moby Dick that dismasted me, Moby Dick that brought me to this dead stump I stand on now. Aye, aye,' he shouted with a terrific, loud, animal sob, like that of a heart-stricken moose; 'Aye, aye! it was that accursed white whale that razed me; made a poor pegging lubber of me for ever and a day!'"

Starbuck alone attempts to withstand him.

"'Vengeance on a dumb brute!' cried Starbuck, 'that simply smote thee from blindest instinct! Madness! To be enraged with a dumb thing, Captain Ahab, seems blasphemous.'

"'Hark ye, yet again—the little lower layer. All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event—in the living act, the undoubted deed—there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask!'"

Then follows the wild ceremony of drinking round the capstan-head from the harpoon-sockets to confirm Ahab's curse. "Death to Moby Dick. God hunt us all, if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death!" The intermezzo of the various sailors on the forecastle which follows until the squall strikes the ship is one of the most suggestive passages in all the literature of the sea. Under the influence of Ahab's can, the men are dancing on the forecastle. The old Manx sailor says:

"I wonder whether those jolly lads bethink them of what they are dancing over. I'll dance over your grave, I will—that's the bitterest threat of your night-women, that beat head-winds round corners. O, Christ! to think of the green navies and the green-skulled crews."

Where every page, almost every paragraph, has its quaint or telling phrase, or thought, or suggested picture, it is hard to make a selection; and even the choicest morsels give you no idea of the richness of the feast. Melville's humour has been mentioned; it is a constant quantity. Perhaps the statement of his determination after the adventure of the first lowering is as good an example as any:

"Here, then, from three impartial witnesses, I had a deliberate statement of the case. Considering, therefore, that

squalls and capsizings in the water, and consequent bivouacks in the deep, were matters of common occurrence in this kind of life; considering that at the superlatively critical moment of going on to the whale I must resign my life into the hands of him who steered the boat—oftentimes a fellow who at that very moment is in his impetuosity upon the point of scuttling the craft with his own frantic stampings; considering that the particular disaster to our own particular boat was chiefly to be imputed to Starbuck's driving on to his whale almost in the teeth of a squall, and considering that Starbuck, notwithstanding, was famous for his great heedfulness in the fishery; considering that I belonged to this uncommonly prudent Starbuck's boat; and finally considering in what a devil's chase I was implicated, touching the White Whale: taking all things together, I say, I thought I might as well go below and make a rough draft of my will.

"'Queequeg,' said I, 'come along, you shall be my lawyer, executor and legatee.'"

The humour has the usual tinge of Northern melancholy, and sometimes a touch of Rabelais. The exhortations of Stubb to his boat's crew, on different occasions, or such chapters as "Queen Mab," "The Cassock," "Leg and Arm," "Stubb's Supper," are good examples of his peculiar style.

But, after all, his chief excellence is bringing to the landsman the very salt of the sea breeze, while to one who has long known the ocean, he is as one praising to the lover the chiefest beauties of the Beloved. The magic of the ship and the mystery of the sea are put into words that form pictures for the dullest eyes. The chapter, "The Spirit Spout," contains these two aquarelles of the moonlit sea and the speeding ship side by side:—

"It was while gliding through these latter waters that one serene and moonlight night, when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver; and by their soft, suffusing seethings made what seemed a silvery silence, not a solitude; on such a silent night a silvery jet was seen far in advance of the white bubbles at the bow. Lit up by the moon, it looked celestial; seemed some plumed and glittering god uprising from the sea.

"Walking the deck, with quick, side-lunging strides, Ahab commanded the t'gallant sails and royals to be set, and every stunsail spread. The best man in the ship must take the helm.

Then, with every mast-head manned, the piled-up craft rolled down before the wind. The strange, upheaving, lifting tendency of the taffrail breeze filling the hollows of so many sails made the buoyant, hovering deck to feel like air beneath the feet."

In the chapter called "The Needle," ship and sea and sky are blended in one unforgettable whole :—

"Next morning the not-yet-subsided sea rolled in long, slow billows of mighty bulk, and striving in the *Pequod's* gurgling track, pushed her on like giants' palms outspread. The strong, unstaggering breeze abounded so, that sky and air seemed vast outbellying sails; the whole world boomed before the wind. Muffled in the full morning light, the invisible sun was only known by the spread intensity of his place; where his bayonet rays moved on in stacks. Emblazonings, as of crowned Babylonian kings and queens, reigned over everything. The sea was a crucible of molten gold, that bubblingly leaps with light and heat."

It would be hard to find five consecutive sentences anywhere containing such pictures and such vivid, pregnant, bold imagery: but this book is made up of such things.

The hero of the book is, after all, not Captain Ahab, but his triumphant antagonist, the mystic white monster of the sea, and it is only fitting that he should come for a moment at least into the saga. A complete scientific memoir of the *Sperm Whale* as known to man might be quarried from this book, for Melville has described the creature from his birth to his death, and even burial in the oil casks and the ocean. He has described him living, dead and anatomized. At least one such description is in place here. The appearance of the whale on the second day of the fatal chase is by "breaching," and nothing can be clearer than Melville's account of it :—

"The triumphant halloo of thirty buckskin lungs was heard, as—much nearer to the ship than the place of the imaginary jet, less than a mile ahead—Moby Dick bodily burst into view! For not by any calm and indolent spoutings; not by the peaceable gush of that mystic fountain in his head, did the White Whale now reveal his vicinity; but by the far more wondrous phenomenon of breaching. Rising with his utmost velocity from the furthest depths, the *Sperm Whale* thus booms his entire bulk into the pure element of air, and piling up a

mountain of dazzling foam, shows his place to the distance of seven miles and more. In those moments the torn, enraged waves he shakes off seem his mane; in some cases this breaching is his act of defiance.

“‘There she breaches! there she breaches!’ was the cry, as in his immeasurable bravadoes the White Whale tossed himself salmon-like to heaven. So suddenly seen in the blue plain of the sea, and relieved against the still bluer margin of the sky, the spray that he raised for the moment intolerably glittered and glared like a glacier; and stood there gradually fading and fading away from its first sparkling intensity to the dim mistiness of an advancing shower in a vale.”

This book is at once the epic and the encyclopædia of whaling. It is a monument to the honour of an extinct race of daring seamen; but it is a monument overgrown with the lichen of neglect. Those who will care to scrape away the moss may be few, but they will have their reward. To the class of gentleman-adventurer, to those who love both books and free life under the wide and open sky, it must always appeal. Melville takes rank with Borrow, and Jefferies, and Thoreau, and Sir Richard Burton; and his place in this brotherhood of notables is not the lowest. Those who feel the salt in their blood that draws them time and again out of the city to the wharves and the ships, almost without their knowledge or their will; those who feel the irresistible lure of the spring, away from the cramped and noisy town, up the long road to the peaceful companionship of the awaking earth and the untainted sky; all those—and they are many—will find in Melville’s great book an ever fresh and constant charm.

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THE HOME SECRETARY'S HOLIDAY.

A PRISON PLAY IN ONE ACT.

A prisoner, "B. 20," a man of sallow, lawyer-like appearance, looking about forty years old, is seated on a four-legged stool in the centre of a small cell, picking oakum. There is a door to the right, a ground-glass window to left, and at the back a small table and folded plank-bed. In the right-hand back corner is a small shelf, with one or two books of devotion, a brush and comb, soap, &c., and below it a bundle of bedclothing, small water-can and bowl. On the whitewashed wall hangs a printed card of Rules.

B. 20 (*sighing, then speaking in a measured rhetorical tone*). A week to-day—a week still to run! Can I live through it? Fool, idiot that I was, ever to let myself in for this! Let me think—let me think—but how can one think—*here*? The brain reels with absolute vacuity. It seems an age already, and life small and far away, like something looked at through the wrong end of a telescope. (*A pause.*) And Blanche—what is *she* doing now, I wonder? She promised to bear it pluckily, dear girl: so don't let *me* play the coward. Well, I suppose if I've got through one week, I can survive another. I must brace myself up, and remember that I'm not here without a cause. (*Sings.*)

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage."

THE WARDER (*a sour-looking fellow, with flushed face and sinister expression, opening the door suddenly from without*). B. 20, no more of that, I tell you. Keep your mouth shut, can't you? Singing ain't allowed. (*Glares sternly, and retires.*)

B. 20 (*quietly*). Nothing is allowed here, it seems. Well, I'm having an experience, and no mistake! If my friends knew of it! It makes me laugh to think how horrified Gravelly would be if it leaked out. But they won't know, that's certain. I must hold out, and crawl through it as I can. I am a prisoner, and must conduct myself as such. Ah! who comes now? The Governor!

(*As he sees the Governor. Colonel Stark, enters—a tall, stern, eagle-eyed man, with grizzled hair, military bearing, and short laconic manner.*)

THE GOVERNOR. Now, my man, what is it? I hear you have a complaint to make to me. Out with it.

B. 20 (*beginning a speech*). I wish to make an appeal to you, sir, rather than a complaint, on a matter of personal cleanliness. My request is so entirely reasonable that I am sure you will not refuse it—

THE GOVERNOR. Of course. They all say that. What is it?

B. 20. When I came here, my tooth-brush and nail-scissors were taken from me, with my other things, and I have repeatedly asked for them in vain.* Would it be in any way subversive of discipline if I were allowed to clean my teeth and finger-nails? Would it—

THE GOVERNOR (*kindly but firmly*). Now look here, my good fellow. A word of caution. I judge from your appearance that you've known better days. An educated man, aren't you?

B. 20. I thought I was, sir, till I came here. But it seems that no education is complete until—

THE GOVERNOR (*motioning him to be silent*). Until you have learnt to hold your tongue and obey rules. Where did you get this dreadful trick of talking? Of all the gifts a prisoner can have, the gift of the gab is the unhappiest. There are the Rules (*pointing*). Study them. Ask no questions.

B. 20. But if the case be a special one—

THE GOVERNOR. Nonsense, sir. There are no special cases in this prison. (*Producing a note-book, and reading from it.*) "B. 20, George Tomkins, convicted of an attempt to defraud a Railway Company. Sentence, fourteen days." What is there special about that?

B. 20. Then I must appeal elsewhere, I suppose. It is impossible to believe that the Prison Board wishes prisoners to be dirty.

THE GOVERNOR (*drily; going*). Ah, you would like to appeal to the Home Secretary, perhaps.

* This and one or two other incidents in this Play are borrowed from Mr. F. Brocklehurst's "I was in Prison."

B. 20. I should. From all I have heard of him I am convinced that the Home Secretary would not wish me to be deprived of the common decencies of life.

THE GOVERNOR (*after curiously regarding him*). Enough, sir. I cannot grant your request. For your own sake I recommend you to obey the Rules of the Prison. You have your work (*pointing to the oakum*). Do it. (*Exit Governor.*)

B. 20 (*sitting down again to his work*). Much good I have done myself by appealing to him! Is it possible that these hide-bound military martinets are the men we set over our Prisons! But he's right in one thing: it's no use *talking*, with this pile of stuff to be unravelled. And perhaps other things to be unravelled also! (*Rising suddenly*). But confound it! how can one work, when it's torture even to sit? I'm as stiff from this stool of penance as if I'd been on the rack. I must manufacture an extempore cushion, I suppose (*lays a quantity of oakum on the stool and re-seats himself*). Perhaps I shall sit upon the Woolsack some day: this must serve meanwhile.

WARDER (*opening the door suddenly*). B. 20, take the oakum off that seat, will you. It's against rules.

B. 20. (*after staring at him blankly for a moment*). Why, of course it is, my good fellow! That's one of the things I might have guessed. All part of the great penal principle of *væ victis*! (*Removing the oakum.*) Well, I must wait for the Woolsack, after all.

WARDER. Hold your jabber, I tell you, and don't let me have to warn you a second time. Woolsack, indeed! you'll get the sack from here to a punishment-cell, if you go on like this. (*Exit.*)

B. 20. (*holds up his hands in mute despair; then suddenly calls after the warder*). Ho, there, officer!

WARDER (*re-entering, sternly*). What is it now, B. 20? No more talk, I tell you, unless you want to be reported.

B. 20. I only wish to exercise my right as a prisoner, and to ask whether I can see the doctor, as I requested.

WARDER. Yes. Wait till he sends for you. (*Putting his head outside the door.*) Hush! the Visiting Justice is coming round. Get to work, I tell you. The Visiting Justice!

[*As B. 20 sits down to work, Mr. Prim, the Visiting Justice, is shown in by the Warder, who then retires. He is a smug, spry, spectacled old gentleman, of antique garb, and benevolent demeanour. He carries several books under his arm.*]

MR. PRIM. Good day, my friend. I've just heard from the librarian that you'd been applying for a book, and couldn't get one to your

taste: so I've brought a few with me for you to choose from. There is nothing more important for the reformation of a sinner than well-chosen reading.

B. 20. It is extremely kind of you, sir. I need a book badly; for in this horrible cellular confinement the mind is thrown back, as it were, upon itself—

MR. PRIM. Thrown back upon itself! Why, of course it is, my friend. That is just the value of our English penal system. Segregation—solitude—introspection—self-questioning—remorse—these are the heaven-sent means by which the sinner is awakened to a sense of his guiltiness.

B. 20. You say "heaven-sent," sir. I should have thought it was altogether from the other quarter that this torment was invented.

MR. PRIM. Hush, hush, my friend! This is wild and blasphemous talk. It is by this salutary discipline alone that the sinful mind can be purified. Turn your thoughts inward—

B. 20. But, my dear sir, that's just where I've turned them till I'm on the verge of madness. I want to turn them not inward, but inside out. It is the sun, the air, the sky, the breath of life that the sinner needs—not this insufferable concentration on his own sinfulness. I've learnt that much, at any rate, since I've been in this death-trap. For God's sake give me a book!

MR. PRIM. I will, my friend, I will. You shall have your choice of several, and good, sound, instructive books they are. "Approved books of moral instruction" is the regulation phrase, you know. Here's one on "Criminological Principles," for example.

B. 20. Are you jesting, sir? Do you suppose that, with this practical demonstration of criminological principles around me I want to refresh my mind by *reading* about them? Why, I've simply lived on criminology for the last seven days; my mind is sodden with it. Give me something logical to read, sir, or biological, or anthropological, or sociological, or zoological, or phrenological, or astrological—or even theological—but not criminological. I can't stand that.

MR. PRIM (*aside*). A strange character this! Where did he get his education from? (*To B 20.*) Well, then, what do you say to these? Here's Smiles's "Self Help," "Holy Living and Holy Dying," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and "The Lives of Twelve Good Men." All books of real moral instruction.

B. 20 (*ruefully*). Not a doubt of it, sir. I should say it would be a sort of real moral oakum picking to read them. (*Insinuatingly.*) Now, couldn't you get me something a bit more lively, sir? a novel, for instance?

MR. PRIM (*aghast*). A novel, my friend! You horrify me! Who has ever heard of a sinner's mind being roused by a novel?

B. 20. Why, yes, indeed, sir. There are novels published nowadays that can make even the sinner "sit up," so to speak.

MR. PRIM (*shocked*). Enough, enough, sir! Your misplaced levity is most painful to me. Let me recall you to a sense of your very serious position. Turn your thoughts inward, I pray you. Introspection, solitude, remorse—these are—

[*Enter Warder.*]

WARDER (*to Mr. Prim*). Beg pardon, sir, but the doctor wishes to see this prisoner at once.

MR. PRIM. Very well, warder. (*To B. 20.*) I will await your return, my friend. I must have some further talk with you.

B. 20 (*going*). Not inward talk, I hope, sir. Let me forget that poor skeleton in the cupboard that men call the conscience.

[*Exeunt B 20 and Warder.*]

MR. PRIM. Now, who can this strange man be, I wonder? His face seems to be known to me, and yet I can't remember how. I fear, I much fear, his thoughts are not directed where they should be.

[*Enter the Governor.*]

THE GOVERNOR (*sternly*). Why is this door open?

MR. PRIM. Good morning, Colonel. You've got a strange character here, I find.

THE GOVERNOR (*looking round the cell*). Good morning, Prim. But we *haven't* got him, it seems. Where is he?

MR. PRIM. With the doctor. So I'm waiting to give him some moral physic on his return. He needs it badly, Colonel.

THE GOVERNOR. Who is the man? Has he told you anything? Do you see a likeness to anyone?

MR. PRIM. I was just wondering, when you came in. He seems an exceptional sort of prisoner; but alas! it's the more difficult to awaken him to a sense of his condition.

THE GOVERNOR. Oh, you'd better drop that, Prim, in this case. He's awake enough—very wide awake—I suspect. And his gift of the gab is something awful.

MR. PRIM (*hurt*). But he's not awake to the right things, Colonel Stark, not to the eternal verities. Introspection, self-questioning, remorse—of these he will hear nothing.

THE GOVERNOR (*testily*). Introspection be hanged! I tell you, Prim, I am troubled about the man. There's some mystery about

his case. I hoped you might have learnt something; but all you do is to talk about awakening *him*. It's *we* who want awakening, I tell you, sir.

MR. PRIM. But why this mystery, Colonel? Surely you have the details of the case?

THE GOVERNOR. Of course, of course. But I tell you, in strict confidence, there's something unexplained about them. I have communicated with the Home Secretary.

MR. PRIM. Ah, the Home Secretary! A well-meaning and conscientious minister, no doubt; but too impetuous, too quixotic, I fear, if all one hears is true, and married to a giddy, headstrong, sentimental young woman! What does he say, Colonel?

THE GOVERNOR. He says nothing. The permanent officials say that the Home Secretary is away on a fortnight's holiday. (*Darkly.*) There's just the mischief of it.

MR. PRIM. Well, my friend, then you must wait till he returns, I suppose. Patience is a virtue, you know.

THE GOVERNOR. Spare me your virtues, Prim! It happens that by the time the Home Secretary is back, this man will be out.

MR. PRIM. Well, what then, Colonel?

THE GOVERNOR. What then? Why, this—

[*Re-enter B. 20, escorted by the Warder. They regard him curiously.*]

THE GOVERNOR (*to B. 20*). Well, sir. What does the doctor say? Are the vocal organs affected?

B. 20. He says that I'm suffering from nervous prostration, and must go into hospital to-morrow.

THE GOVERNOR. Very well. You are now satisfied, I hope. Have you anything else to say to me?

B. 20. Only about that matter of my tooth-brush and nail-scissors—

THE GOVERNOR. They will be given you in the hospital. Anything else? (*looking hard at him*).

B. 20. I hope you do not think I have been shamming to the doctor, sir? I would far rather have served out my time as an ordinary prisoner. I came here with that intent—I mean, I would rather have had the usual experience.

MR. PRIM. But the time in hospital need not be wasted, my friend. There, no less than here, you can turn your thoughts inward—

B. 20 (*to Governor, losing patience*). Could you not turn this gentleman outward, sir? His platitudes are harder to bear than the

plank-bed itself. I cannot believe that the Rules (*pointing to the copy on the wall*) authorise this annoyance to prisoners.

THE GOVERNOR. Silence, sir! Behave yourself; or you may go to a worse place than the hospital. Come, Mr. Prim. We must be going. (*Looking at his watch.*) There is a matter of discipline that demands my attention elsewhere.

MR. PRIM (*to B. 20*). Good day, my friend, and God bless you! In spite of what you have said, I shall leave you "Criminological Principles" (*puts the book on table*). It will help you to control your thoughts, and realise your position. Introspection, my friend, self-questioning, remorse—these, and these alone—

THE GOVERNOR. Come along, Prim, come along!

[*Exeunt Governor, Prim, and Warder.*]

B. 20. The smug, sanctimonious, canting old humbug! "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Poor prisoners and captives, indeed, if *these* are the sort of visitors we send them in their affliction. Well, well! a nice mess I've made of it, after all my fine resolutions! To go into hospital, to slink off on the sick list, after only seven days of it, while there are many who have to undergo it for months, for years, for life! But let me rest, let me rest! (*Letting down the plank-bed*) I will try an interval of plank-bed and "Criminological Principles." (*Takes the book, and reads, lying down.*)

[*A slow, measured tapping is heard on the back wall.*]

B. 20 (*getting up, listening curiously, and tapping in response*). Eh? Who's there? Yes, yes?

A VOICE (*faintly*). Buck up, my lad! buck up! It won't last for ever!

B. 20. Yes, yes! What is it? I'm listening.

THE WARDER (*entering suddenly*). Now, look here, B. 20! You're breaking rules again. You're a-listening, are you? And what to, I'd like to know? And your bed down, out of regulation hours!

B. 20. Oh, its nothing, warder, it's nothing. I was only talking to myself. The silence of this place is rather oppressive, you know. There's a good deal of talking in the life I'm accustomed to.

THE WARDER. The silence, indeed! You'll be wanting next to have a grand piano in your cell, and some chamber music perhaps? What else but silence do you expect, if you get sent *here*?

[*Suddenly, from a remote part of the prison, a prolonged, agonizing, toneless screech is heard, followed by a complete hush.*]

B. 20 (*horror-stricken*). Good heavens! What is that awful cry? What hellish thing is being done now?

WARDER (*with a grin, facetiously*). Well I likes that, B. 20. Here you are complaining of the silence of this place; and the very moment you hear a bit of a song, you complain of that too. We can't satisfy you, nohow.

B. 20. Song, song, do you call it! It was the most horrible heart-shaking sound I ever heard in my life. What on earth was it, man? For God's sake, tell me.

WARDER (*grinning*). It's the tune as you'll be singing yourself, B. 20, if you don't mend your manners. That's how they generally sing, when they get two dozen with the cat. Now you just get to work, and behave yourself, or I'll report you afore this day's out.

[*Exit Warder, after replacing bed.*]

B. 20 (*beginning in a whisper, and raising his voice as he proceeds*). How horrible—how unspeakably horrible and shocking! To think that that hyæna-like howl came from the throat of a fellow-being, a man made in God's image! And in an age when we pretend that torture has been abolished, and when it would be thought diabolical to burn a heretic at the stake! With such a sound in one's ears, what becomes of all the fine arguments they are for ever flourishing in Parliament and the press, about the need of brutal punishments for brutal prisoners, and the impossibility of degrading the degraded ruffian still further! Do not tell me that the thing that screeched like that has not been degraded below what he was before. Will it come again, I wonder? (*stopping his ears*). Ugh! I shall hear it and dream of it for the rest of my life. Let me read, let me calm myself, or I shall go mad. (*Sits down and tries to read "Criminological Principles": then, after a pause, starts up convulsively*). Criminological Principles, forsooth! Words, words! What is the use of glossing over in books things that are intolerable in fact? (*Flings the book on the floor with a bang.*)

WARDER (*entering furiously, and seizing B. 20 by the collar*). So you're determined to have it, are you? I've warned you till I'm tired, and now I'm cussed if I don't report you for misconduct. Hospital indeed! It's the punishment cell you want, and you'll have it, too.

B. 20 (*utterly unnerved*). I can stand it no longer! Let me go, you brutal blockhead! Do you know who you're speaking to? (*a pause*). I'm the Home Secretary—yes, Sir Charles Windham, in disguise. There now—the secret's out.

WARDER (*laughing sardonically*). Oh, ay, B. 20, that's the style, is it? Are you sure you ain't the Archbishop o' Canterbury himself, while you're about it? Come, come, you impudent varmint, I've been a warder here eighteen years, and I've heard that sort of thing too often to be took in by the likes of you.

B. 20 (*recovering his self-possession*). Ah, yes, no doubt you have. Say nothing of it, warder, I beg of you. I was only joking, of course.

WARDER. Only joking, was you? You'll get the cat yourself, you will, when I tells the Governor your little joke. (*Opening the door and looking out*). Why, here comes the Governor, post haste, and a whole party o' folks with him. (*With changed manner*.) What's up now, I wonder? My word!

[*Approaching steps are heard, and voices as if in argument and remonstrance.*]

B. 20 (*calmly*). Ah! It's all out, I see! I thought that would be the end of it! Well, I must brave it out, I suppose. Here they come, and no mistake.

[*The door is opened by the warder, who stands dumfounded. Lady Windham, a handsome and recklessly romantic young lady, rushes into the cell, closely followed by Mr. Gravely, who is trying to detain her, and the Governor, whose countenance is grim and stern, but with a twinkle of humour in his eye. Mr. Gravely, a Permanent Secretary of the Home Office, is a long-faced heavy-moustached official, a pattern of respectability both in dress and demeanour.*]

B. 20. Why—Blanche! Is it possible? And you, Gravely!

LADY WINDHAM (*embracing B. 20*). My dear, dear Charlie! Now don't, don't scold me! It really wasn't my fault. I couldn't keep the secret a minute longer, and Mr. Gravely had found it all out at the Office, and said we must come and release you immediately. So we've come, you see!

MR. GRAVELY. We have, indeed! Are you aware, Lady Windham, that your intrusion into this part of the prison is an unprecedented breach of regulations?

B. 20. My dear Blanche, I have not the slightest reason for scolding anyone but myself. I've been a fool, and must take the consequences.

LADY WINDHAM. A fool! I call it glorious, Charlie, and so romantic too! Why, I declare the dress suits you beautifully! And what a dear little room you've got! It's so simple, yet so cosy. (*To the Governor*.) I'm so devoted to simplicity of living, Colonel Stark.

I'm a great reader of Thoreau and Edward Carpenter, you know. Are all your rooms as neat as this one?

THE GOVERNOR (*grimly*). Much the same pattern, madam. We do things methodically under the Prison Board. (*To B. 20.*) I beg you to note, Sir Charles, or B. 20, if you prefer that name, that I can no longer be responsible for discipline in this prison (*pointing to Lady Windham*).

MR. GRAVELY. The whole incident has been improper to an unheard of degree. All we can now hope is that the Press will not get hold of it.

LADY WINDHAM. Oh, that will be all right, Mr. Gravelly. We are all friends here, you know. (*Looking round at the warder, who stands open-mouthed at the door.*) I suppose you've been Sir Charles's attendant, have you not? You worship him, of course, as all the servants do?

WARDER (*confusedly*). Oh, yes, Mum: yes, yes, your Laddyship, yes, certainly. Anything I can do, Mum—at your service, lady.

LADY WINDHAM (*to B. 20*). He has been very good to you, Charlie, I feel certain. I told Mr. Gravelly, as we came down, that I quite expected to find the warders your slaves.

B. 20 (*enigmatically*). My dear Blanche, I can never speak of his conduct and attention as they deserve.

LADY WINDHAM. I knew it! What a nice, kind man! I like his face immensely, Colonel; and I can always read character. [*Exit warder, at motion of Governor.*] But why don't you speak, Charlie. Aren't you pleased to see us? I want you to come at once to Scotland, for a week's holiday.

B. 20 (*in his Parliamentary style*). Ah! the mountains and moorlands, that bring health and hope to the jaded spirit! And what shall I leave behind me—*here*! What broken spirits and hopeless lives! No, no! let me serve my time, like the rest.

LADY WINDHAM (*aside to the Governor*). Oh, don't mind him, please! It's only his way of speaking—his Parliamentary manner, you know.

THE GOVERNOR (*who seems to be divided between wounded pride at the slight to his discipline and sensibility to Lady Windham's attractions*). It's the discipline of this prison I am thinking of, Lady Windham.

MR. GRAVELY. And I am thinking of the imminent scandal at the Home Office.

B. 20. I have treated you very badly, Colonel Stark. I apologise with all my heart for playing this trick upon you. But if you knew my motives for what I have done, I am sure you would pardon me.

THE GOVERNOR. There is only one person who can pardon you, Sir Charles, and that is the Home Secretary—yourself. You will need a free pardon from him before you can be discharged from prison.

MR. GRAVELY. I have provided for that, Colonel Stark. (*Producing a paper.*) I have brought the form with me for Sir Charles to sign. But the whole proceeding is in the highest degree anomalous. I can scarcely bring myself to be a party to it.

B. 20 (*deferentially*). Yes, I owe you, too, an apology, Gravelly, in view of your position at the Home Office. (*Becoming Parliamentary.*) It was thoughtless of me to forget that a Permanent Official is not, like a Home Secretary, a comparatively irresponsible individual—a mere passenger, so to speak, who comes and goes with his party—but the pilot who steers the ship and has the deepest interest in its welfare.

LADY WINDHAM. Why, Charlie, I declare your speaking has improved since you've been in prison! You *will* forgive him, Colonel, won't you? And you, Mr. Gravelly?

THE GOVERNOR. Certainly, Lady Windham, certainly. But may I ask the Home Secretary how he came into this place? I trust no other members of the Government are "doing time" here, *incognito*?

MR. GRAVELY. And *why* did you come here, Sir Charles? What reason could there be for so amazing an indiscretion?

B. 20. You may well ask me those questions. Well, in the first place, I acted from conscientious motives, as I thought, to get a knowledge at first hand of what the prison system means, not to judges or juries, or lawyers, or gaolers, but to the prisoners themselves. And secondly, I got in here by the connivance of an officer who substituted me, between the police-court and the prison gate, for the real offender—a man who had defrauded a railway company of some trifling sum.

[*The Governor shrugs his shoulders: Mr. Gravelly holds up his hands in silent despair.*]

LADY WINDHAM. It was splendid of you, Charlie! The most romantic thing you've ever done, by far!

MR. GRAVELY. The most improper thing any Home Secretary has ever done, in my experience—and I've known six Ministries.

THE GOVERNOR. And the result of your investigations, Sir Charles?

B. 20. Ah, the result! Well, however tamely the experiment has ended—and you think me a fool, I know—I have learnt, by personal experience, that the system of solitary confinement, the throwing back of the sinner's mind on itself, as Mr. Prim expresses it, is an inhuman absurdity, which defeats its own purpose, and sends the prisoner out from his cell a worse man than he entered it.

LADY WINDHAM (*meditatively*). Are *you* worse, Charlie?

B. 20. If I am not so, my dear Blanche, it is only because I have not been long enough in this beautifully clean little cell that you so much admire—this whited sepulchre, as I should call it rather.

MR. GRAVELY. Pshaw, Sir Charles! You talk like the Humanitarian League. You know the prisons are arranged in full accordance with the advice of scientific experts, on the very best principles.

B. 20. Principles? Criminological principles you mean, I suppose! All I say to you, Gravelly, is, *try it*. You will find very quickly that experience and experts differ. And there is a still worse barbarity behind the scenes. I heard a cry not ten minutes before you entered—so revolting in its hideousness that, if it could be but once reproduced in the House of Commons, I believe the use of the lash would be then and there prohibited. How can you, Colonel Stark, kind-hearted man that you are, give the order for such a punishment?

THE GOVERNOR. You forget, sir, that the order, before it could be carried out, had to be sanctioned by the Department over which you preside.

MR. GRAVELY. It was signed by the Under Secretary, in your absence, Sir Charles. Colonel Stark was perfectly in order.

B. 20. That is just the mischief of it. Everyone is perfectly in order, yet no one is personally responsible, and so the thing goes on. Well, it is useless for me to talk of it; and the Governor, I know, thinks me a mere babbler. We shall see. But now, what am I to do, Gravelly, to get out of prison? I have to pardon myself, have I not? Please instruct me—as usual.

[*They confer over the papers brought by Gravelly.*]

LADY WINDHAM (*apart to Governor*). I suppose the man who was flogged was a *very* wicked character?

THE GOVERNOR. Insubordination, madam. We have to maintain discipline, you know.

LADY WINDHAM. Of course, of course, Colonel. I do so sympathise with you. I have to punish my little boy sometimes for the same offence, and I feel it so dreadfully.

THE GOVERNOR. No doubt, madam. And does Sir Charles feel it equally?

LADY WINDHAM. Why no! That's the curious thing about it. He only laughs.

GRAVELY (*interrupting*). Look here, Colonel Stark, shall we get this pardon signed at once, and give our prisoner his discharge?

THE GOVERNOR. By all means. But not in this cell—you must come to my house for it. (*To Lady W.*) And after that I hope for the honour of your company to lunch.

LADY WINDHAM. You are very kind, colonel. But do, please, let the pardon be signed *here*, in the very place where my husband has spent his holiday. It is so much, much more romantic!

THE GOVERNOR. As you will, Lady Windham, as you will. Your wishes are commands in this matter. But at least permit Sir Charles to come to my rooms, to take off these prison togs and put his own clothes on again. We'll be back in five minutes, Mr. Gravely, if you'll prepare the documents.

[*Exeunt Governor and B. 20. Mr. Gravely busies himself in arranging the table and papers, while Lady Windham examines the cell.*]

LADY WINDHAM. I am glad to have a quiet look at Sir Charles's little hermitage. It does so remind me of Thoreau's hut at Walden. Mr. Gravely, do you agree with Sir Charles that prisons are uncomfortable?

MR. GRAVELY. On the contrary, Lady Windham, I think they are far too comfortable. If we go on letting the humanitarians have their way, the working-classes will be flocking into the gaols in preference to their own dwellings.

LADY WINDHAM. Really? Then perhaps that would solve another problem that Sir Charles is interested in—the Housing of the Poor?

MR. GRAVELY (*smiling faintly*). In a way it would, certainly, Lady Windham. But you see we want to set the rascally poor to *work*; not to make them comfortable at the public expense.

LADY WINDHAM (*sympathetically*). I suppose these reforms of the prison system give a lot of trouble at the Home Office, Mr. Gravely?

MR. GRAVELY. Oh, we don't think of *that*, Lady Windham. A Permanent Official never minds trouble. It is entirely on principle that we object to such changes. The criminal population must be kept in proper control.

THE WARDER (*opening the door*). The Visiting Justice!

[*Enter Mr. Prim.*]

MR. PRIM (*staggered at the sight*). What's this, warder? A lady and gentleman! Oh, visitors, I presume. I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I came to have another word with our poor friend here (*looking round in bewilderment*).

LADY WINDHAM. Was it B. 20 you were looking for, sir? He's just gone out with the Governor, and will be back in a moment?

MR. PRIM. I thank you, madam. I rejoice to see that respectable influences are being brought to bear on him. A strange character his!—with much of good, as well as of bad, in it.

MR. GRAVELY. Ahem! I must tell you, sir, that this prisoner—

LADY WINDHAM (*interrupting*). I can assure you, sir, that there is far, far more good than bad in the man. I know him better than anyone does.

MR. PRIM. A woman's gracious influence may do much, very much, madam, to soften the sinner's heart, when a salutary discipline has already awakened it. Solitude, segregation, self-questioning, remorse—these are the ordained instruments for the reclamation of the offender—

[*Enter the Governor and Sir Charles Windham. The latter is faultlessly attired in frock-coat, &c.*]

THE GOVERNOR. Aha, Mr. Prim! I'm glad you've found your way here again. We shall want you, presently, to witness a signature. But let me introduce you. This is Sir Charles Windham, the Home Secretary—Lady Windham—Mr. Gravely, of the Home Office.

SIR C. WINDHAM. So you see the sinner clothed and in his right mind, Mr. Prim: thanks to Criminological Principles, of course! Segregation, solitude, self-questioning, &c., &c. Ha, ha!—they've worked wonders in my case, have they not?

THE GOVERNOR. I told you, Prim, I told you, that this sinner was very wide awake.

MR. PRIM (*distractedly*). Oh, but, Sir Charles—I beg pardon, I am sure—not in your case, sir. The discipline I spoke of is for the sinner—not for the Home Secretary—oh, not for the Home Secretary; of course not.

SIR C. WINDHAM. But where is the distinction, Mr. Prim? Who is, and who is not, the sinner? "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford," you know. And if John Bradford, why not the Home Secretary also?

MR. PRIM (*recovering himself*). True, sir, but the grace of God makes all the difference. I ought to have recognised it in your case, Sir Charles. I trust you will pardon the oversight.

SIR C. WINDHAM. Well, you are not the first person, Mr. Prim, who has recognised it more easily in the frock-coat than in the broad-arrow.

MR. GRAVELY. At any rate I trust Mr. Prim will recognise the necessity of keeping this incident very strictly private.

MR. PRIM. Rely on me, rely on me, Mr. Gravely.

THE GOVERNOR. Well, gentlemen, shall we now proceed to business?

[*The Home Secretary sits down on the four-legged stool, at the table, facing audience, meantime a chair has been brought in by the Warder for Lady Windham. The rest stand round the table.*]

SIR C. WINDHAM (*critically and judicially, looking at the papers*). I see, Gravely, that this document grants a free pardon to one George Tomkins, found guilty of defrauding a Railway Company of the sum of seven and sixpence.

LADY WINDHAM. Oh, Charlie, I shall always call you Tomkins after this.

SIR C. WINDHAM. Hush, my dear, hush!

MR. GRAVELY (*tartly*). That is our regular form of procedure, Sir Charles. What is wrong with it?

SIR C. WINDHAM. Oh, nothing, of course. But I am to understand, then, that I am releasing myself by pardoning another man for a crime which I didn't commit but he did? What do you make of that, Colonel? Is this in accordance with criminological principles, Mr. Prim?

THE GOVERNOR: Principles or no principles, Sir Charles, you can't have your discharge until it is signed, that is certain.

LADY WINDHAM. Oh, do be quick and sign it, Charlie! We have to start to-night for Scotland, you know. And please don't begin to be Parliamentary again or we shall miss the train.

SIR C. WINDHAM. Very well, then. I must pardon myself for a crime of which I am wholly innocent.

MR. GRAVELY. You don't understand our Home Office methods, Sir Charles. After a conviction we know of no such thing as "innocence." It is a case of prison or pardon—there is no other alternative. Besides (*smiling condescendingly*) you need have no scruple about giving yourself a free pardon for what you have *not* done, because we might, if we liked, keep you in prison for other things that you *have* done—such as conniving at a defeat of justice in the case of the said Tomkins.

SIR C. WINDHAM. I have done that, certainly; but as I have not been charged with it, we could not consider it now.

MR. GRAVELY. Oh, but indeed we could, Sir Charles, if we wished to keep you here. You don't know the official methods, you see. We take note at the Home Office of many offences besides those for which the prisoner has been convicted.

SIR C. WINDHAM (*impressed*). Now do we, indeed, Gravelly? That is very interesting. I had never heard of it before. So we take note of unproved guilt, it seems, but not of proved innocence! Well, as a Permanent Official, you must of course know best; but to me, as a mere Home Secretary, it seems an odd system.

MR. GRAVELY (*hurt*). Surely, it is obvious, Sir Charles, that we ought not to let bad men out of prison sooner than we are obliged to.

MR. PRIM. Certainly, Mr. Gravelly. Not until they are awakened to a true sense of their position.

SIR C. WINDHAM (*cheerfully*). Yes, those are the criminological principles, Mr. Prim, no doubt. Well, as I *am* awakened to a sense of my position—by-the-bye (*half rising*) I find my position on this stool a very uncomfortable one. (*The Warder here rushes forward, and puts an armful of oakum as a cushion on the stool.*) Thank you, warder, thank you! As I *am* awakened, I say, to a sense of my position, and wish to get out of it with all speed, I hereby give Mr. Tomkins his discharge (*signs*).

MR. GRAVELY. Now for the witnesses. Mr. Prim, will you kindly act as one? I am the other. (*They sign.*) There, Governor! (*handing him the paper.*)

THE GOVERNOR. I congratulate you, Sir Charles! We must try to make you more comfortable on your next holiday visit.

SIR C. WINDHAM. Don't be afraid, Colonel. I shall not trouble you again. I shall leave Mr. Tomkins to pick his own oakum next time.

LADY WINDHAM. Oh, Charlie, do tell us something of that Tomkins. What did he look like when you changed places with him? Was he very grateful?

SIR C. WINDHAM. Grateful! Not the least little bit. He stood still, as if dazed, for a moment or two; then bolted off, round a corner, without once looking back.

MR. GRAVELY. And doubtless he has broken the law again by now. To play these pranks with the course of justice is to put a premium on crime.

SIR C. WINDHAM. Yes, I must remorsefully admit that, with recidivism on the increase (*pauses, seeing Gravelly's eye on him*)—it is on the increase, isn't it Gravelly?

MR. GRAVELY. It is, Sir Charles—owing to humanitarian interference with the wholesome rigours of imprisonment.

MR. PRIM. Very true, Mr. Gravelly, very true!

SIR C. WINDHAM (*continuing*). With recidivism on the increase, it is of course possible that Mr. Tomkins may once more offend against the law. In that case I can only hope he will be a more satisfactory prisoner than I have been. (*Rising*.) I thank you, gentlemen, for the patience and consideration you have shown to me as B. 20. And now, Colonel Stark, we are ready to accompany you to your house.

THE GOVERNOR (*to Lady W., offering his arm*). May I have the pleasure, Lady Windham?

LADY WINDHAM. Oh, thank you, Colonel! What a treat you have given us! I *do* so like the romance of prison life. (*Looking back*). I shall often think of Sir Charles's little hermitage. It's a perfect picture.

[*Exit Governor and Lady W., Mr. Prim and Mr. Gravelly stand waiting for Sir C. Windham to follow. The Warder, all bows and smirks, stands by the door.*]

SIR C. WINDHAM. So this is the end of "my prisons." (*To the Warder*.) Good bye, Warder; and when next some poor devil of a prisoner pretends to be the Home Secretary—or even the Archbishop—don't be too hard on him! Such unlikely things do sometimes happen, you see! (*gives him money*.)

THE WARDER (*with obsequious bows*). Oh, thank you, sir, thank you kindly, I'm sure. I'm sorry if I was rough on you, sir; but, if you'll excuse me saying it, you was a bit aggravating—indeed you was, sir. Such a power of talk, and me not knowing that you were a gentleman from Parliament, sir—

MR. GRAVELY (*interrupting*). Shall we be going, Sir Charles? The sooner this incident is closed and forgotten, the better.

SIR C. WINDHAM. One more farewell, Gravelly, and I have done. In yonder cell (*pointing to the back wall*) is an unknown fellow-prisoner, to whom I would speak a word of cheer before I leave. Now, under the circumstances, what would you say to him, Gravelly? And you, Mr. Prim?

MR. GRAVELY. Say? Of course say nothing, Sir Charles. Such clandestine communication, on your part, would be doubly improper.

MR. PRIM. I agree with Mr. Gravelly, sir, that it would be most indecorous to hold such converse through the prison wall, however

desirable it might be to direct the sinner's mind to a sense of its sinfulness.

SIR C. WINDHAM. Ah, those are *your* criminological principles, Mr. Prim; mine are different. (*Becoming Parliamentary.*) I prefer to send a message of hope and brightness, which shall draw out the prisoner's thoughts as flowers are drawn towards the sun, as— (*pauses disconcerted on seeing that Lady W., with the Governor behind her, has returned to the door, and is watching him reproachfully.*) Yes, yes, Blanche, I'm coming; in a moment.

LADY WINDHAM. Oh, Charlie! You're being Parliamentary again, I declare, and you said you'd finished. We shall miss our train to a certainty. Do bring him along, Mr. Gravely; please!

[*Exeunt Lady W. and the Governor.*]

MR. GRAVELY. Yes, come, Sir Charles; do.

SIR C. WINDHAM. One moment, gentlemen! (*Goes to back wall, and gives a series of slow, measured taps.*)

MR. GRAVELY. What! The gaol-bird's signal code! Has it come to that, Sir Charles?

SIR C. WINDHAM (*repeating the taps*). Yes, Gravely. I too have graduated in Criminological Principles, you see. I came here a mere ignoramus in prison matters. I go out a Criminologist.

A VOICE (*faintly*). Hullo, mate! Is that you? What's the news?

SIR C. WINDHAM (*in slow clear tones, using his hands as a speaking-trumpet*). Buck up, my lad! buck up! It won't last for ever!

MR. GRAVELY AND MR. PRIM. Sir Charles! Sir Charles! Restrain yourself!

THE VOICE. Ay, ay, lad! Buck up, buck up! It won't last for ever!

[*Exit Sir C. Windham hastily, leaving the Warder gaping and grinning by the door, while Mr. Gravely and Mr. Prim stand aghast, in pious horror, with eyes and hands uplifted.*]

NOTES.

SCIENTIST AND SACERDOTALIST.

WE wonder what our up-to-date scientists think (if they think at all) of the justification of vivisection lately put forward by Monsignor John S. Vaughan, a sacerdotalist of the medieval school. To a watchful observer few things could have been more entertaining than the spectacle of an old-world Catholic, a belated casuist of (say) thirteenth century temperament, coming forward in the *Saturday Review* (new style) to justify, from a moral standpoint, the doings of the modern vivisector, and basing his argument on the immemorial "proposition" that "beasts exist for the use and benefit of man."

Now, there are undoubtedly numbers of persons living in this twentieth century who still hold the belief that the animals were created for man's pleasure, and it may be that, in appealing to that ancient superstition, Mgr. Vaughan was using the most popular weapon in the pro-vivisectionist armoury. But whatever the "man in the street" may think on this subject, the evolutionist and man of science, at any rate, is *not* able to take refuge in the plea that man is the centre of the universe, and that all other beings were created for mankind; for if there is one thing, above others, that Darwin's followers have scouted, it is this old anthropocentric notion which forms the Monsignor's "proposition." The animals, according to the scientific view, were not designed for man's benefit, nor is there any impassable gulf between human and non-human—on the contrary, man was evolved from among the animals, and is in very

truth an animal himself. This is the creed, beyond denial or evasion, of the Darwinian scientists, whose torture of their rudimentary brethren the sacerdotalist is so eager to condone. Monsignor Vaughan is defending vivisection by an assumption which the vivisectors themselves must hold to be unscientific and obsolete. Such is the humour of the situation.

BUT vivisection has got to be defended somehow, on moral, as well as medical, grounds; and to do Monsignor Vaughan justice the ground he alleges is the only one that can afford, or could once have afforded, any semblance of logical foothold. "Beasts exist for the use and benefit of man." In that unquestioned belief lay the justification—the comparative justification—of the horrible tortures inflicted on animals in the medicinal and magical quackery of the middle ages, when, as Dr. Berdoe has pointed out in this REVIEW, "the nastier the medicament the more was expected of it." Animals were regarded alike by the religion, and the science, and the common usage of the times, as mere *things*, providentially designed to be the instruments of man's welfare, at the cost of whatever suffering to themselves. What, therefore, if they were carved, and tortured, and vivisected to provide mankind with the filthy nostrums prescribed as the remedies for disease? An anthropocentric philosophy could explain and justify it all. And so it might do at the present time, but for the fact that the anthropocentric philosophy—as a philosophy—has itself ceased to exist.

INDEED, the point of our complaint against the scientists is precisely this—that the practice of vivisection, though perhaps logically justifiable on the absurd old belief that animals have no *raison d'être* except to minister to man's convenience, is wholly unjustifiable in the light of evolutionary science, which has demonstrated beyond question the kinship of all sentient life. That the scientist, in order to rake together a moral defence for his doings, should condescend to take shelter even under the medieval reasoning of the sacerdotalist, is a proof that his position is hopelessly inconsistent and unsound; for having got rid of the old anthropocentric fallacy in the realm of science, he actually avails himself of the same fallacy in the realm of ethics. This, of course, is less surprising when we remember that one and the same person may be, and often

is, as reactionary in one department of thought as he is progressive in another, and that the modern man of science is not infrequently a medievalist in morals. The present writer well remembers the incident which first shook his faith in the infallibility of "science." He had adopted a vegetarian diet, and a distinguished scientist with whom he happened to be on friendly terms expressed a wish to "speak to him" on the subject. The writer felt that a critical moment had arrived, and awaited the scientific pronouncement with respectful anxiety. When it came—spoken with evident earnestness—it was this: "Don't you think the animals were *sent* us as food?"

So we see the scientist and the sacerdotalist, forgetting their radical differences, patching up a superficial alliance with the pious object of perpetuating the experimental torture of the laboratory. Henceforward let none say that Darwinian and Catholic are not in agreement. *Laborare est orare* was the old saying; and now surely it should be expanded by Monsignor Vaughan and his Catholic fellow-vivisectionists into *laboratorium est oratorium*—the house of torture is the house of prayer. If it is not exactly mercy and truth that are met together, righteousness and peace that have kissed each other, still it is a beautiful and touching scene of reconciliation—this meeting of scientist and sacerdotalist over the torture-trough of the helpless animals. They might exclaim in the words of Tennyson:—

"There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears."

It seems to us, as humanitarians, that, as far as Monsignor Vaughan and the Catholic vivisectionist school is concerned (it is otherwise with the scientists) it is pure waste of time to argue with them, there being a fundamental difference of opinion as to data and principles. The sole reason for discussion is to insure that the humanitarian view of the question be rightly placed before the public, and this can best be done by stating it clearly in contradistinction to the anthropocentric dogma. We do *not* admit the assumption that "beasts exist for the use and benefit of man." We view the matter in a wholly different aspect. We find ourselves born into an age which has been evolved in a gradual progress from savagery to civilization, with old-world wrongs around us, the worst of which

are being slowly redeemed, century after century, by a growing spirit of brotherhood. We have never pretended that these wrongs, woven as they are into the fabric of Society, can be immediately and simultaneously righted, nor do we admit, in the case of the lower animals any more than in the case of men, that the necessity of inflicting *some* pain confers the right to inflict *any* pain. We insist on the undeniable tendency from barbarism to humaneness, which has already at many points bridged the gulf between man and man, and will also bridge the gulf between man and his lower fellow-creatures. Science has exploded the idea that there is any difference in kind, and not in degree only, between the human and the non-human animal; and sympathy, guided by reason, is making it more and more impossible that we should for ever treat as mere automata fellow-beings to whom we are in fact very closely akin.

REVIEWS.

Studies by the Way. By the Rt. Honble. Sir EDWARD FRY.
(London: James Nisbet & Co.)

While many of our readers will find interesting reading in this volume, we are only concerned with the Essay on the Theory of Punishment which the author has re-published with slight alterations at the end of seventeen years, showing that his views are still unchanged. We note however that it originally appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* under the title of Inequality in Punishment, which is at once more unpretentious and more apposite to its contents. With Sir Edward Fry's criticisms on Bentham we need not concern ourselves. We are not disciples of Bentham, but we think his error did not lie in his Utilitarian theory of criminal legislation but in his Utilitarian theory of morals. At all events this latter theory, whether true or false, has not yet got hold of the public mind, and its introduction into any theory of criminal legislation can only tend to retard the popular acceptance of the latter. But Bishop Butler, the great English advocate of intuitive and immutable morality, is quite agreed with Bentham as to the general object which the State should have in view in its criminal legislation, viz., "to prevent future mischief." Its object should not be to enforce the moral law by punishing every infraction of it, and endeavouring to do so in exact proportion to the demerits of the offender; nor does it in fact attempt any such hopeless task. Its duty is merely to protect the lives, liberties and property of its subjects.

With Sir Edward Fry's distinction between prevention and punishment we entirely agree; but it is strange that he should never have put to himself the question, Which of these ought to be the

main if not the sole object of the Legislature? The task of the Judge is indeed confined to administering the law, and the law which he administers relates rather to punishment than to prevention without punishment (such as occurs in the case of a quarantine). A Judge may therefore be excused for not taking the point of view which an enlightened legislator would take; but when he proposes to treat of the theory of punishment generally, he ought to take this wider view and not leave himself open to the criticism, *Hic ab artificio suo non recessit*.

Why should the Legislature of any civilised (not to say Christian) country inflict pain or suffering on anyone? Only for the public good. It is not the duty of the State to punish anybody unless the citizens will gain something thereby. The duty of the State is simply to protect the public. Punishment is only admissible as a means to this end, and where it does not conduce to this end it is not admissible at all. Sir Edward Fry himself notices that prevention extends beyond punishment, as for instance in the case of the quarantine. The institution of a quarantine under certain circumstances is just as much the duty of the legislature as the imposition of a penalty for theft. On the other hand, the infliction of punishment from which no good result can be expected is not the duty of the State and is even opposed to that duty. It is of vital importance on moral grounds (and we think on Utilitarian grounds also) that punishments should not be unjust; but the execution of justice, as such and irrespective of the consequences, forms no part of the duty of the State.

Sir Edward Fry and some other writers defend retributive justice in what seems to us a very unsatisfactory manner. We have—so runs the argument—a natural feeling or sentiment as to the fitness of pain as a sequent or concomitant of crime. The punishment of the criminal gratifies this natural sentiment, and the legislator is therefore justified in providing for its gratification at the public expense—in other words, in prescribing punishments for all who deserve them. But in the first place, it is not true that every one feels pleased at the infliction of pain on those who deserve it; in the second place (to instance only pleasures to which no moral exception can be taken), vast numbers of persons take greater pleasure in witnessing a cricket match or a football match, which nevertheless is not provided for them at the cost of the State; in the third place, this feeling of pleasure at the sufferings of others (even of those who deserve what they are undergoing) is not one which it is desirable to cultivate and gratify, but rather to restrain

and confine within narrow limits; for when too strongly developed it is itself one of the most prolific sources of crime. Finally, whatever Sir Edward Fry's idea of a Criminal Code may be, he must be aware that our present code does not aim at punishing everyone who deserves it, or at graduating the punishment in all cases in exact accordance with the ill-desert of the culprit. The truth is that his argument in favour of punishing everyone who offends in proportion to his ill-desert is based on the earliest and crudest form of Utilitarianism—that in which the legislator looks only to the pleasure to be derived from the gratification of public feeling at the moment, without paying any regard to the remote consequences of his action. How many judicial murders have resulted from yielding to this popular sentiment of the moment is doubtless known to Sir Edward Fry; and even in the case of crimes which elicited a storm of indignation at the time, if the criminal were discovered after the lapse of twenty years, we suspect that public opinion would be in favour of mercy—at least if he had led a respectable life during the interval.

Reverting to the original question of the Inequality of Sentences, we believe this inequality mainly results from the prevalence among the Judges, and even at the Home Office, of opinions similar to those of Sir Edward Fry. If we are to punish criminals according to their deserts, probably no two men will agree as to what the punishment in any particular case ought to be, and there is no common standard to which both can appeal. But once lay down the principle that the proper sentence is the lightest that will suffice to protect the public, and we quit the region of theory and opinion for the steady (if at first somewhat faint) light of experience and statistics. We have a definite object before us and we know where to look for guidance in effecting that object. This, we believe, is the first great step to be taken towards the amendment of our criminal system.

LEX.

Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet and Prophet. Choice Selections from his Works, compiled by THOMAS COMMON. (Grant Richards, 1901.)

Whatever we may think of Nietzsche's philosophical theories, he is a writer who must necessarily have a special interest for humanitarians, as being the only thoroughly outspoken advocate of the contrary line of thought. It is so much the custom nowadays for people to *pretend* to be humane—even those who are trying to

justify the most flagrantly inhuman practices—that it is refreshing to find at least one writer who is frankly and savagely brutal. In Nietzsche, a man of real genius and great artistic capacity, the cult of modern brutalitarianism finds its best expression; and it is a distinct convenience to humanitarians that a school should have arisen which states the opposite case without extenuation or reserve. We see in Nietzsche the eloquent *advocatus diaboli* who unflinchingly opposes the canonisation of the humanitarian ideal, and urges the alternative to humanitarianism with exemplary candour.

In giving to the public this well-made selection from Nietzsche's works, Mr. Common has done a valuable service which we gladly recognise; it is well, too, that Mr. Common should be an ardent believer in the truth of doctrines expounded by him, for an editor is always at his best when he is dealing with what he personally appreciates and admires.

Our special concern is with Nietzsche's ethics, and after reading Mr. Common's extracts on this subject we feel even more strongly than before the injustice—or should we say the irrelevance?—of applying to humanitarianism the attacks made by Nietzsche on what he calls "slave-morality." Humanitarianism and slave-morality are in no wise akin. Humanitarianism is not, as Nietzsche's followers seem to suppose, a product of Christianity: there are many humanitarians who would sympathise wholly with Nietzsche's unsparing criticism of the Christian temperament. Nor is there anything humanitarian in those doctrines of asceticism and self-abnegation against which Nietzsche wages war: on the contrary, humanitarians aim at the realisation, not the abnegation, of self.

The whole issue seems to turn on the question what "self" is, and on this point Nietzsche, as represented in Mr. Common's extracts, gives us no clear guidance. As we have already pointed out in the *Humane Review*, in a criticism of a work by one of Nietzsche's disciples,* the "self" which humanitarians would realise is not the mere savage impulse to seek one's own material advantage at the expense of one's fellow-beings (though such a self undoubtedly exists in all of us), but "the larger, more complex, and more modern self which embraces others within its scope." Here is the answer to Nietzsche's statement that exploitation is the essence of life. Exploitation is the essence of life only so long as we are consulting

* Art. on "Egoism and Altruism," April, 1900.

the interests of the narrow, barbarous self; from the moment when the larger self begins to assert itself, Nietzsche's dictum is untrue. At any rate, it is absurd to identify humanitarianism with an "abnegation" of self. The humanitarian no more abnegates self than the most selfish tyrant or monopolist. What he does is to discriminate between two kinds of self.

One of the main features of Nietzsche's philosophy is the antithesis of "master-morality" and "slave-morality," the "over-man" and the underling. But the idea that humanitarianism is concerned in this contrast is quite illusory: we repudiate "master-morality" and "slave-morality" alike, and are as little imposed upon by Nietzsche's picture of the "over-man" as by that of the abject being whom the over-man is to displace. The truth is that Nietzsche's much-vaunted "over-man" is a fraud to the very core; he is an impostor, an inflated bladder, a straw-man—as impossible in the future as he is unreal in the past. As the satirist has said of a similar figure in literature, when subjected to analysis:*

"Ah me! take a brown
Ripe Spanish onion, and proceed to strip
It very patiently, fold after fold;
So small at length you'll find the central pip,
So large the volume of the swathes unrolled."

In like manner if the tyrants and bullies of history be stripped of the core, they are found to be mere bundles of clothes. There is no more fatal sign of decadence than a belief in that bogus "strong man" whom Nietzsche, himself a decadent of decadents, was so fond of picturing. An able critic, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has lately remarked, "There have been many things, friendly and hostile, said about Nietzsche's philosophy, but no one, so far as we know, has pointed out the basic fact that it is sentimental. It yields utterly to one of the oldest, most generous, and most excusable of the weaknesses of humanity, the hunger for the strong man."

It is strange, too, that this worship of the "over-man" should come from a writer who has poured bitter ridicule on the idea of a God. "God has died," cries Nietzsche. "Ye higher men, God was your greatest danger." On the contrary, it is the higher men, of the Cromwellian, Bismarckian, blood-and-iron type, who have always been the most fervent upholders of a God—presumably from a shrewd instinctive sense that religious and political superstition go

* "A Supplement to the Inferno," by James Thomson, with reference to Bulwer Lytton.

together, and that to undermine the supremacy of the "supreme being" would be to imperil their own. In asserting the over-man, while he denies the existence of God, Nietzsche is undoing with one hand what he is striving to do with the other.

The *personal* element was no doubt a determining factor in Nietzsche's view of ethics. It is generally by the academician, the man of the study, that the most violent measures are proposed, precisely because his own life is divorced from action, and he himself would under no circumstances be called upon to do the things that he advocates. So it was, we may surmise, in the case of Nietzsche, who, so far from exhibiting any of the iron qualities of the "over-man," appears to have been a mild literary gentleman, of invalid habits, whose "exceptionally good behaviour all through life" is recorded (somewhat incongruously) by his admiring biographer. Mr. Common is of opinion that the mental malady which caused Nietzsche to die in a madhouse "was due, indirectly at least, to his unparalleled devotion to truth." It would seem much more probable that Nietzsche's anti-social philosophy was due to his madness.

However that may be, we would commend to the notice of Nietzsche's followers the fact that humanitarianism is not, as they imagine it, the sickly cult of mere "avoidance of pain" and mere "abnegation of self," but the desire for that full free life which only a wide and wholesome sympathy can reach. It is not necessary to argue about the "morality" of stepping over the necks of one's fellows to grasp the higher manhood of which Nietzsche is the prophet: it is sufficient to insist on the *impossibility* of doing so. He who seeks welfare in such a manner is doomed to seek in vain.

Darwin considered mainly as Ethical Thinker, Human Reformer and Pessimist. By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E. (John Bale & Co., 83, Great Titchfield Street, W. 2s. net. 1901.)

Without at all doubting the general truth of the Darwinian theory of evolution, it is possible to feel that that theory has been made too much into a dogma, and that there is room for just criticism of certain dubious and contradictory tenets of Darwin and his followers. Dr. Japp, who is no believer in Darwin's philosophical acumen, supplies this criticism in a lively form, and not content with calling in question the utterances (often mutually destructive) of Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and other masters of the cult, most unceremoniously carries the war into the

camp of the "scientific societies," where the Darwinian doctrine is held inviolable. While the book is good reading throughout, 'the most interesting point to humanitarians is perhaps Dr. Japp's endorsement of Miss Cobbe's opinion, that Darwin, despite his personal amiability, did "infinite damage to the cause of humanity." But though the theory of natural selection and the survival of the fittest has been often used—however improperly—as an argument against humanitarianism, we cannot agree with the view that the main doctrine of Darwinism, the idea of evolution, is in any way antagonistic to our principles. On the contrary, it seems to us that the surest foundation of the humanitarian creed is to be sought in the scientific doctrine of the kinship and common origin of all living beings, as contrasted with the old anthropocentric notion which conceived of the lower races as wholly distinct from mankind and purposely created for its use. The fact that the great growth of humanitarian feeling has been contemporary with the equally marked acceptance of the Darwinian theory of evolution, is a hint that we have no reason to regard Darwinism as in the main injurious to our cause; however much the apologists of vivisection and other barbarous practices may attempt to justify their doings by a misapplication of that law of natural selection which is a part of Darwin's system.

Tolstoy and his Problems. Essays by AYLMER MAUDE. (London: Grant Richards. 1901.)

Mr. Aylmer Maude is in our opinion by far the best English exponent of the writings of Leo Tolstoy. He has the advantage not only of deep sympathy with Tolstoy's doctrines, but also of a close personal intercourse with the author himself; and at the same time he maintains that personal independence of judgment which is essential to good criticism. This volume of essays, some of which have already appeared in separate form, brings together some extremely valuable information about Tolstoy's life and philosophy of life, the chapter headed "Talks with Tolstoy" being especially interesting.

Ideals of Life and Citizenship: Select Pieces from the Best Authors. Chosen by C. E. MAURICE. (London: Francis R. Henderson, 26, Paternoster Square. 1901. 2s. 6d. net.)

This book is the result of a good idea well carried out. The aim of the author has been "to cultivate the belief in the possibility of

peaceful heroism, to show the power of sympathy and courtesy, the courageous endurance of suffering in behalf of good causes, and the struggle after all the higher conceptions of life." Who shall say that this is not a much-needed lesson, in an age when no heroism is respected except that of the battlefield, and when "patriotism" is interpreted as the desire to promote the supposed interests of one's country without regard to the rights and interests of other nations. The selections, which include both poetry and prose, range from Chaucer to authors of the present time.

Peace or War in South Africa. By A. M. S. METHUEN. (Methuen and Co., Essex Street, W.C. 1901. 1s.)

This book will do good service in correcting the false version of the cause and conduct of the war in South Africa that has been so industriously circulated by the jingo press. Mr. Methuen's work is admirably written, and nothing is better about it than the way in which it insists on the remarkable parallel between the years 1775 and 1899—between the treatment of the American colonies and the treatment of the African colonies by the mother country. The moral of the book is summed up in the words of Edmund Burke, printed on the title page, "So to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen."

Blacks and Whites in West Africa: an Account of the Past Treatment and Present Condition of West African Natives under European Influence or Control. By H. R. FOX BOURNE, Secretary of the Aborigines Protection Society. (London: P. S. King & Son, Great Smith Street, S.W. 1s.)

This is an excellent account of the encroachments made by Europeans on the West African coast, and the consequent condition of the native races. Here is the conclusion at which Mr. Fox Bourne arrives—

"Some plain morals, not to be relegated to the lumber room of pious opinions, appear to be deducible from the history and present state of our relations with West Africa and its natives. In the first place, there can be no doubt that there is ample room, and as ample opportunity, for improvement of the condition of these natives and of the regions they inhabit by such generous guidance, and such intelligent application of the knowledge acquired by Europeans through centuries of progress in

civilisation, as will conduce to their own happiness and prosperity, with nothing but advantage to their guides and comrades in the utilisation of natural resources of which hitherto only scanty use has been made. In the second place, it should be as little doubtful that violent and lawless interference with them—whether by defrauding them of their rights or by forcing upon them institutions for which, whether good or bad in themselves, they are not at present adapted, is as inexpedient as it is unjust.”

British Blood Sports : "Let us go out and Kill Something." (Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane, W.C. 1901. 2d.)

This reprint of leaflets issued by the Sports Department of the Humanitarian League gives a handy and concise account of the various forms of "blood-sports" in vogue at the present time. The facts stated are beyond dispute, being drawn mainly from reports published in the sporting press, while the names of such writers as Colonel Coulson, Lady Florence Dixie, and the Rev. J. Stratton, are a guarantee that the subject is treated with knowledge derived from experience. We are glad to see that the title "blood-sports" is being more widely used by humanitarians, for it expresses a very just distinction between two quite different classes of sport that are often confounded—the *athletic* sports and the *cruel* sports. "The good cause of sport," as Mr. George Meredith has said, "has to be cleansed of blood and cruelty." This pamphlet will help to hasten the cleansing.

Bird Watching. By EDMUND SELOUS. (London: J. M. Dent and Co., Bedford Street, W.C. 1901.)

This extremely interesting and valuable book is a welcome proof that the humane study of natural history is making progress. "Habits and instincts," says Mr. Selous, "are as strongly inherited as structure, so that, as it appears to me, the study of life is, even from the orthodox scientific point of view, as important as the study of death. Yet it is death that most zoologists (as they call themselves) really revel in, and, though they do not say so, one cannot help feeling that they are a great deal happier and more comfortable dissecting a body in their study than studying life out-of-doors. . . . Let anyone who has an eye and a brain (but especially the latter) lay down the gun and take up the glasses for a week, a day, even for an hour, if he is lucky, and he will never wish to change back again."

Mr. Selous' carefully written chapters on watching plovers, pigeons, gulls, ravens, rufous nightingales, and other birds, show that he has used the glasses with good effect, and those naturalists who have tried this method will corroborate his description of it as far more enjoyable than the old murderous system of the "sportsman" and the "collector." *"Bird Watching"* is a book which all naturalists should read and circulate.

The Old Zoo and the New. Illustrated. (Humanitarian League, 55, Chancery Lane, 2d. 1901.)

These excellent articles, which appeared originally in the *Saturday Review*, and are now reprinted as a pamphlet, describe the Zoo realistically, as it is, and imaginatively, as it might be. The author is not a whit too severe on the stupidity and cruelty of shutting "wild animals" in small dens and cages where they cannot exhibit a single characteristic quality. We are convinced that it is quite useless to appeal to the managers of the Zoological Gardens; it is the public that must initiate a reform by ceasing to be amused by such a sorry spectacle as that provided at the Zoo.

Property and the British Rule in India. By DADABHAI NAOROJI. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1901. 10s. 6d.)

A year ago there was published in the HUMAN REVIEW an article by Edward Carpenter on "Empire in India," in which a protest was made against the fatal drain of taxation to which India has been subjected under British rule. If conclusive proof be needed of the justice of that protest, it will be found in this very serviceable volume, which is a well-made selection from Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji's essays and addresses, and gives a large number of incontrovertible facts as to the terrible condition to which India has been reduced by imperialistic greed. "These evils," the author says in his Introduction, "have gone on increasing, and more and more counterbalancing the increased produce of the country, making now the bleeding and impoverishing drain by the foreign dominion nearly or above £30,000,000 a year. . . . But the drain is not all. All the wars by which the British Indian Empire is built up have not only been fought mainly with Indian blood, but every farthing of expenditure (with insignificant exceptions) has been exacted from the Indian people. Britain has spent nothing."

CRIMINAL LAW AND PRISON REFORM: A YEAR'S WORK.

I AM asked to give some account of the work recently done by the Criminal Law and Prison Reform Committee of the Humanitarian League. We are glad to be able to report, as in previous years, that the Department continues to make satisfactory progress, and we record with satisfaction the fact that our efforts to reform and humanise the prison system and criminal law of this country have been attended with considerable success; while, as regards legislation, we have been successful in bringing about the defeat of two reactionary measures for the further extension of the degrading punishment of flogging in the case of men and boys. Our work has practically proceeded on the same lines as in earlier years. The Executive Committee of this Department has given careful consideration to several matters of grave public interest, especially in relation to youthful offenders, capital punishment, flogging in the services, Mrs. Maybrick's case, etc. If one may judge by the number of letters that have poured into the office of the League it would appear that our work and objects are attracting wide attention. To many friends throughout the country the hearty thanks of the Executive Committee are due for their valuable co-operation during the past year; and we invite their further help on the subjects indicated.

In a retrospect of the year, the Committee view with special satisfaction the progress which has been made with regard to flogging. Almost single-handed, it fought Mr. J. Lloyd Wharton's Flogging Bill, which on March 28th was rejected in the House of

Commons by a majority of 123, two Home Secretaries (Mr. Asquith and Sir Matthew White Ridley) speaking against it. The significance of this victory has not been lost; for, since the defeat of this Bill, flogging has become more and more unpopular.

Several hundred letters, articles, and paragraphs, written by the Hon. Secretary, appeared in the newspapers and magazines between the appearance and disappearance of Mr. Wharton's Bill; and these papers included *The Times*, *Standard*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, *St. James's Gazette*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Morning Leader*, *Echo*, *New Age*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Law Times*, *Catholic Times*, *Irish Daily Independent*, *Newcastle Daily Leader*, *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, &c. The members of the House were circularised, and a special leaflet, entitled, "Why Mr. Wharton's Flogging Bill should be Rejected," was sent to all M.P.'s, issued for general distribution, and widely copied in the Press. A resolution urging the Government not to lend its support to the proposal to extend flogging, which was sent to Mr. Balfour and the Home Secretary, also received widespread publicity. A Memorial signed by a number of influential women was also addressed, through this Department, to Sir Matthew White Ridley.

Among the many friends and social reformers who supported the Committee in working for the rejection of the Flogging Bill were Councillor F. Brocklehurst, G. Dawson Baker, W. H. S. Monck, Edmund Harvey, H. N. Mozley, Rev. A. M. Mitchell, Llewellyn W. Williams, Mrs. Mona Caird, J. L. Foulds, and the Rev. Jesse Hatten. The thanks of the Committee to Mr. Lloyd Morgan on his successful opposition to so reactionary a proposal were expressed in a Resolution, copies of which appeared in a number of London papers.

Of late a considerable amount of attention has been directed to the treatment of youthful offenders. Lord James of Hereford's Bill, which sought to give magistrates power to flog boys of seven years and upwards for every offence excepting homicide, passed all its stages in the Lords, and came on for second reading in the Lower House on May 21st, when it was vigorously opposed by Mr. Carvell Williams, Mr. Pickersgill, Sir John Brunner, Mr. Broadhurst, and others, and was successfully talked out by Mr. Fred Maddison. The Bill suffered a sweeping defeat in debate, and on that account was dropped by the Government. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Howard Association both supported this preposterous Bill, and the League, therefore, had no alternative but to oppose their action in this matter. In reference

to the former, it addressed an "Open Letter" to the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, the director and secretary, whose only reply so far is to the effect that the N.S.P.C.C. has nothing more to say on the subject till Lord James of Hereford's Bill is re-introduced, the errors of statement made by Mr. Waugh in the name of his Society being allowed to remain uncorrected! This "Open Letter," we may add, has been in great demand.

Over 600 letters from this office have appeared in connection with the Youthful Offenders Bill, and discussions on the subject have been conducted in opposition to Colonel Robertson, Mr. Edric Bayley (Chairman of the London County Council Industrial School), Sir W. Besant, the Recorder of Scarborough, and other advocates of flogging. The supporters of Lord James of Hereford's Bill were unanimous in attributing the defeat of that measure in Parliament to the vigorous propaganda carried on by the Humanitarian League.

It is impossible in this Report even briefly to summarise all the subjects in which the Department has taken action or shown interest. It issued an appeal during the General Election, urging the electors to vote for candidates whose views were sound on humanitarian questions; it also supported, as far as possible, those candidates for the School Board of London who were opposed to corporal punishment in the Board's day and industrial schools. In addition to its Press work, amounting to the publication of some thousands of letters and notices in some of the most influential papers both at home and abroad, the Committee intervened in the case of an illegal sentence of birching passed on two boys at Liverpool, and was instrumental in preventing the infliction of an unjust and disgusting punishment; it also secured publicity for a case of flogging in the Navy by questions in the House, in regard to which correspondence has passed between the Admiralty and the Humanitarian League. The disuse of the treadmill has been brought about in great measure by our efforts. The Prisons Act of 1898, of which the same remark may be made, though not all that we could wish, has accomplished considerable good, and we believe that we shall see far-reaching reforms as a result of that enactment.

The publication and circulation of literature has been carried on with vigour, over 15,000 pamphlets and leaflets having been issued and distributed. Among the publications issued in furtherance of the work of the Prisons Department have been the following :—

"The Proposal to Flog Children." By Joseph Collinson.

"Inhumanity in Schools." By Honnor Morten, M.L.S.B.

"Judges and Flogging: Some Opinions."

"Twenty Reasons against the Youthful Offenders Whipping Bill."

"The Grand Jury and the 'Cat.'"

Copies of the Women's Memorial to the Home Office have been printed. Our public challenge entitled, "Was Garotting put down by the Lash?" has received considerable attention. We hope and believe that this pointed way of dealing with the question has at last put an end to that stupid fallacy.

Since the publication of the last Report the name of the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D., has been added to the list of General Committee. Dr. Morrison is the author of several standard works on criminology and prison reform, and we are much indebted to him for his sympathy and practical help.

The Executive Committee are in great need of financial assistance, and are compelled to ask for help from their contributors and friends. If funds were available they would be able to publish and circulate more literature; they hope, therefore, that their appeal will meet with an immediate and generous response.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

Criminal Law and Prison Reform Department,
Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane,
London, W.C.

GREATER SHAME TO MAN THAN INHUMANITY. Spenser.

THE HUMANE REVIEW

JANUARY, 1902.

CONTENTS.

A SCHEME TO SAVE
SPECIFIC LIFE.

Edmund Selous.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Rev. A. L. Lilley.

MUNICIPAL HOSPITALS.

Hennor Morten.

RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

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FACTS ABOUT FLOGGING.

Joseph Collinson.

SHELLEY AS PIONEER.

Henry S. Salt.

NOTES, REVIEWS, &c.

London:

Ernest Bell, 6, York Street,
Covent Garden.

CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
A SCHEME TO SAVE SPECIFIC LIFE. <i>By Edmund Selous</i>	289
ROBERT BUCHANAN. <i>By the Rev. A. L. Lilley</i>	302
THE MUNICIPALISATION OF HOSPITALS. <i>By Miss Hennor Morten, Member of the London School Board</i>	311
THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS. <i>By Ernest Bell</i>	324
FACTS ABOUT FLOGGING. <i>By Joseph Collinson</i>	336
SHELLEY AS A PIONEER OF HUMANITARIANISM. <i>By Henry S. Salt</i>	354

NOTES, REVIEWS, &c.

NOTES	367
REVIEWS.— <i>The Criminal; Lives of the Hunted; Scientific Research; Concerning Cats; Thought Power; Songs of a Child; Beautiful Birds</i>	371
CORRESPONDENCE.— <i>Darwinism and Humanitarianism.</i> <i>By Alex. H. Japp, LL.D.</i>	377

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THE HUMANE REVIEW.

A SCHEME TO SAVE SPECIFIC LIFE.

THOUGH collections of living animals have been known in the world from a tolerably early period, no one of them seems ever to have been formed with the distinct and paramount object of saving and keeping alive in the world such species as either seemed rare by nature, or were threatened with an artificial extinction. This, perhaps, was hardly to have been expected in the days of the Persian hunting-parks or of Montezuma's menageries, but, coming to modern times and countries—long after the waste and shrinkage of life had been noted and deplored—none of the various Zoological Gardens at Berlin, Amsterdam, Cologne, Frankfort, Dresden, &c., seem to have been established with any view beyond that of providing the many with amusement and the few with scientific instruction—objects, indeed, worthy in themselves and which upon the whole they fulfil far more worthily than does the beast-Bastille in our midst.

Our own Society, when it first came into being under the Presidency of Sir Stamford Raffles in 1826, *talked*, I believe, of acclimatisation as a means of purveying to the public, at reduced cost, various exotic forms of poultry or other meat. But of perishing species to be rescued from destruction and

kept living and breathing amongst us, till a new golden age, brought about by the gradual softening of humanity, should allow of their being re-instated in their original homes, of this I never heard, though, for aught I know, athwart the poultry, and, as a quite secondary consideration, there may have been talk of it. But we know in what these utilitarian schemes have ended. The wreck of high hopes is amongst us still and may be seen for a shilling or sixpence. They would have fed us, and, behold! a show. They talked of poultry and sunk down into a menagerie. Thus perish and come to naught the clear conceptions of clever, practical-minded men.

But are there no visionaries left in the world, dreamers of dreams which shall become a part—and a fair part—of the waking world of the future? And, if there are, is not this a fair dream, and worth the dreaming, this dream of an isle of refuge in our midst, within which beings, doomed, in the great world, to be continually slaughtered till they cease, shall quietly reside and propagate, living their life, displaying their beauty, teaching their lessons, imparting their knowledge, till, when those who rejected shall, at length, call for them, their long-remote descendants shall pass like monks from their monasteries to cheer, again, a world that yearns for life?

It is only, I believe, in this way, that many a species, full of wonder and beauty, can be kept existing on the earth. There needs an asylum, a sanctuary. The world is a vast slaughter-house. Up and down in it, active and unquenchable, go those who, under one name or pretext or another, delight to make a void where there was, before, a fulness, and to turn life into death. Mingled with them are others who hate the slaughter and would fain bring it to an end. But their numbers are few, their influence small, nor is the strength of the fire which burns in them to be compared with that which they oppose. They but glow with humanity, benevolence—a generalised and feeble flame—whilst against them, focussed and concentrated—roaring, each one, in its own robust, personal furnace—come those hot, consuming blasts of greed, acquisition, blood-lust, vanity, fashion, the strong and ruling masters of our race.

It should be recognised, I think, that, however holier-higher be the flame of that larger self, that binds all others to it, and which we call altruism, that of the smaller and more ordinary one, the self which we call selfishness, burns as a rule much stronger and steadier and goes out far less easily. It is both more heroic and it produces more heroes, in its unexalted way. We may point here and there to a Howard, a Father Damian, a Miss Hobhouse, and one or two others, but what will not thousands do, where will they not go, to take, not save, a life? What hardships have been endured, what risks run, what lives lost, for sweet killing's sake! Of old, in the more picturesque days, amongst the vikings and so forth, the carnage was mostly human, and whilst nations of heroic fiends fought gloriously together, making their respective lands a desolation, small quantities of the more finely-touched cowered in cloisters, benevolent but somewhat cowardly. Now that civil polity has diminished wars, whilst the soul of the savage has come down in the sportsman, the collector, and indeed generally, the relative numbers and the relative strength are still the same, and for one humanitarian who will risk his life for his creed thousands do so over and over again to shoot a beast, to take a bird's egg, or to pin a butterfly.

How, therefore, can the torrent be stemmed, and the lives of species saved, when the destroyers not only greatly outnumber the would-be preservers, but are prettier men, taller fellows, to boot. No doubt, given a geological period or two, and assuming that man's nature *does* improve, the nobler force will conquer, some day, for *magna est veritas et prevalebit*. The grass will grow, and, if only there were no steed to starve during the process, all would be well. But the steed is in the field, and starving, daily, much faster than the grass is growing. What can save it? Appeals, leaflets, education, bye-laws, Acts of Parliament, all the machinery of legal dead-letterdom, will do nothing, or at least they will not do enough, for the opposing forces are too strong. The manure is good, but the grass will not grow in time, and if the steed is really to be saved, it must be taken out of the field altogether, and fed, for some while, in a stable. Then, when the grass *has* grown—really grown—when it is “lush and lusty”

and has more than "an eye of green in't," it can be brought back again and left to graze.

The grass is the world, the steed is each perishing species; and, for the stable, it should be a new Gardens, avoiding all the foolishnesses and cruelties of the old one, and animated by the vital principle of doing a definite good, and striving against a definite evil. Into it—and this should be the first and foremost rule of all—should be admitted such creatures only as might seem in real danger of extinction. Long, unfortunately, as would be the list of these, yet for a Gardens of any size—and I would have this in the country and as extensive as possible—such a collection would be comparatively a small one, and this would the better allow of that wholly indispensable condition, adequate space for each one to live and breed in. Of course, if any species, after long and patient trial, could not be got to breed, there would no longer be an object in keeping it, and the vacant space could then be used for raising an increased stock of others that did. Space, indeed, would have to be the final arbiter as to the number of species admitted, should there, even under the conditions predicated, be a danger of overcrowding. But it might be hoped that one successful *dépôt* of the kind would produce others, and this, besides that it would lessen the aforesaid difficulty, would also give opportunities for exchange and for trials in different parts of the country, or indeed the world.

From time to time, as opportunities might arise, a certain number of any species could be shipped to and planted down in various parts of the world, whenever possible, in their own natural habitats, though, sometimes, a fresh one might be tried. Scattered throughout the country, moreover, there would, no doubt, be many who—were the species at hand and easy to come by—would be glad to try the experiment of thus rescuing life from extinction, on their own estates, as has, already, in several instances, been done—and that successfully*—though, probably, without any idea of the sort. The very knowledge that such

* By this I mean that the species has become naturalised and has bred on the estate.

a *dépôt* existed amongst us would turn the attention of many to the subject, who would not have thought of it otherwise, and the matter being thus, as it were, in the public eye, it would become talked of, and success, in any particular instance, receive its due comment in the press, which would, no doubt, act as an effective stimulus to further and more widespread exertion.

That which, however, would operate most powerfully in this direction and, at the same time, directly help the project to an extent which might make the whole difference between success and failure, would be the introduction of previously tried species into the parks, both of the metropolis and of our provincial towns. What paradises would these become—how should we have cause to bless their guardians—if some portion, at least, of the strange, beautiful and varied life of different regions of the earth could be seen within their precincts, not in menageries, as has lately been proposed, but under approximately natural conditions, in modest freedom, using and being thankful for the parks, like ourselves!

Take, for instance, the antelope tribe. Many—as can be seen at our present Gardens—though natives of hot countries, yet support our climate remarkably well, as, for instance, the Indian and Egyptian antelopes, the red-flanked duiker of western and the spring-bok of southern Africa. All of these, it is true, have sheds at the back of their little pens, but these, it would seem, are not warmed by hot-water pipes or by any other artificial arrangement. A row of such sheds, or one long open one, to accommodate all together, might easily be put up in any of our parks, and here—if indeed thick shrubbery were not sufficient—they could lie whenever the cold might make it necessary, whilst at other times we should have the felicity of seeing them careering or browsing over the open swards of the Regent's, Hyde, St. James', Holland, Ravenscourt, Richmond, or other Parks. Either there might be a few small herds of various kinds in each, or the different species could be distributed amongst them in larger numbers.

All these antelopes are either under, or hardly above, the size of a sheep, on which account, and, also, by reason of

their disposition, which is timorous—or, at least, prudential—where man is concerned, there would be no danger in having them thus at liberty. Especially delightful and interesting to see would be a herd of spring-boks, which eccentrically graceful creatures have the habit of giving, at any moment, while speeding over the plain, a high perpendicular spring into the air, though, for some reason or other, they never do this when the plain—as bounded by the ideas of the Zoological Society—is only 20 feet long by 9 feet 8 inches broad.

How glorious would a sight like this be in Richmond Park!—and here we have an expanse which would, without difficulty, accommodate much larger animals; elands, koodoos, zebras, even, possibly, giraffes—an elysian prospect which kangaroos could yet more glorify. In their wild state, at any rate, none of these splendid creatures are, in the least degree, dangerous. The first two seem destitute of the feeling of resentment. Amongst the myriads and myriads that have died by every kind of wound, and in every degree of agony, not one, I believe, has ever been known to charge. Mild and cow-eyed they have stared and wondered, feared, fled, and suffered through the ages, but never once felt rage. For zebras, they are said to be vicious when the attempt is made to break them in to harness, but, in a natural state, they have never done anything, in regard to man, except to keep—or try to keep—out of his way. This, too, is equally true of the giraffe. When you ride right up to it and shoot it in a vital organ, you must be careful lest it fall on you. If it does it may kill you, but in no other way is it dangerous.

All four of these animals—every one of them a Phoenix, and the last a unique and most wonderful example of adaptation to a special end, a *chef d'œuvre* of natural selection, made classic by Darwin—are in danger of extinction. It is, indeed, possible—though for many reasons (the two chief ones, I believe, being black and white licensed sportsmen) not at all probable—that the efforts of the International Preservation League in Central Africa may succeed in saving rather than help in destroying them. In that case—which would certainly be “unprecedented”—the vast size of the preserved territory, with the numbers and variety,

and the free condition of the animals inhabiting it, would quite put to shame anything that parks or gardens could bring about. But the great advantage of the latter is that the necessary protection can be made a certain quantity, and, for the rest, the two methods would not interfere with, but only help, each other. Species, for instance, not indigenous to such free, protected areas, and which had been saved from extinction over here, might, subsequently, be introduced into them.

In imagining antelopes, &c., running wild within our parks, I have been assuming their power of breeding under such conditions, and in the English climate. This, of course, would have to be settled by experiment, but I believe that most, if not all, of the kinds I have mentioned, as well as kangaroos and other exquisite animals are, at the present time, both living and breeding upon the estates of various fortunate and enlightened individuals—for instance, on the Honourable Walter Rothschild's estate at Tring, on that of Sir Edmund Loder at Leonardslee, and of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey.

Though, as I have said, in the new Gardens which I should like to see existing amongst us, an indispensable condition of entry would be the threatened extinction of the species, in the case of our parks this principle, though it should never be lost sight of, need not in every case be adhered to. Without attempting to give anything like a complete list of the quadrupeds falling under this melancholy heading, the following may be mentioned:—The moose, wapiti, bison, beaver, fur-bearing seal, many of the sheep and goats, the African elephant, giraffe, zebra, and the antelope tribe generally. The quagga and white rhinoceros, if not the true or mountain-zebra, are probably gone already. Coming to birds, to enumerate all, or even half, of those that—if not ingeniously and artificially rescued—must soon disappear, would be too long and much too sad a task. As everybody, now, knows, there is hardly a very beautiful kind, throughout the world, that is not being rapidly swept into destruction, for a motive the most vile and with cruelty the most diabolical. To read of it, to think of it, to cast one's eye forward, and see, in horrible imagination, an earth of empty mansions, a nature manifoldly dead, to see

forests without their parrots, mountains without eagles, oceans without albatrosses, islands and continents, wherein once dwelt faunas of surpassing and peculiar interest, depopulated or filled only with alien and more commonplace forms—not beauty, merely, but “knowledge at *a thousand entrances* quite shut out”—is to feel a misery whose only comfort—and that a poor one—is in knowing that one will have gone oneself, too.

Out of this fiend-work, this devil-work, this bloody and blasphemous butchery—for to bring to naught creation's handiwork is blasphemy in thought, and sacrilege in act—could not our parks and such a Gardens as is here advocated, save, at least, some poor few—some gleams of the Godhead, sparks of the creative fire? There is the lyre-bird of Australia, that “thing of beauty” that should be “a joy for ever”—must it go? Its affinities are not yet made out, its habits are only superficially known, knowledge lies hid in it which, when brought to light, would add something, also, to our knowledge of other forms. Therefore, it is not merely a delight for the eye, but a study for the mind also, something to be unravelled and elucidated, a living Rosetta Stone, whose secrets may be more pregnant than those which the dead one has revealed. It is, in fact, and so is every other species, a part of truth, and on the aggregate of such parts the whole truth of the science of biology must be built up and advance. Let one of them go, and a part of the material out of which knowledge, along one of her great paths, is spun and woven goes too, and as the material dwindles so must the fabric produced from it, and the stimulus to produce it, shrink and dwindle also, so that to slay a species is to murder knowledge.

Yet this wonderful lyre-bird is doomed, we are told; the end must come soon, nothing can stay it, it is inevitable. Mutilated fragments of marble may be saved, faded pictures, never-to-be-read-again books, letters, coins, trinkets, mere rubbish, all may be rescued and preserved to distant ages in spacious galleries, amidst acres of masonry. This *living* “vesture of creation,” shred of the garment woven for God, and which we see God by—to borrow Goethe's thought—is to vanish and become nothing, to cease for ever and

ever. *Can* it not be stayed? If, indeed, it *is* inevitable—but I refuse to believe it, seeing that it is not in the hands of a ministry. Not being a matter for statesmanship, surely, surely there is hope. One lyre-bird, at least, has supported, for a time, both our climate and our Zoological Gardens, and if it did die of the latter, this is not at all to be wondered at, for, says Professor Newton, “it is a bird of active habits, and no doubt requires facilities for taking violent exercise.” Now a park would give these facilities, and as the bird’s food consists of worms, snails, and insects generally, there seems no reason why it should not live, thrive, and also breed there. What rapture to see such birds—the males beneath the state canopy of their most magnificent lyre-shaped tails—stalking or running over the lawns, or to watch some half-a-dozen of the latter displaying those tails in rivalry, on the summits of artificial mounds, thrown up by themselves, uttering, at the same time, their strong-voiced, musical song. It is true that no birds are shyer than these, in their native land, where they keep to the thick “brushes,” and are seldom (though alas too often) seen. But the habits of any species are modified by the conditions in which it finds itself, and all park birds become tame, as witness our wood-pigeons in their St. James’ sanctuary. By such tameness we should learn. Knowledge now shut up would lie open before us.

And then there are the bower birds. Why should they not make their bowers, and court and sport amidst laurels and lilac-bushes of our own black beds? They do so, as anyone may see, in the Western Aviary, opposite the Monkey House. And the parrots, macaws, cockatoos—those bouquets of colour, life, and sound—how would they illuminate our London trees! Hawks, according to Mr. Buxton, were the chief reason of their not establishing themselves in Norfolk, but there are no hawks in the parks. It is likely that such birds as these, when introduced into an oasis of verdure, amidst a surrounding desert of houses, would stay there and not fly away. I have sometimes dreamed of a secret society, the members of which should be bound to let loose every year, into so many London parks, so many pairs of new birds. With members enough something should come of this in time.

Penguins—of which there are various species—by virtue of their upright gait and salient colouring, their perfect adaptation to an aquatic life, and the modification of their wings into paddles, to swim with, are amongst the most interesting of birds, but they are so slaughtered that their extinction may at any time take us by surprise, as did that of the great auk. Would it not be possible to introduce them into the ornamental waters of our parks? True, these are fresh and not salt waters, but though they may, at first, prefer the latter, it is not essential to them, nor do they get it—when they get any—at the present Gardens. To see them there, squatted down in a parrot-cage, or rabbit-hutch, or catching fish in a tank that might stand in a shop window, whilst, within a few hundred yards of them, lies a stretch of water, in comparison like a miniature sea, is a sorry sight. One wants to catch them up and run away with them there. There should be rescue parties for the “Zoo.”

Some, at least, of these park waters are well stocked with fish, so that penguin life could be supported upon them without any necessity of feeding the birds. The only question would be as to how many each sheet could support, but this would regulate itself. Possibly penguins would never breed under such circumstances, but, just as possibly, they would. At any rate, why not try? Why not act like rational beings, possessing enlarged curiosity? What sort of state, short of softening, must the brain of a man be in, who, having such a thing as a penguin in his possession, can be content to keep it, day after day, month after month, perhaps (*vide the Lancet*) for 40 years, without putting it in something like a *decent* piece of water? What boy, having a toy ship, would be satisfied with a basin to float it in? For my own part, if I had such a creature, I would sooner take it to the sea and see it swim freely and unrestrainedly away, though it were never to return, than make a live stuffed bird of it. *Chacun à son goût*, but rabbit-hutches, parrot-cages, tanks and concrete basins! under such circumstances a penguin *cannot* do himself justice.

If these birds could ever be established on our park waters so that we had a fair stock of them, on which to draw, might it not be possible to go still farther, and establish them

on our coasts as well? Such an experiment might be tried in some remote parts of the kingdom—the Shetlands, Orkneys or Hebrides—and the condition most favourable to it would, perhaps, be a loch, but just separated from the sea, such as is often found in those parts. This could be enclosed till the birds had bred, regularly, for some years, on its shores or any little islets it contained, and then, again, be thrown open, leaving them free to make their way to the adjacent sea. They would then, having a breeding station, not be likely to desert our shores, and, moreover, the greater number of them would never have known another home. In fact, I can see no difficulty in establishing penguins on our lakes, lochs, ornamental waters, and, at last, our seas, if once they could be got to breed. In all such experiments their incapacity of flight would be a condition greatly making for success. As to the glory and rapture of seeing King and Emperor Penguins—not to speak of lesser titles—breasting our waves, or standing in rows upon our shores, the broad expanse of their foam-white and golden-tinted breasts flashing in the sun, or as though there were a sun, I need not dilate upon that. It would be, as the Scotch say, “a sight for sair een.”

I will only name one more bird that might, possibly, be saved in this way, leaving it to others to make the many and many additions which space will not allow me to. The albatross. To see this majestic bird—so striking to the imagination and endeared in poetry, that to all save dry-as-dusts it seems almost more than one—floating, perhaps pinioned, on the bathos of a park water, or flying only over *that*, would, indeed, be very melancholy to such as have souls. But then, minorities are nowhere in this world, and would it not be better than extinction?—for, to the shame of our all-shame-accumulating race, extinction is here threatened. Civilised men and women, crossing the ocean, see this wonder and feel drawn to kill it. That is the way in which it affects them—the tone of their civilised minds. But when the true joy of the few has become the affectation of the many—as with painting, scenery, music, Shakespeare, almost everything—then the albatross, saved in our parks, may once more gladden the ocean.

The albatross—perishing. All life is perishing, and we are cheery. We are nothing, now, if not optimistic. The shallowness, the purblindness of the pessimist is ever a grateful theme. But I ask this question—are we optimists on evidence or for ease and comfort of mind? Is it “a free visitation,” or do we twist and wriggle like snakes in a briery brake, to find the most comfortable and sunniest spot to lie on, and when we have found it, think we have groped, painfully, through darkness to the light, and found — &c.? For myself, I believe the whole radiant structure has been raised on such a foundation, and that—big or little, asps or boa-constrictors—we are all of us snakes. How, if it were otherwise, could optimists exist among us, when, year by year, not merely individual but *specific* life is passing away, one high perfection after another falling into the night of nothing, all around us? The thing is utterly horrible, but few, as it appears to me, think of it as it should be thought of. What, then, is a species? Is it not pre-eminently one of those “long results of time,” which, if it be lost, time itself seems lost with it? Whatever laws have produced it, does it not tell of those laws, and if there be a God behind them, does it not tell of Him? If so, then wantonly to destroy it is to destroy knowledge and to mock God. It is negation, devilism, the most awful and horrible act of sacrilege that mortal man can conceive or commit—or, if it is not, now, it will be when it is better understood.

Of course I am speaking only of artificial extinction, that extinction brought about by civilised man, and which civilised man, would he bestir himself, could prevent. Extinction in nature means, as a rule, the infinitely slow passage of one form of life into another, and is thus birth, as well as death, or, rather, it is growth, not death at all. But the havoc wrought by man is abrupt and rapid, and there is no compensation. Something dies and for ever, but another something is not born from its ashes. The world is the emptier. It is not so when we slaughter each other, for, however colossally we do it, it is individuals or, at the most, tribes only (though this, indeed, is sad enough) that perish, not the species, not *homo sapiens* (as he calls himself). *He* stays.

Which kind of loss is the greater, the one that is soon made good again (*une nuit de Paris réparera cette perte*), or the one that never, in all eternity, can be? I do not say that the individual life of any—even the most uninteresting—person is not immensely more important than the individual life of bird or beast. I should not like to pain honest, conceited people by hinting at such a thing. But is there anyone who has lived long enough in the world to be quite sure that he is neither a genius nor otherwise a benefactor of humanity, who thinks that his personal disappearance would be a greater calamity than any—even the humblest—specific one? Can he think himself worth *all* cats or *all* dogs, *all* birds of paradise or *all* humming-birds? Surely he cannot. Let him consider it from the point of view of comparative anatomy: would he be as much worth dissecting as *the* great auk or *the* dodo? or in relation to habits and instincts: are his own more interesting than those of *the* bee or *the* beaver? or æsthetically: can art less spare him (or *her*, though she be a very Venus), than *the* eagle, *the* lion, *the* wapiti? I think not—I think not.

Surely this loss of specific life is a very terrible loss. Let us realize it before the world is empty indeed. Let not our posterity curse us, when they read of life in books, or see it, dead, in museums. Let us save for them, at least, the grandest, the most beautiful, the most instructive forms. Earth without her life is a desert. Let us store it up with care, with infinite pains, in our gardens, our parks, our pleasant places, wherever we can introduce the costly, God-made treasure. Let us buy it, this life—with what millions do we buy death!—only let it be life indeed, free, uncaged life, breeding life, *living* life. Then, when our paragonship, awaking like a drunkard, shall know, with remorse, the deeds it has done, these poor refugees—"God's creatures," His best, *His most innocent*—shall enter, again, upon their heritage, earth shall re-know them where she knew them of yore, "Rachel weeping for her children" shall be comforted, at least with some of them, and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

EDMUND SELOUS.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.*

AFTER nearly forty years of ceaseless literary toil, Robert Buchanan has passed away, leaving the world in a mood of pathetic perplexity as to what it ought to have made of him or even what it is to make of him now. It could not even in its dullest moods fail to realise the tempestuous and overwhelming force of the man. But it continued hesitant whether that force represented a permanent and vital power or the self-consuming throes of a fever-fit.

Yet surely there never was poet concerning whose assured claim to that title there need have been less hesitation. To one at least of his admirers it seems that it was his very excellences which robbed him and still rob him of his due meed of appreciation. He was excellent in ways of which his time recked little or was frankly contemptuous. His genius was careless and liberal, with the carelessness and liberality of Nature. He squandered himself recklessly and with the magnificent unconsciousness of those who have much to squander. And this did not suit the mood of a time which esteems as the chief of virtues a studied aloofness from real feeling, a delicate sensitiveness of self-expenditure. Again, Buchanan was by far the most simple and natural of modern poets. He was filled with a great fervour of faith and feeling which had to find expression, and nothing was farther from his mind or bent than that study of

* Complete Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan. 2 vols. Chatto and Windus. 1901.

fantastic literary grimace which passes to-day for a devotion to style. His poems have the looseness and copiousness of Nature, but they have too its life. They are not trimmed and trained to the requirements of the latest fashion in poetic parterres.

But the chief obstacle to the immediate recognition of Buchanan's greatness may also prove to be the surest guarantee of his eventual triumph. He has defied classification, and by his own obstinate individuality of faith and feeling he must live or die. It is not indeed expected of the poet that he should rigidly conform to the respectable beliefs of his time. The world of ordinary readers has its code of literary live-and-let-live. It is graciously patient of the heresy which clothes itself in polite and well-turned phrases. It has a satisfying secrecy of delight in the heresy which wears with success a roguish mask of orthodoxy. But it must draw the line at a heresy which insists that it is heretical. And Buchanan, it must be admitted, kept it pretty busily engaged drawing lines throughout a long literary life. He could not endure to be suspected of belonging to any party or school. The moment a belief ceased to be an object of persecution, it lost some of its charm for him. He was indeed what he called himself, an "Ishmael of Song," and the breath of his intellectual life was the belief to which men were afraid or unable to be fair.

Perhaps it is not wonderful that a man who so consistently and strenuously ranged himself against every established opinion, or proved himself fair and charitable to a belief which was passing through its time of struggle and trial only to assail it with compensating bitterness in its day of success, should have earned at last a reputation for invincible perversity. But natural, inevitable indeed, as it was, considering how superficial and impatient contemporary criticism usually is, it was nevertheless wholly unjust. There may have been a certain measure of perversity in Robert Buchanan's nature. The circumstances of his literary life, lived at a white heat of polemical fervour, may have accentuated whatever natural perversity was his. Buchanan did not escape the defects of his qualities any more than the least of us. But intellectual perversity, so far as he suffered from it, was in him a most pardonable defect to those who recognised the true measure of the quality which it

relieved. He was indeed an eclectic, and gloried in his eclecticism. But he gloried in it only because it was an expression of his sympathy with the eclecticism of humanity at large. He felt so much with the race, with the strugglings and aspirations of men as men, that he half forced himself to think with them too in all their varieties of thought. The only intellectual attitude which he rejected, but against it he launched his inexhaustible store of anathemas, was the attempt to give supremacy to any one explanation of the experiences of life. He could tolerate no Cæsar on the intellectual throne, and as men are wont to depose one only to find themselves conferring a more assured autocracy upon another, they always found in Buchanan the man who showed them what they were doing and so made it at least difficult for them to do it. He waged war with every established tyranny, and if his wars were many, it was because of the numberless tyrannies which he found men contentedly enduring and not at all because of any special delight of his own in war.


The secret of Buchanan as man and as poet was his love of the weak, the down-trodden, the depressed. For him the key to all human duty lay in the capacity to see and to answer the claims of weakness. His own poetry is one long passionate appeal on behalf of all weak and forgotten things, a passionate protest against the self-contained unthinking march of mere strength. He arraigned the unconscious movements of nature, its careless, heartless masteries, before the tribunal of man's heart. He elicited the deep inner pity that lurks in every heart that is beginning to be human, and set it with assurance on the throne of universal judgment. He was so sure that all who had chosen to suffer for others, all who had merged their life in a close identity with the pain and defeat of others, were the true exponents of the world's justice. For if that were not so, then indeed was there no justice. But his surest and most abiding faith was that just this identification of strength with weakness, this sacrifice of strength for the sake of weakness, was the only solution of life's mystery. That solution indeed was not able to justify itself to the intellect. It could not command, or even very boldly appeal to the beliefs of men. But at least it was the matter of their unconquerable hope.

Only through it could the huge evil of life be faced, and that evil become the stuff of an ultimate good.

Buchanan had taught in song for twenty years before Huxley stated it in prose the great doctrine that human ethics is the reversal of the evolutionary method. That indeed was the starting-point of the poet's faith, and on that he always laid the greatest stress. Like the Gnostics of the first Christian centuries he rejects the God of Creation as the object of human love or reverence. The God to whom his heart turns, to whom he would turn the hearts of his brothers, is the God of Redemption. And this God he finds to be working out His purposes, to be unfolding as it were His essential being, in the movement of the life of humanity. All the great myths of love and sacrifice, like the story of Balder, are the witnesses of that life which is growing within life. The lives which have most suffered defeat for the sake of men, for the sake of pity and love and helpfulness, are the martyred ministers of its growth. The process of redemption, of the eliciting of that which is enduring in life, is just the reversal of the process of natural evolution. That is the constant starting-point of all the poet's feeling. Yet he did not by any means allow himself to harden this feeling into a rigorous logical formula. On the contrary, he revolted against every attempt which had been made in the history of human thought to lay the yoke of such a formula upon man's mind and will. The logical outcome, in belief, of such a feeling is asceticism, and against asceticism in all its forms Buchanan protested as vehemently as he had protested against submission to the heartless evolutionary process. He felt that there was some reconciliation of hedonism and asceticism—of Paganism and Buddhism, let us say. He felt that asceticism in its extreme forms was practically a denial of life, and that the redemption in which it hoped was really a break which no consciousness could survive. With what healthy scorn Buchanan rejected this travesty of redemption, this attempt to discover or to gain a worthy life through despair of and contempt for the daily life men know, all can learn who will take the trouble to read his poem on Schopenhauer, which he calls "The New Buddha." Buchanan looked to find the redemptive process somehow accomplished

within the circle of that same evolutionary movement which in its naked pitilessness he had banned. Already he finds the life within the life committed to man. That is just the human secret. In man there is already by a more intimate guerdon of Nature the power of love, of sympathy, of helpfulness, which redeems the coarser methods of her first attempts at handing on the gift of life. It is to man that the enduring sense of Nature's joy and beauty is entrusted, just as to him only is also given the full sense of Nature's cruelty and ravin and ugliness. Life begins to redeem itself as soon as it is able to feel the need of redemption. And out of the strength with which it slew and wasted and lusted, it creates the force whose delight is to save and to love and to make alive.

This is something like the way in which Buchanan attempts the reconciliation of the lower and the higher processes in life—the process of the conservation of the individual life by itself at all risks, and the process of the redemption of higher individual powers by the sacrifice of lower, or of the saving of the weak by the self-sacrifice of the strong. The reconciliation indeed is never complete. The poet was too honest to pretend and too sincere to invent an intellectual certainty where there is only a certainty for the high moods of feeling and of hope. He was too much of a poet and too little of a philosopher to round off his hope, however high and assured, to a logical completeness. The difficulty of this reconciliation was so present to him that he often seemed to speak with two voices—a prose voice in which he acclaimed with a kind of courageous resignation the cruel truth of Nature's ways which physical science had revealed, and the voice of the poet with which he adhered to every implacable protest against those ways. Now he seemed to regard the protest against Nature as futile and magnificently absurd, again as the only and the assured means of a new and higher development of her life. Now in his prose mood, his mood of despair, he would say: "Jesus was a man of a beautiful temperament, carried beyond himself by a false and sentimental conception of the mechanism of life. He uttered, no one so exquisitely, the human cry for a Divine Fatherhood. But unfortunately he appealed to Nature for



corroboration of his appeal. Nature never answered him. Then, as now, she kept God's secret." But the poet's voice would speak anon, and speak with a largeness and fulness which shamed prose out of its cold realities. As for instance, when he gives for answer to the question :—

"Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, God's Son ?"
 "In Him and in my Brethren every one :
 The child of Mary who was crucified,
 The gods of Hellas fair and radiant-eyed,
 Brahm, Balder, Gautama, and Mahomet,
 All who have pledged their gains to pay my debt
 Of sorrows—all who through this world of dream
 Breathe mystery and ecstasy supreme ;
 The greater and the less : the wise, the good,
 Inheritors of Nature's godlike mood :
 In these I do believe eternally,
 Knowing them deathless, like the God in *me*."

Or again where was the hope of a great and eternal birth, from the slow patient bitterness of humanity's travelling, ever better expressed than here ?—

"Where'er great pity is and piteousness,
 Where'er great Love and Love's strange sorrow stay,
 Where'er men cease to curse, but bend to bless,
 Frail brethren fashion'd like themselves of clay ;
 "Where'er the lamb and lion side by side
 Lie down in peace, where'er on land or sea
 Infinite Love and Mercy heavenly-eyed
 Emerge, there stirs the God that is to be !
 "His light is round the slaughter'd bird and beast
 As round the forehead of Man crucified,—
 All things that live, the greatest and the least,
 Await the coming of this Lord and Guide :
 "And every gentle deed by mortals done,
 Yea, every holy thought and loving breath,
 Lighten poor Nature's travail with this Son
 Who shall be Lord and God of Life and Death !"

So that, after all, the doubt of Buchanan's prose mood finds its answer in the certainty of Buchanan the poet. If it was unfortunate that Jesus appealed to Nature for corroboration of His appeal to a Divine Fatherhood, at least the mistake seems to have been only one of sex. For Nature is herself,

the poet sees, in pangs of motherhood which have been relieved in such lives as Jesus lived and such unconquerable faith in life as He displayed.

But Buchanan's humanist ethics, his humanitarian fervour, were no mere passionless altruism produced in an emotional vacuum. He did not hold that men would give their lives for others because they had no share in the lives of those others, but exactly because they had. For him the solidarity of life was complete. No life could be lived to itself or for itself. It shared in all other achievement. It contributed to it. Loss or gain, salvation or damnation, were corporate experiences. They were indeed individual too, and individual primarily. For it is only the individual that feels the loss or grows by the gain. But he shares in loss and gain which seem to be beyond the range of his own making, and all he has done and been will appear as loss or gain in other life than his own. This solidarity of the deepest and most essential human fortunes is the key-note of many of Buchanan's most characteristic poems. As early as the "Book of Orm," written before he was thirty, he gave it mystical expression in a brief allegorical interlude which he titles "Sanitas." It is worth quoting :—

" Dreamily on her milk-white Ass,
Rideth the maiden Sanitas—
With zone of gold her waist is bound,
Her brows are with immortelles crowned :
Dews are falling, song-birds sing,
It is a Christian evening—
Lower, lower, sinks the sun,
The white stars glimmer, one by one !

" Who sitteth musing at his door ?
Silas, the Leper, gaunt and hoar ;
Though he is curst in every limb,
Full whitely Time hath snowed on him—
Dews are falling, song-birds sing.
It is a Christian evening—
The Leper, drinking in the air,
Sits like a beast, with idiot stare.

" How pale ! how wondrous ! doth she pass,
The heavenly maiden Sanitas ;
She looketh and she shuddereth,
She passeth on with bated breath—

Dews are falling, song-birds sing,
 It is a Christian evening—
 His mind is like a stagnant pool,
 She passeth o'er it, beautiful !

"Brighter, whiter, in the skies
 Open innumerable eyes ;
 The Leper looketh up and sees,
 His aching heart is soothed by these—
 Dews are falling, song-birds sing,
 It is a Christian evening—
 He looketh up with heart astir,
 And every star hath eyes like her !

"Onward on her milk-white Ass,
 Rideth the maiden Sanitas.
 The boughs are green, the grain is pearled,
 But 'tis a miserable world—
 Dews are falling, song-birds sing,
 It is a Christian evening—
 All o'er the blue above her, she
 Beholds bright spots of Leprosy."

Again in his very latest volume of poems, published three years ago, he gives expression again and again to this community of the deeper human fortunes. Of the victims of human lust whom we contemptuously dismiss as "lost women" the passionate indignation of his heart utters the truth which ought to ensure them a refuge in every heart that still knows how to feel or to be just.

"How ? *Thou* be saved, and one of these be lost ?
 The least of these be spent, and thou soar free ?
 Nay ! for these things are *thou*—these tempest-tost
 Waves of the darkness are but forms of thee.

"Shall these be cast away ? Then rest thou sure
 No hopes abide for thee if none for these.
 Would'st thou be healed ? Then hast thou these to cure ;
 Thine is their shame, their foulness, their disease."

And then in the poem which he calls "These Voices" he proclaims the identity of all human experience with himself. So far as he is failing to make it his own, he is losing his life. So far as he is powerless through failure of heart, or of knowledge, or of will, to enter into the stress of any living joy

or sorrow, to penetrate the mystery of any living soul, he feels that it is his own life which is suffering failure and defeat.

"Hear the strong man in the dark for pity crying,
Hear the foul man's word of hate as he goes by thee;
Hear the shriek of trampled women, vainly flying
From the phantoms that appal thee and defy thee!

"All the foul things God would seem to put his ban on,
All the fair things that would seem to have his blessing—
Without thee, yet within thee, O Buchanan,
They are thronging, with a riddle for thy guessing.

"Ah! the Voices! and the Faces!—wild and wan, on
They are rushing, to destroy or to renew thee!
Like a foam-flake shalt thou vanish, O Buchanan,
If but one of these is lost that cry unto thee!"

It seems a pitiable futility of criticism that the one great poet of human hope and redemption who is at all worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Robert Browning should have been relegated to a worse punishment than literary annihilation, viz., summary and impatient dismissal to the limbo of the second-rate singers of our time. Buchanan is sure of his rescue from this abode of darkness. In its own defence the new time will call to its aid, in the throes of spiritual pain through which it has to pass, one of the most strenuous, the most believing, and the most loving singers that the England of the second half of the nineteenth century knew. He foresaw its need better than most. He forefelt its pain better than any. He was free from the great vice of his own time, the cowardice that worshipped the tyrant of the actual until its indifference to all ideals became the creed by which it proposed to live. Because he believed in man's divine struggle against the actual as the real key to the mystery of human life, because he believed that the growing and waning fortunes of that struggle were stuff for the noblest poetry, because he made of his own superb imagination a mint for this true coinage, he was depreciated and defamed by a narrow literary clique. But because he did all these things, the broad needs of human life in the coming years will claim him and justify him as a poet of prophetic vision and of enduring right to fame.

A. L. LILLEY.

THE MUNICIPALISATION OF HOSPITALS.

THE PROBLEM.

ABOUT half the hospital accommodation provided in Great Britain is supported by charity and managed by irresponsible committees, it deals chiefly with accident and general cases: the other half is provided by Borough Councils and Boards of Guardians and deals with fever and pauper cases.

Take London as an example: there are about 10,000 beds in the voluntary hospitals, 6,000 beds in the Metropolitan Asylums Board Fever Hospitals, and 15,000 beds in the Poor-Law Infirmaries. In addition there are over 1,000,000 out-patients seen annually in the London voluntary hospitals. That is to say, one in every three of London's population seeks hospital relief of one sort or another; while in some of the northern manufacturing towns the number is equal to one half of the population.*

Naturally the question is often raised whether work of such national import ought not to be undertaken by the nation as a whole, and doubts are freely expressed as to the advantages of "charity" in caring for our sick. We were content once to leave the education of our children to charity and churches, and exactly as we have outgrown the voluntary school, so are we outgrowing the voluntary hospital. We have as much right to free, non-dogmatic, and adequate treatment of the

* See Fabian Society's Leaflet, "Municipal Hospitals."

body as of the mind. The chief charges brought against the voluntary schools were that they were sectarian, often inadequate in appliances, &c., from poverty, that they were placed where the parson wanted them and that there were whole districts with no schools at all.

Exactly the same is true of our voluntary hospitals; if a patient goes in he has to submit to having unscientific filth injected into his body, just as a child used to have to submit to having illogical dogma instilled into its mind; and the doctor is (if possible) a more superstitious and unreasoning person than the parson.

Also many hospitals have wards closed, or are not properly equipped, for want of funds. And thirdly the hospitals are put where the doctors want them and not where the patients need them.

VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS LIKE VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

The following passages from leaflet 57 of the National Education Association apply as much to hospitals as to schools:—

“It is the duty of the Department to secure free accommodation, not only in a school district as a whole, but in any part of a school district.

“Parents cannot reasonably be asked to send their children some distance to a free school. They have a right to free accommodation in the part of the district where they reside, and to free accommodation throughout all classes of the school.

“In towns they may reasonably refuse to be called on to send their children across a dangerous thoroughfare, or to send the elder children to a different school from the infants.

“The Department is bound to see that free education is supplied with due despatch, or to send a requisition and set up a school board where no school board exists.

“Any attempts to enquire into the means of parents are, under the present law, as impertinent as they are offensive; the right to free education is independent of the income of the parent.”

A few facts will soon show how far our hospitals fall short of this standard. The country districts fare worse as regards accommodation for the sick, but even in London the evil is glaring.

“On the south side of the Thames hospital accommodation is sadly lacking, while in the region of Soho there is great congestion. One

witness before the Lords' Committee stated that within one mile of the Middlesex Hospital there were 2,050 hospital beds, and that most of the institutions for medical relief in London were within an area of two square miles."*

The following question *re* out-post hospitals, put to Mr. Loch (C.O.S.) before the same Committee, shows why hospitals are massed around the Strand:—

"26179. It was a novel idea to me; and you may take, for instance, St. Bartholomew's as an example of a very rich hospital that had some idea of purchasing a large piece of ground for a very large sum of money; according to Mr. Burdett, it would be more desirable that St. Bartholomew's should establish out-post hospitals where hospitals are required?—Yes, there is a great deal to be said for that, if the medical school interests are not made a difficulty."

St. Bartholomew's has again in 1901 been trying to gain more land and mass more patients in an over-crowded unhealthy district.

In Scotland last year I saw a porter at Burnt Island who had been crushed by a train. He was lying at the station waiting for the ferry to come and take him to Leith, thence he would be driven to Edinburgh. Why should the man's wretched crushed body be taken all those miles, not only at the cost of pain and time, but with absolute danger to life? Merely because for the sake of easier medical education the patient has to be brought to the students.

And for the sake of funds the hospital has to be built in a big, noisy thoroughfare where all can see it. I once asked one of the Committee of the Seaford Convalescent Home why they had taken expensive offices in the Strand, when they were too poor to provide proper baths for the patients, and he replied: "Oh, we must be *in the public eye* in order to get contributions." I once nursed a woman with puerperal fever in a ward of the Lying-in Hospital at the corner of City Road and Old Street. The noise day and night was deafening—the tram bells and the traffic, the shouting of newspapers, and the coarse talk of the cabmen. The West-end physician who came down in consultation, said he thought recovery for a delirious patient under such conditions almost an impossibility.

* Lords' Committee on Metropolitan Hospitals.

I apologise for these personal reminiscences, but it is only those who have toiled and suffered under the present condition of things who know the full need for reform.

The Metropolitan Hospital, in the Kingsland Road, has 100 out of 160 beds shut for want of funds, and lately when two boys met with a serious accident close by, one had to be taken to the London Hospital and one to the German Hospital for treatment. The Royal Ophthalmic Hospital in the City Road has four wards shut for want of funds, and is threatened with the brokers. And meanwhile blindness and bad sight are falling on our children for want of proper attendance.

Probably the keenest supporter of the voluntary hospitals is the Hon. Sydney Holland, yet in a letter to the writer, on January 24th, 1901, he said :—

“ Will you please raise the question at the School Board about the children. Someone is taking up the question of their eyesight and sending them in shoals to the hospitals. We had 40 in one day at the London. The hospitals cannot POSSIBLY treat all the children ; you must open an eye department.” Now if the London hospitals cannot attend to the sight of the poorest children it is time we had municipal hospitals : it is not possible or right to use the rate raised for education in establishing ophthalmic hospitals : the people should know for what they are taxed. Again, the voluntary surgeon with his bullying manners is not fit to deal with little underfed and nervous children. Last month I went into a school in South London, and in one room found a drawing lesson going on : five girls were sitting out because of defective sight ; as none of them wore spectacles I questioned them whether they had ever been to the hospital about their eyes. “ Yes, they went to the hospital, and the doctor put some stuff in their eyes, but it made them worse, and so they didn’t go again.” Now to a nurse or medical man this is very simple—the surgeon put atropine in the eyes to enlarge the pupils in order to make a better examination, and never had the common sense or courtesy to explain to the children or the parents that it would temporarily cause mistiness of vision. I have no knowledge of who the surgeon was, but one surgeon of the same hospital on being asked to state whether one of his

patients was fit to attend school, returned the letter in an unstamped envelope, writing against the signature of the school board's clerk: "Cannot this party be taught to write as well as to attempt extortion;" and further down, "This is like the impudence of the L.S.B. It is their business to satisfy themselves of the fitness or otherwise of the children to attend, yet they seek to saddle some of such police work on a Charity which is slaving to contend against the sight-damning practices of the L.S.B." There was another "swear-word" further down. According to the Hon. Sydney Holland, chairman of the largest voluntary hospital, the hospitals of London *cannot* deal with the defective sight of the children, and according to the above gentleman, who is "Senior Surgeon," they *won't*. It is, therefore, quite time they were taken over by the municipality and made to fill their part in the corporate life of London.

EXPERIMENTS ON WOMEN.

The question of the uncontrolled experiments on animals and humans that are fostered by the present system of medical schools and hospitals combined has been dealt with in previous papers, especially in the pamphlets on "Public Control of Hospitals" and on "Vivisection."* But I want, as a woman and a nurse, to raise specially the point of unjustifiable operations on women, and woman's lack of power to complain, because hospital boards and hospital appointments are generally monopolised by men. No one can move much amongst the poor and not be struck by the women's horror of "going in" to a hospital; no one can compare hospital statistics, which show the preponderance of men patients, and sick insurance statistics which show the preponderance of illness amongst women, and not see that there is some special reason for women's dislike to hospital. It is unfortunate that women are generally unused to public speaking and trained in submission, and they therefore suffer in silence and rarely face the horrors of raising a public scandal. But some men doctors have raised

* Humanitarian League, 2d. each.

the question for them, and may their names be honoured for ever more !

First let Sir William Priestley speak :—

“ Looking back on forty years of gynæcological practice, I can recollect what has been termed a craze for inflammation and ulceration of the os and cervix uteri. During its prevalence it was said of some devotees that every woman of a household was apt to be regarded as suffering from these affections, and locally treated accordingly. Shortly afterwards came a brief and not very creditable period when ‘clitoridectomy’ was strongly advocated as a remedy for numerous ills. This fortunately had a very limited currency, and was speedily abandoned. Then followed a time in which displacement of the uterus held the field, and every back-ache, every pelvic discomfort, every general neurosis, was attributed to mechanical causes, and must needs be treated by uterine pessaries. Again, we had an epoch when oöphorectomy or castration of women was not only recommended and largely practised as a means of restraining hæmorrhage in bleeding fibroids, but also as a remedy for certain forms of neurosis, even when the ovaries were healthy or not seriously diseased. Ere long it was discovered that removing the ovaries for neurosis, even if safely accomplished so far as life was concerned, besides unsexing the woman, was frequently followed by more severe nervous penalties than those for which it had been used as a remedy ; that, in fact, it often entailed a loss of mental equilibrium, and sometimes ended in insanity.

“ These reclamations come especially from across the Atlantic, where one of their most sagacious writers characterized the ardour for operations as akin to the excitement of fox-hunting, and has implored his brethren in treating diseases of women to recollect that their patients have other organs than those in the pelvis.”

Personally, I should have spoken, not of the “ardour” only for operating, but of the “lust” for operating on women. I know the term is strong, but think it quite time some woman had courage to use it.

Now let Dr. Louis Parkes speak. In the Minutes of the meeting of the Chelsea Vestry, July 24th, 1894, there is a letter from Dr. Louis C. Parkes, Medical Officer of Health, dealing with the mortality at the Chelsea Hospital for Women. He writes :—

“ The total number of deaths in this year (1893) was 36, of which number 21, or 58 per cent., were deaths consequent upon surgical operation. Two were stated to be due to septicæmia, ten to peritonitis ; in six the actual cause is not stated, and in two it is ascribed to shock. All these operations were undertaken with the object of removing either ovarian tumours, diseased ovaries, tumours of the womb, or for prolapse.

THE MUNICIPALISATION OF HOSPITALS. 317

The aim of the majority of these operations, except those for the removal of ovarian tumours, is to mitigate pain and discomfort, and not primarily to save life. It is evident, therefore, that the question of the justifiability of such operations must arise, unless it is possible to reduce the risk of fatal issue from such operations to an extremely low figure."

A special Committee of Enquiry was appointed by the Vestry in regard to the above statements, on which Dr. John Williams and Lord Sandhurst served. They report, after giving full details:—

"On looking over these facts, we cannot help observing that the mortality from ovariectomy, hysterectomy, and exploratory incisions is high. That after hysterectomy 85·7 per cent. would, if it were general, be prohibitive of this operation, especially when it is borne in mind that fibroid tumour is rarely fatal.

"With regard to the exploratory operations we have already observed that in five out of the eight cases no disease was found, or no organ sufficiently diseased to demand removal. Circumstances such as these with a mortality of 44·4 per cent. render recourse to this method of diagnosis unjustifiable. Curetting the cavity of the uterus, when done with care is an operation practically free from danger. The occurrence of three deaths after it forces us, therefore, to the conclusion that due care was not taken. . . . In regard to the administration of the hospital we consider there is a good deal to be desired. The House Committee which met weekly, was practically the executive, and on some occasions the treasurer was the only member who attended. . . . We are further of opinion that owing to want of system there has not been proper control of the medical staff."

The Vestry passed, *nem. con.*, a vote of thanks to the Committee of Enquiry, and stated they considered that Dr. Parkes was fully justified in the action taken by him.

The Samaritan Free Hospital lately stated as its special feature, "1,678 ovarian operations."

If a hospital advertised that it had castrated 1,600 men, would it be likely to get many male patients in future?

The practical point to be learnt for the present, is this—that women should never subscribe to any institution which has not women on its managing body, and should never go to any hospital which has not women on its medical staff. But the point for the future is to get the hospitals under the municipality, and be able to bring the force of public opinion to restrain the operator who ever makes women his victims. At the head of each hospital in Paris is a lay director, and to

him all operations have to be reported, and through him go all the papers up to the central office of the Assistance Publique. And about once a year Paris gets hold of some "scandal" and goes raging about it, but can always get all information from official sources, and so can be satisfied or otherwise. If "otherwise," it lets the candidates hear about it at the next municipal election. In Continental countries and in the Colonies the hospitals are nearly always under the municipalities or the State: see the article "Hospital Chaos," in the *National Review* for January, 1900, for particulars of the different systems. One great advantage of arrangements in Germany, for instance, is that no one thinks it accepting charity to go to a hospital—each pays according to his or her means. The huge hospital at Hamburg, with the different pavilions for the different paying-patients, is well worthy of study. In England, the great middle-class has no choice between the expensive and often unsatisfactory "nursing home" and the charitable hospital. Whereas, the motto of the Hamburg hospital is the socialistic phrase, "To each according to his needs, from each according to his means." You pay what you can afford, and you get the best attention under thoroughly satisfactory conditions.

THE TREND OF OPINION.

At the National Humanitarian Conference in 1895, the following resolution was carried:—

"That in order to secure a more considerate and humane treatment for the poorer inmates of hospitals, to prevent the possibility of medical experimentation on patients, and to provide a better and more uniform system for the management of funds, all large hospitals should be controlled by the municipal authorities within whose jurisdiction they stand."

The Editor of the *Daily Chronicle* wrote on February 9th, 1897:—"Public control of Hospitals is coming."

The *Councillor and Guardian* for May, 1898, said:—

"We have ourselves long since arrived at the conclusion that, if proper provision for sickness and suffering is to be made, the voluntary institutions, which are to-day limited in their operations for want of funds, must be transferred to the municipality. Nor would this involve any

THE MUNICIPALISATION OF HOSPITALS. 319

new precedent, either in principle or practice. Already one form of hospitals—the Poor-law infirmaries—are under local administration, whilst the support of the hospitals for the treatment of infectious disease has for some time past been recognized as one of the obligations of every local authority. The truth of the matter is, the need for hospital accommodation is increasing to such an extent that the maintenance of these institutions can no longer be left to the whim and caprice of a varying individual charity, but must become a collective responsibility, to be shared by each according to his strength.

"If hospitals constitute a moral claim upon *every* man, as the defenders of voluntarism tell us, then by all means let us have the obligation enforced. There can be no gainsaying the obvious fact that the maintenance of hospitals is a municipal duty which should be carried on scientifically in the best interests of the entire community. Their transfer to the municipality would mean that their operations would immediately be unrestricted, money wasted in advertising and the other present necessities of the competitive system would be saved, and beds would never have to remain rolled up for want of funds. With intelligent citizens the hospital rate would become as justly popular as the present School Board or libraries rate, and would be regarded as a very proper communal insurance against sickness and disease."

In September, 1900, the citizens of Aberdeen passed a resolution to the effect that "the only way of making adequate provision for the sick is by having the management of the infirmary placed in the hands of some popularly elected board, with statutory rating powers at its disposal." At a meeting of Governors of the Hereford Infirmary a suggestion was made that "it would be better if such institutions were governed by the local authorities, such as city and county councils," and similar proposals have been considered at Cardiff, Hull, Sheffield and Bradford. The Independent Labour Party at Bradford—a strong body, especially strong in the late municipal returns (November, 1901)—have for many years included the municipalisation of the charities as part of their practical programme.

John Burns has said :—

"The provision for the aged, sick, and destitute is not the work of religious proselytism or of the individual, however benevolently disposed. It is a collective, social, and municipal duty in which the minds, principles, energies, and organised sympathies of all men, absolutely non-religious and impersonal, should be embodied by and through governmental and administrative agencies that should consciously carry out the scientifically

ordered benevolence and desires of the community. Strong men may be held responsible for carrying out the objects that the community decide upon; but in the end society will find that no single man nor any coteries of self-appointed cliques can cope with an evil that is universal, and which must be faced by society, through its elected institutions, organised and equipped for its removal."

And Bernard Shaw has written :—

"The maintenance of hospitals is not a matter of charity: it is a provision for a public need, and should be organised and paid for publicly and compulsorily. Any private person attempting to make donations privately to hospital work should be immediately arrested and punished. The present system of cadging for subscriptions is nothing but a conscience-money fund; and it may always be safely assumed that a man of business never gives £100 to a hospital except as an expiation for having acquired at least £1,000 dishonestly."

ONE TOWN DOES.

While other towns were talking Barry was doing. There is a general impression abroad that Section 131 of the Public Health Act applies only to fever hospitals, and that the Local Government Board would object to the powers of that Act being used for building general hospitals. So in 1896 Barry introduced this clause into an Omnibus Bill :—

"112. The District Council may from time to time contribute such capital sum or sums as the Local Government Board approve, for or towards the purpose of erecting or enlarging any hospital, infirmary or dispensary in the district, or for any other purpose connected therewith, to which capital is properly applicable, and may also from time to time contribute annually to the funds of any such hospital, infirmary or dispensary such sum as they may think fit towards the expenses of reception or maintenance therein of persons being inhabitants of the district. Any such contributions may be made on such terms and conditions as may be agreed between the governing body of any such hospital, infirmary or dispensary and the District Council, and may make such contributions out of any funds, rates or revenues of the District Council, and if out of more than three, then in such proportion as they may determine."

A similar clause had been passed in the Blackburn 1893 Bill, and it was generally supposed that private bill legislation was necessary to enable a municipality to control its hospitals.

THE MUNICIPALISATION OF HOSPITALS. 321

Alderman J. C. Meggitt, J.P., attended before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on July 8th, 1896, and thus stated his case :—

"452. Please tell the Committee what the facts are about hospital accommodation in Barry at present?—I should like to state that our population has been stated at between 23,000 and 24,000 inhabitants, and the number of men employed upon the works in course of progress, and the men employed upon the dock and upon the railways, and upon the repairing and fitting of ships is very considerable, and quite a good number of accidents happen from time to time. There is no infirmary and no hospital nearer than 12 miles, in Cardiff, and anyone who meets with an injury has to be removed that distance by road by means of a van or cab or ambulance. Private enterprise in Barry has put at the disposal of an association a small accident ward, but it has to be subscribed to locally, and it is found that the expense of keeping this ward is such that unless some help is contributed by the rates, it will not be possible to keep that accident ward in existence. As a matter of fact, although the Barry Company and one or two other Companies are paying 12 per cent. dividend, the whole of the directors live away from the town and this money is not spent in the town. The people themselves are not possessed of means, and we find very great difficulty in keeping this accident ward in existence. We ask that we may have power given us, as a council, to subscribe a sum of money only in support of this ward to deal with accidents which arise in the town."

The story is best continued in the following two letters from Mr. J. A. Hughes, to whom I am indebted for full particulars of this most interesting case :—

" Barry Urban District Council,

" Barry, near Cardiff,

" 14th October, 1898.

" DEAR MADAM,—In 1896, the Council promoted an Omnibus Bill in Parliament, which contained amongst other clauses, one similar to the clause that has been obtained by the Blackpool Town Council, giving the Authority power to provide and maintain, or contribute towards the maintenance of a general hospital. This clause was struck out on the report of the Local Government Board. Their representative attended before the Committee of the House of Commons, before which the Bill came, and stated that in the opinion of the Local Government Board, the Barry Urban District Council already had power to provide a hospital. We at once said, that if we had such power we did not of course wish the clause to be kept in, and the clause was struck out.

" The Council have resolved to provide and maintain an accident hospital out of the rates, and application will shortly be made to the

Local Government Board for permission to borrow money for this purpose, and the Council anticipate no legal difficulty in the way. It was pointed out by the Local Government Board that they have full power.

"I may point out that under the Local Authorities Expenses Act, 1887, the Local Government Board have further awarded powers in allowing local authorities to devote monies to public objects.

"Messrs. Torr and Co., 19, Abingdon Street, Westminster, acted as Parliamentary Agents for the Barry Council in connection with the promotion of the Bill, and I am sure that they will be very happy to show you the printed record of the evidence which was given in the Committee room, and you will be able to see for yourself exactly what the representative of the Local Government Board said.

"I may add that at a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Barry the proposal to provide a hospital out of the rates was very heartily adopted.

"I hope this is the information that you require.

"Yours truly,

"J. ARTHUR HUGHES."

"27th March, 1899.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have your letter of the 25th inst. The District had some doubt as to whether they could legally provide a hospital or contribute towards a hospital, so they arranged for a deputation to attend at the Local Government Board and put the matter before them. This was done, and the representatives of the Local Government Board stated that in their opinion there was no question that a local authority had a right either to provide a hospital out of the rates, or maintain a hospital out of the rates, or provide and maintain a hospital out of the rates, or to contribute towards the provision or maintenance out of the rates.

"There is at present at Barry an accident hospital which has been supported hitherto by voluntary contributions, and like most hospitals has consequently been in difficulty. As a temporary measure the Barry District Council have resolved to contribute £400 a year from the rates towards such a hospital, it being the intention of the Council in the near future to provide and maintain a hospital out of the rates. The only reason why this has not been done before is that the town is a rapidly growing one, and large sums have been and are being expended in sanatorium, small-pox hospital, laying out public parks, public offices, &c., and therefore, as a matter of fact, it has been deemed wiser to contribute towards the existing local hospital for a few years rather than incur the extra cost of erecting and maintaining a town hospital at once.

"The ratepayers of the town are all thoroughly in sympathy with the provision of a hospital out of the rates. In fact, I do not know of any more popular suggestion that has ever been made by the District Council.

"Yours truly,

"J. ARTHUR HUGHES."

The conclusion is best arrived at by going to Barry and seeing the hospital that is growing there, and then by going home and doing likewise.

REASONS FOR MUNICIPALISING HOSPITALS.

(1.) Because it is the duty of the nation as a whole, being responsible for most of the sickness, to care for all those who are sick.

(2.) Because the present system of charity is demoralising, making cadgers of the poor and complacent cads of the rich.

(3.) Because of the waste and extravagance due to the competing of voluntary hospitals for subscriptions, and the advertising appeals, &c. Havelock Ellis says that "from 25 to 50 per cent. is spent on raising their incomes."

(4.) Because in the desire to advertise many cases treated and many cured, patients are seen hurriedly in the out-patient department and kept long waiting, moribund cases are refused admission, and convalescent cases are discharged too early in order to free the beds.

(5.) Because in the rush for fame the young surgeons now experiment unrestrained, the poor have to submit to empirical treatment, and are denied the right to die in peace or unmutilated. The hospital treatment *must* be accepted, though the treatment of to-day is the quackery of to-morrow.

(6.) Because there should be a network of hospitals all over the kingdom for the benefit of the sick, and not huge barracks in dirty noisy towns for the benefit of the students.

HONNOR MORTEN.

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

READERS of Walter Scott may remember how in "Ivanhoe" Gurth, the swineherd, is described as wearing a metal collar round his neck, which was soldered on so as to be immovable, and was stamped with his own name and that of his master Cedric. The object of this, the collar and badge of the 12th century, was to show at a glance whose property the man was, and Scott's intention in introducing the detail was to impress on his readers unmistakably how entirely the serf at that time was a chattel, the property of his owner, whose right to use, abuse, ill-treat, and even to kill on slight provocation, there was none to dispute.

Slowly, and step by step, man has gained from the hands of his masters such measures of recognition of his human needs and desires that in all so-called civilized countries, in ordinary circumstances, his life is considered his own, and he has freedom to work out his own destiny—more or less. It is true that the life of a member of the patrician class is still held vulgarly to be of more consideration than that of the Gurths of the period, and in a neighbouring country we believe the sacred person of the sovereign is still held—at any rate by himself—to carry with it a special gospel, worthy of propagation in foreign parts. But there are probably few members even of his own family who share this view.

We need not pause to trace how men have attained the measure of rights now accorded to them. But one point to which Mr. Benjamin Kidd in his book on Social Evolution

has devoted a most interesting chapter, is worthy of our careful attention, as it bears directly on the subject of this article. I mean the fact that the gradual emancipation of man from the thralldom of his superiors has not been brought about entirely or even mainly by the exertions of the oppressed themselves, but much more by the deliberate renunciation on the part of the power-holding classes of their own superior advantages, in response to an inner impulse in the direction of justice and humanity.

"If we enquire what is the history of progress, we shall find," says Mr. Kidd, "that it is simply the history of a continuous series of concessions, demanded and obtained by that party which is, undoubtedly, through its position, inherently the weaker of the two, from that power-holding party which is equally unmistakably the stronger. There is no break in the series, there is no exception to the rule." . . . "By a long list of legislative measures, we now behold this same party educating, enfranchising, and equipping its opponent in the struggle against itself. The record of public life for the past 150 years is an extraordinary spectacle in this respect, and it is only our familiarity with the currents of thought in our time which could lead us to forget that the movement we are witnessing is one which is quite unique in the history of the world."

And again, he says that the progress of the working classes "has its roots in a single cause, namely, the development of the humanitarian feelings, and the deepening and softening of character that has taken place amongst the Western peoples."

Turning to women and their claims, we find that they too were, and in some places still are, bought and sold as chattels, and, in addition to being practically denied all rights, were subjected to the further indignity of not even being allowed the possession of a soul. That man should grant her the privilege of a soul now, when he apparently is rapidly learning to dispense with one himself, may seem a doubtful concession to her wants, but her recent acquisitions, we know, have not been confined to such intangible matters only, and there is no evidence that even in the adoption of a rational dress—immense though the step doubtless will be—she will have wrested from man all that she will consider she may justly

claim. That a society has been mooted to defend the rights of men against her encroachments is a striking sign of the progress she has made.

The case of children brings us still nearer to the subject under consideration. We know that Roman law—the *Patria Potestas*—by which the father was granted, at any rate in certain circumstances, the right of life and death over his children. Could one of the ancient *Patres* awake and come back amongst us now and hear how the Harrow boy of to-day addresses *his* Pater, he would think that times were changed indeed, and that the end could not be far off.

That the humblest child now-a-days has the protection of the law, even against its own parents, is only one of the signs of a great change that has come over our conceptions of rights due to all our fellow-creatures.

I have mentioned these points, known to my readers already, merely to impress the facts, *firstly*, that in primitive conditions of society there is a strong impulse to assume that what one purchases or acquires for oneself, whether man, woman or chattel becomes one's own absolute property, over which one has unlimited right, to use it in any way one may think fit, and with which no one else has any right to interfere: *secondly*, that in course of time a wholly different conception has been gradually evolved, which tells us that the primitive impulse was an unethical one, and which leads us to adopt the idea, still in a somewhat undefined form, that the feelings of other sentient beings cannot rightly be treated as though they were non-existent. The philosopher now admits that, by right of their feelings, they have certain claims or rights which we are morally bound to respect, and the schoolboy gives evidence in his own way of the same feeling when he says that, "it is a beastly shame to hurt the poor brute."

Let us now examine a little into the nature and origin of this new feeling, for on it really depends the whole of our theory of rights, whether of men or animals. We shall find that it depends wholly on the fact that the subject of it is capable of *feeling*. It obviously could not exist towards an inanimate object. It depends in fact, on a sympathetic realization of the feeling of the other creature. If you will try to

analyse your own feeling when you see a fellow-creature suffering pain, you will I think find that it springs from the mysterious feeling of sympathy. The injury done to the other suggests to your mind a similar sensation in lesser degree and you long to get rid of the unpleasant impression. But if you look a little deeper you will find that in the conception of "rights" there is something else besides sympathy with suffering. The injury inflicted on a helpless and innocent person rouses you to immediate wrath, but if the same injury were inflicted on another, who, by his outrageous conduct, had, so to speak, deserved it, though the bodily pain might be no less, your feeling may be turned to one of satisfaction, or even grim pleasure, as you say, "It serves him right; the brute."

So that this newly evolved feeling, which leads us to acknowledge the rights of other fellow creatures, would seem to be a mixture of sympathy with a sense of justice. In the opinion of philosophers the two feelings seem to be near akin. "The sentiment of justice," says Herbert Spencer, "is nothing but a sympathetic affection of the instinct of personal rights—a sort of reflex function of it," and again he says, "justice and beneficence have a common root and the common root is sympathy."

The question now is whether there is any reason why this feeling of sympathetic justice, the outcome of which is the accordance to others of certain "rights," shall or can be limited in its operation to members of our own race. Jeremy Bentham, at any rate, thought otherwise when he wrote—

"The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withheld from them but by the hand of tyranny. It may come one day to be recognised that the number of legs, the villosity of the skin, or the termination of the *os sacrum*, are reasons insufficient for abandoning a sensitive being to the caprice of a tormentor. What else is it that should trace the inseparable line? Is it the faculty of reason, or perhaps the faculty of discourse? But a full-grown horse or dog is beyond comparison a more rational, as well as a more conversable animal than an infant of a day, or a week, or even a month old. But suppose the case were otherwise, what could it avail? The question is not 'Can they reason?' nor 'Can they speak?' but 'Can they suffer?'"

Obviously in real life the feelings of sympathy and justice, on which our conception of "rights" is based, are not in their operation limited to our fellow-men. Of this we have practical demonstration every day of our lives, and any who would attempt to hold the reverse opinion must have some ulterior purpose to serve. "It is abundantly evident," says Lecky, "both from history and present experience, that the instinctive shock, or natural feelings of disgust, caused by the sight of the sufferings of men, is *not* generically different from that which is caused by the sight of the sufferings of animals." And again the same author says: "At one time the benevolent affections embrace merely the family, soon the circle expanding includes first a class, then a nation, then a coalition of nations, then all humanity; and finally its influence is felt in the dealings of man with the animal world. In each of these cases a standard is formed, different from that of the preceding stage, but in each case the same tendency is recognized as virtue."

"It may be argued," says the author of "Animals' Rights," "that vague sympathy with the lower animals is one thing, and a definite recognition of their 'rights' is another. What reason is there to suppose that we shall advance from the former phase to the latter? Just this; that every great liberating movement has proceeded exactly on these lines. Oppression and cruelty are invariably founded on a lack of imaginative sympathy; the tyrant, or tormentor, can have no true sense of kinship with the victim of his injustice. When once the sense of affinity is awakened, the knell of tyranny is sounded, and the ultimate concession of 'rights' is simply a matter of time. The present condition of the more highly organized domestic animals is in many ways very analogous to that of the negro slaves of a hundred years ago; look back, and you will find in their case precisely the same exclusion from the common pale of humanity; the same hypocritical fallacies, to justify that conclusion; and as a consequence the same deliberate stubborn denial of their social 'rights.' Look back—for it is well to do so—and then look forward, and the moral can hardly be mistaken."

It has been urged, on the other hand, by the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and I think by the leaders of the Roman Catholic school, that "the narrow limitation of the moral nature of animals justifies a corresponding limitation of their moral

rights as compared with those of human beings." The assumption, even if true, that animals have not a moral nature capable of appreciating the difference between right and wrong, would not seem to be any argument against our treating them, in matters which refer entirely to the bodily nature (with regard to which we are on an equality), in accordance with the dictates of that sense of justice which is the outcome of sympathy. The shock which our sense of justice receives when we see an innocent child ill-treated does not depend at all on the fact that the child has a similar moral nature to ours, but on the fact that its suffering is not an appropriate result of any previous action on its part, and we are indignant at the ill-treatment, not because it is contrary to the interpretation of the word "justice" by this or that lexicographer or moralist, but because it *hurts the child*.

John Stuart Mill's position in the question is interesting. He says: "Granted that any practice causes more pain to animals than it gives pleasure to man, is that practice moral or immoral? If exactly in proportion as human beings raise their heads out of the slough of selfishness they do not with one voice answer 'immoral,' let the morality of the principle of utility be for ever condemned."

While I cannot at all agree with Mill's theory, as a rule of life, that one might reasonably commit the impossibility of measuring up the happiness of one individual and setting it against that of another, yet this passage is valuable in showing us that at any rate Mill recognized that in questions of bodily pain and pleasure, the animals were to be considered on the same level with men. It is in fact the acknowledgment which we want, that animals have their rights of similar kind to those of men.

Having quoted the opinions of various philosophers, let me give that of one eminent theologian, Bishop Butler, who in one of his sermons, wrote the following words which apply no less to animals than to our fellow men: "It is not man's being a social creature, much less his being a moral agent, whence alone our obligations to goodwill towards him arise. There is an obligation to it prior to either of these, arising from his being a sentient creature that is capable of happiness or misery."

Men's hearts are often better than their heads (fortunately), and though you may find comparatively few people prepared to admit that animals have rights, the fact has long ago been tacitly admitted by all civilized nations which have societies for the prevention of cruelty, and by all individuals who admit at all that cruelty should be in any way restricted. If any one argues that the protection accorded to animals is an act of clemency, not an admission of their rights, he places himself in an absurd position, for if an animal has no rights, then a man is at liberty to do with it what he pleases, and in obstructing him you are infringing *his* rights. Unless therefore we are prepared to allow unlimited cruelty, we are in consistency bound to admit that animals have certain rights if men have, which rights are regulated as in the case of men, not by the animal's power of reciprocating them but by their power of enjoying them. How little people are conscious of their admission of rights is shown by the almost universal use of the word "mercy" as applied to animals. One may show mercy to a condemned criminal, who by some outrage on society has forfeited his claim to protection, or to an enemy overcome in battle, but what have the animals ever done that we should talk of mercy towards them? The term is instructive in showing how recent is the growth of this last development of humane justice. It comes to us as a witness from the barbarous mediæval times when he who was not actually cruel was held to be merciful by his companions—those ages when the savage spirit of the times was glad of an excuse to vent itself in cruelty, when men were hanged for the most trivial offences, when torture was common, and when crowds flocked to see poor wretches pilloried or whipped at the cart's tail, and when animals, of course, fared even worse than men. There is, unfortunately, much of the same spirit still amongst us, or we should not still have to draw attention to the difference between mercy and justice, which is another term for "rights."

Having then shown on theoretical grounds that animals cannot be denied rights if we admit them to men, and having seen that practically in the law of this and other civilized countries the principle has been admitted, let us proceed to

define if possible in some detail what animals' rights may reasonably be considered to include.

While certain broad principles, applicable to our daily life, may easily be laid down, the consideration of the question in detail may lead to apparent anomalies which any one so minded would have very little difficulty in turning to ridicule. Honestly faced, however, I believe the difficulties and anomalies will be found to run parallel with those encountered when our interests clash with those of the inferior races of our own kind. While we are still so far from solving these difficulties with credit to ourselves as Christians, we may be excused if we are unable to supply a cut-and-dried rule to all the problems raised in our relationship to the lower animals.

Firstly, I think we may accept for animals that principle laid down by Herbert Spencer, and as far as I know never disputed or improved on by any subsequent philosopher:—"Every one is free to do that which he wills provided he infringes not the equal liberty of any other man."

In practice we may say briefly that, subject to the above limitation, animals have (1) The Right of Life; (2) The Right of Liberty.

In application this principle does not preclude the destruction in self-defence of noxious or hostile creatures, for their existence and ours are impossible together. It does however demand that the destruction be made with no more pain than is absolutely necessary or than would be caused by natural death. Under this rule I should include not only the man-eating tiger and the wolf and their kin, but also such gentle creatures as the rabbits, when, as in Australia, they increase in such numbers that they become serious rivals to man in the struggle for life. And also we must add the smaller creatures, including insects which become pests, and may legitimately be removed, always of course without cruelty. Their destruction however is at present much greater than any plea of necessity can justify and certainly the hostile and even savage spirit shown to any harmless little creature which accidentally wanders astray into our houses and claims hospitality is wholly to be condemned. Panic, I know, is sometimes the cause of the cruelty, and is thus to some extent excusable, but to be

afraid of a creature, say a spider or an earwig, which is about $\frac{1}{100000}$ part of our own size is—well, not dignified, and may be overcome to some extent.

In our war against hostile races, whether human or otherwise, we should not lose sight of the fact that they and their ancestors were in possession of the land before we came on the scene, and that in defending their position they only display those identical qualities which we most admire in each other when we are in the position of defence, and that the qualities we display as aggressors are exactly those which we most resent if turned against us—say, by the Russians or the Germans.

To stigmatize the tiger as cruel when he fights against man the aggressor, is simply a misuse of words. Man is the only animal who is really *cruel*, for he is the only one who knowingly inflicts pain on others merely for his own pleasure.

The destruction of any animals for mere amusement is of course wholly unjustifiable in any form. The plea often made in excuse of blood-sports, that the animals are bred specially for the purpose, and would otherwise have no life at all given them to enjoy, is obviously an excuse, and as a specimen of logical reasoning is unsound. To talk, as of a meritorious act, of giving a happy life to a creature which does not yet exist, in fact to something which is in reality nothing at all, is a mere figment of the brain, and can in no way justify the taking away of life from a creature which does exist. If the plea were a sound one it would equally justify cannibalism, and would certainly give back absolute powers to parents over the children who but for them would not have existed.

The eating of flesh of animals does not seem to me to be in itself an infringement of our principle, whatever the vegetarians may say, for it is the consumption of dead matter which can have no rights, though on æsthetic grounds there may be something to be said. For instance, if anyone should like to eat the flesh of a cow who had died, as many I believe do, from consumption, or a horse who had succumbed to glanders, or a pig who had had fatal measles, who shall deny them the privilege? They are welcome to the pound of flesh at any time, but like Shylock, they must, in accordance with our

principle, be careful how they get it. We can have no blood spilt for such purposes, and none of the horrors of the cattle-traffic by land and sea, and the slaughter-house, the tail-twisting, the goring, the trampling to death, and all the other cruelties inseparable from cattle-slaughter.

The torture of animals for scientific purposes comes under the same heading, and must be condemned *in toto*. The plea that some gain for another creature is hoped for in the future is, of course, diametrically opposed to the principle of individual rights, and is in fact, at the root of all infringement of personal rights from the beginning of time. If we admit the right to sacrifice one being for the benefit of another, there is no crime on the earth, from murder downwards, which might not be justified in some cases.

If the brave vivisector sees a mastiff lying across his path in the street he is as ready as anyone else to step off the pavement and tell him he is a "good dog," and to allow him every right to plenty of room and freedom from insult. But let that same man by his superior cunning get that dog muzzled and tied down on his torture trough, and his real feeling shows itself. With him there is and can be no right but that of might, and his respect for suffering is limited mainly to his own.

"Why do you chloroform a cat?" one of the heroes of science was asked before the Royal Commission. "We chloroform a cat," he replied, "because we are afraid of being scratched." "Why not a dog?" "If it is a small dog there is no fear of being bitten."

The vivisectors have furnished us with some most striking examples of the deliberate outrage of the law of personal rights. We have been told, for instance, by one that, "The rocks are broken and put in the crucible, the water is subjected to analysis, the plant is dissected In animal life the same methods must be adopted to unlock the secrets of nature. The question of the animal being sensitive cannot alter the mode of investigation."

The question of the animal being sensitive is, of course, the whole point, and to all just minds *must* alter the method of investigation. How close is the connection between the rights

of men and those of animals has also been shown very clearly by the vivisectors, who being dissatisfied by their misleading experiments on animals have over and over again been found using human patients as material, and in America have recently been demanding that criminals should be handed over to them, and in one State have actually tried to pass a Bill to that effect. Against painless experimentation on animals which would leave them unharmed afterwards, no logical objection could be raised, but it would in few cases be of any use from the physiologist's point of view.

The destruction of birds and animals for personal adornment, which can never be done without pain, in addition to loss of life, cannot, of course, be defended.

This, I think, exhausts the most common infringement of the law of life.

The disregard of the right of liberty is hardly a less fertile source of pain to the unhappy victims. The imprisonment of wild creatures of any sort is a wholly unjustifiable use of the superior powers with which we are endowed. Whether we consider the case of the hapless creatures in the Zoological Gardens, or the victims of our children called "pets," or the caged birds, limited to a prison a few inches square, we find the same deliberate and unjustifiable infringement of all the natural laws, in accordance with which the creatures were made and were intended to live.

The question of domestic animals is rather different. They bear towards wild animals a relationship somewhat similar to that of civilized man towards his wild brethren. They have lived with us so long that they have become modified and adapted to the new life. There does not seem to be anything to which objection can be reasonably raised in the use of domestic animals as beasts of burden. As with men, a fair day's work may be demanded for a day's keep, and there is no doubt that in the one case as in the other, the work is essential to well being, and also a source of pleasure if kept within the limits clearly pointed out by the natural capacity of the creature. Coercion beyond such limits by whip and spur is clearly unallowable. It goes without saying that they should be properly housed and fed, and in all other ways treated so

that their lives may be healthy and not rendered a burden to them.

It is useful to consider the question of animals' rights that we may correct our own behaviour towards them, if we should find it at fault in any point; and we might assuredly congratulate the animals heartily, could we induce all people to accord to them the minimum of what may be considered their rights. We must, however, bear in mind that to regulate one's conduct towards one's friends merely by the consideration of what they may rightfully claim as their due is somewhat ungenerous and ungracious treatment, and we may well feel some shame that so many of us have not yet even attained to that point. We must not either lose sight of the fact that although we now all nominally belong to the 20th century, yet in stages of development we in reality represent many different centuries. While one of us may represent the normal or average development of the present age, his next door neighbour may to all intents and purposes, and through no fault of his own, represent only the civilization of the period of William the Conqueror; and on the other hand some, through favourable conditions, are now living in accordance with ideas which will not probably gain general acceptance for possibly some centuries. The realization of this fact should, I think, make us lenient towards the shortcomings of our neighbours. We look back with pity more than blame on the barbarity of our forefathers and should perhaps regard with the same feeling those of the present time who have not yet arrived at quite the same point as we have, and try by our consistent behaviour at all points to advance the esteem in which the lower animals shall be held. I believe that the ultimate rule by which our conduct towards them must be regulated will not be that merely of their bare rights, but will rather be the same rule as we at any rate profess, in our best moments, to observe in our treatment of our fellow men, namely, that we should act towards them as we should wish them to act towards us, were our positions reversed.

ERNEST BELL.

FACTS ABOUT FLOGGING.

AN old adage says that there is no greater, no deeper injustice, than that which is committed in the name of law and order. It is a melancholy reflection for the people of this country that, in this respect, our history teems with records of some of the most terrible legal atrocities that it is possible for the human mind to conceive. How were the so-called criminal classes treated in the past? They were, for the most part, first tortured and then got rid of. Under Henry VIII., 263 crimes were punishable by death. It is estimated that in the reign of this monarch over 72,000 men and women were put to death. To-day there is but one crime for which a person can be hanged—it is murder. But even down to 100 years ago there were 223 capital offences! If a man injured a public building, or appeared in disguise in a public place, he was sentenced to be hanged. Many criminals were put to death for stealing property to the value of five shillings. In 1816, there were at one time over 50 persons waiting to be hanged—one of them a child of tender years. The inefficacy and brutality of all this torture and bloodshed became obvious to the people, through the propaganda of a few daring and enlightened reformers, and it was swept away; but a remnant of barbarism still remained, a revival of which, thanks to Sir James Stephen, is quite possible. I refer to the torture of the lash. When Sir Samuel Romilly began his great work he had to contend against a callous Government and a brutalised public of morbid desires, which rejoiced in its loathsome and

cruel punishments. The "robustness" of the peasantry of those days (as Miss Constance E. Plumtre expresses it) permitted of the public flogging of men and women equally, at the cart's-tail and the whipping-post, with lash and birch, for almost every offence at common law (a fact which the modern flagellomaniac would do well to ponder). These people were vastly ignorant, and criminology was an unknown science. Crime stood high and was increasing by leaps and bounds—crime more brutal and much worse than any known in our day, and, in despite of the difficulties of detection which then existed, about ten times greater than it is now with double the population.

The *Times* of November 24th, 1801, records:—

"The public sale into adultery of a man's wife at Smithfield, and the barbarous mutilation of a bull at a baiting, when his cowardly tormentors cut off the hoofs of the animal. In God's name have we any Police at all, or any Magistrates? Surely the hundred ought to be prosecuted when these monstrous enormities are committed! Shall they indemnify the traveller who is robbed before sunset, and make no reparation for the portentous crimes they permit to be openly practised in the noon-day? Crimes, too, not perpetrated in a minute, nor in a bye-lane, but the horrible pastime of hours and of multitudes."

Retaliation was then an exciting sport, the majority of the crowd regarding the infliction of cruel punishments in public simply in the light of a free entertainment; public decency was offended at every turn; loathsome vice and barbarous treatment of both human and non-human beings were rampant. A return ordered to be printed by the House of Commons shows that from 1816 to 1821 over 6,000 men and women were actually flogged! A member of the House, Mr. J. Smith, made the following statement:—

"He had made enquiries with respect to the effect which the practice of whipping had on the individuals who were thus punished at the close of each session at the Old Bailey; he had learned from the keeper of Newgate that the people so punished were, for the greater part, in his custody again before the expiration of twelve months. This was not surprising, for after a wretched individual had received so public and indelible a disgrace as that of flogging, it was quite clear that no decent individual would associate with him, and that no respectable person would employ him."

In this manner the state of things continued to go from bad to worse, until discontinued, not so much from motives of humanity and sympathy for the victims of injustice, but rather because the sense of common decency was shocked at the scandal which flourished on these public "pastimes." The law-abiding citizen took alarm at the debased manners and brutal customs prevalent among all classes of the community, which he rightly attributed to public punishments, among other causes; but it was many years before flogging entirely disappeared. In 1836 over 30 youths were flogged for petty crimes. That year, however, marked the great change in the criminal law of this country. From the beginning of the century up to about 1840 great interest had been evoked on the subject of criminals and crime—a question which is again exciting widespread attention and which has become one of pressing and imperial importance.

Flogging in England was never formally abolished, but was superseded in different Acts of Parliament, which stated what the particular punishment for particular crimes should be. Let it be remembered that for 30 years no flogging was inflicted in England for criminal offences; that in Scotland the last flogging sentence was pronounced by the Circuit Court of Justiciary in 1833, and that in 1862 the flogging of adult offenders was absolutely forbidden under the Scottish law. For a quarter of a century practically no flogging took place in this country. What was the result? Did this immense change in the treatment of our criminals lead to a large increase of crime? Did this vast modification of our penal system (as was confidently predicted) manufacture more criminals? Nothing of the kind! There was a marked improvement—violence diminished, disorder diminished, vice diminished, and crime diminished. The result was eminently satisfactory to the State, though I do not pretend that it was all cause and effect. Nowhere in the history of our legislation can there be found a period more pregnant of good work regarding our criminal law—a law which is nevertheless still a hundred years behind the times.

Everything had gone well so far, but in an evil hour a mania of garotting broke out in the Metropolis, which terrorised the

people and created a panic in the House of Commons, owing to one of its own members, Mr. Pilkington, being knocked down and robbed while passing through St. James's Park, on his way to attend to his Parliamentary duties. In selfish care for the M.P.'s, Lord Norton, then Sir C. B. Adderley, who has a perfect craze on the subject of flogging, brought in a Bill to enable flogging to be ordered, in addition to penal servitude or imprisonment, for robbery with violence, in opposition, I may say, to the Liberal Home Secretary, Sir George Grey. The floggers were pining after their "old brutality," and this constituted the successful beginning of a long series of reactionary attempts to regain the power to administer the lash for armed burglary, indecent and brutal assaults, and the like. At present there are very few offences for which a prisoner can be flogged; in practice, I think, only for robbery with violence and for breaches of prison discipline. And when a prisoner is convicted of this offence, the majority of judges will not flog.

Nevertheless there is an undoubted recrudescence of flagellomania among unthinking people who, regardless of history and experience, gabble about "the wholesomeness of the lash" and the virtues of a good birch rod. The outcry, taken as a whole, is in favour of flogging all round, but an examination of the matter reveals the fact that there is very little agreement among the champions of penal torture as to who and why they would flog. Some prominent men advocate the lash for both sexes, old and young; others think that the punishment is too brutal and unseemly for women, and would reserve it solely for the adult male offender; others again would abolish it altogether for girls, while at the same time they would extend it for boys and inflict it at a more advanced age than is now permissible.

Flogging is one of the oldest of known punishments. If any punishment has received a fair trial it is flogging. We tried the punishment, moreover, on others than criminals—on children, on soldiers, on sailors. Did the result establish the efficacy of the punishment? Was a single flogging always sufficient to effect a reformation in the recipient; and was the flogged man or flogged child as a rule remarkable for sub-

sequent excellence? For more than three-quarters of a century we have not flogged women. Has the criminality of women developed more rapidly than that of men since the abolition? On the contrary, was it not generally believed that the man who had once been flogged always went to the bad? Even now we find that when a sailor is flogged, he is almost always dismissed the service as part of the same sentence. This does not say much for the efficacy of flogging in the opinion of those who inflict it. As Mr. Bernard Shaw wittily puts it, one would have expected rather that, in view of his purified nature, a bounty would be offered for the return of the flagellated offender.

The leading advocates of flogging in this country, in and out of Parliament, mainly rely upon such "facts," for instance, as that garotting was stamped out in London, Liverpool, and other great towns by an unsparing use of the lash. This is their great stock-in-trade. This reckless statement, which has been made by Mr. Justice Darling and Lord Norton—though Lord Norton, above all men, should know better—is absolutely without foundation. This has been proved over and over again—the whole story being, in short, a childish myth. No credence is to be placed in the annihilation of the "corner men" of Liverpool, or the previous annihilation of the garotters, by the lash—certainly not by the lash alone. Garotting declined elsewhere than in England, and in Scotland it was never punished by flogging. An appeal to the Government Records, or to *Hansard*, shows that garotting declined more rapidly before the passing of the Security from Violence Bill of 1863 than after it. The late Lord Herschell, one of our most upright public men, was strongly adverse to the use of the lash. His reply to Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords is now historic. Anyone who reads that speech as to the ineffectiveness of the statute will cease to chatter about its having put down garotting.

The last attempt to extend flogging in our penal system was made in the early part of 1900, when Mr. J. Lloyd Wharton introduced a Bill that had been before the House eleven years previously, when it was read a second time by a large majority, though, fortunately, it never became law, for reasons best known to the Cabinet of that day. In the House of Commons an overwhelming refutation of the sophistries of

the modern flagellomaniac was set forth in the debate which preceded the crushing defeat of Mr. Wharton's Bill—a measure which sought among other things to empower magistrates who sit at Quarter Sessions to flog adult persons with a "cat" or a birch.

The following are extracts from speeches delivered by two Home Secretaries in the House of Commons on that occasion :—

"Mr. Asquith (late Home Secretary) : 'As to garotting, that crime had been brought to an end as a serious danger *before* the House, in a fit of panic, due to one of its own members having been garotted, resorted to legislation. Garotting was put down, without resort to the lash, by a fearless administration of the existing criminal law.'

"Sir Matthew White Ridley (then Home Secretary) : 'Reference has been made to the Garotting Act. He agreed with the history of that Act, at all events as far as London was concerned, given by the right hon. gentleman opposite (Mr. Asquith), and that the rapid and severe action which put down garotting took place *before* the passing of the Act of 1863.'

Here is the opinion of Mr. Horace Smith, a well-known Metropolitan magistrate :—

"What stopped garotting was that the blackguards who practised it began to think it best to drop it, not because of any Act of Parliament, but because they knew that Society had determined to put an end to it, had determined to catch them and convict them, and punish them with the utmost severity."—(*Times*, April 10th, 1900.)

This particular epidemic of garotting was suppressed quite nine months before the punishment of flogging was made a legal penalty for the offence. The precise facts are as follows : In 1862 there was a sudden outbreak of garotte robberies in the streets of London. The epidemic began in July and lasted just four months. At the November Sessions of the Central Criminal Court 27 persons were sent to imprisonment, *without flogging*. At the January Sessions, 1863, the calendar showed very few offences of this character, and at the March Sessions Mr. Recorder Russell Gurney observed to the Grand Jury :—

"I am very glad to say that there is an absence of those peculiar charges of robbery with violence of which there was a large number towards the end of last year, and which have been gradually decreasing during the last two or three months."—(*Times*, March 3rd, 1863.)

But of course the case against flogging does not rest on isolated instances of this kind. The very latest statistics issued from the Press prove that the use of the lash has no effect upon the class of crime known as garotting and robbery with violence. Non-floggable crime of every class has decreased, almost *pavi þessu*, with a just and humane modification of the criminal law; whereas offences against the person with violence, for which floggings are inflicted, have in nowise diminished. Here may fitly be adduced the remarkable testimony of Major Arthur Griffiths, who was, until quite recently, one of the Inspectors of our Prisons. In his "Mysteries of Police and Crime," Vol. II., p. 272, it is stated:—

"Garotte robberies are still of common occurrence in lonely streets at all hours, and the process is much the same. While one practitioner throttles, the other rifles. Through the winter of 1895-6 they were most numerous in the Borough, and no less than fifty were committed in a couple of months. They were the work of a number, all of whom were eventually taken into custody. . . . The streets of London are to this day strangely insecure, and the garotte flourishes under the new name of 'larrikin.'"

This was written at a time when the amount of flogging under the 1863 Act had almost reached its highest point. Before the garotting epidemic of 1862 there were, according to Lord Cranworth (formerly a Common Law Judge) about 60 cases of robbery with violence per annum; in 1897, after 34 years of flogging, the number was 132. In the words of the late Mr. H. B. Simpson, who wrote the preface to the Home Office statistics for the year 1897—"offences against property with violence fluctuate greatly, and if they show a tendency, it is towards an increase." These facts cannot be disproved; they are, in every sense of the word, accurate and thoroughly reliable, and embody the testimony of a painstaking expert, who himself was an ardent flagellant and strongly inclined to endorse the "cult of brutality." Why do the pro-floggers not face them? This appalling increase, I may add, took place under a Judge whose administration of the law was frequently the subject of adverse comment in the Press—the late Recorder of London, Sir Charles Hall, M.P. If we take the combined sentences of Sir Charles Hall and Sir Forrest Fulton, passed at the Central Criminal Court, we find that they far outstrip

those passed by Sir Charles John Day. While, according to a Parliamentary return, Mr. Justice Day was responsible for ordering, on an average, 269 lashes a year, Sir Charles Hall and Sir Forrest Fulton passed sentences involving, on an average, no less than 318 lashes a year! And yet the only apparent result of these brutal floggings has been an increase of the class of crime for which they were ordered to be inflicted—an increase which is admittedly altogether out of proportion to the increase of population. The official figures show that elsewhere the crimes of garotting and robbery with violence in general, under non-Flogging Judges, declined. The first Judge to order the punishment of flogging was Mr. Justice Lush, at the Leeds Autumn Assizes, in 1863, shortly after the Act which gave Judges of the High Court this power became law. He ordered floggings in every case within the statute. Mr. Justice Keating says that he went to Leeds on the following circuit, and Mr. Justice Lush wrote to him to inquire how far the result of his system of administering the law had been salutary. Mr. Justice Keating says that he was obliged to inform him that the “number of such cases happened to be considerably larger, so much so that I was forced to pass very severe sentences of imprisonment. I have been also told by another of my brethren that at the same town of Leeds he had had prisoners before him again charged, having already been flogged.”—(Reports to the Home Secretary, 1875.) “I have myself tried more than one prisoner for offences of that description (garotting), who had been flogged and imprisoned by other Judges”; so wrote Mr. Justice Denman in the year 1874.

The Criminal Statistics of the Home Office, which are published annually, teem with cases of men who have been flogged more than once—two and three times, many of them. Ned Wright, the Hoxton burglar, was flogged six times.

Here are some cases which I have come across in a cursory reading of the newspapers:—

Arthur Smith, 24, and John Rooney, 23, were convicted at the Central Criminal Court of robbery with violence. The prisoners had been previously convicted, and Rooney was last year flogged for garotting. The prisoners were associates of a desperate gang of thieves. The Recorder said the time had arrived when the prisoners must be got rid of for a long time.—*Daily Chronicle*, December 15th, 1900.

Before Mr. Clier, Thomas Tamplin, 21, described as a labourer, was charged on Monday last with assaulting a detective. The officer in court proved several convictions against the prisoner, one of which included the punishment of the "cat" for robbery with violence.—*Daily Telegraph*, January 1st, 1901.

Thomas Thompson, 22, tailor, well-known to the police, was convicted at the Central Criminal Court of highway robbery. There were 14 convictions against him. In 1899 he was convicted of robbery with violence, part of his sentence on that occasion being a flogging with the "cat."—*Morning Post*, February 6th, 1901.

Thomas Walker, 13, and Arthur Walker, 17, convicted at the Croydon Police Court of stealing hair from the manes and tails of two horses and maliciously damaging the animals to the extent of £10; sentence—Thomas Walker sent to prison for one month, Arthur Walker remanded, to be sent to a Reformatory. Both boys had been birched for felony.—*Morning Post*, June 13th, 1901.

George Taylor, 48, who hit a woman over the head and ran off with her money, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey yesterday. There were 17 previous convictions against him. Once he had been flogged.—*Echo*, June 27th, 1901.

At Liverpool, where flogging was largely resorted to under Mr. Justice Day, the crimes of violence did not decrease, but actually increased, in despite of the Judge's terrible sentences of imprisonment and double and treble doses of the lash. The men who were flogged came up again for a precisely similar offence, and were sentenced to flogging a second time. I have the names, dates, and every particular. Before Mr. Justice Day began his flogging system at this Assize, in 1882, there were 56 cases of robbery with violence; 11 years after there were 79 such cases. In that year the Judge had completed the infliction of 1,961 lashes—every lash as harmful as it was unnecessary. In the records of the Government are given the entire figures regarding the action of Mr. Justice Day; they are as follows, and furnish most conclusive evidence as to the utter futility of flogging* :—

				Robbery with Violence.		Sentences of Flogging.
1882	56	...	None
1883	59	...	4

* All these sentences of flogging were passed by Mr. Justice Day, with the exception of 10, which were passed by other Flogging Judges; Mr. Justice Day did not attend these Assizes in 1885, 1889, 1890, and 1892.

			Robbery with Violence.		Sentences of Flogging.
1884	60	...	2
1885	26	...	None
1886	44	...	12
1887	67	...	25
1888	59	...	8
1889	57	...	3
1890	73	...	None
1891	66	...	10
1892	62	...	1
1893	79	...	11

Mr. Justice Day is credited with having stamped out the Liverpool High Rip Gang by a vigorous application of the lash. This is an oft-refuted fallacy, but it would seem that it is quite as tenacious as the fallacy about garotting, though less popular. It may be remembered that Dr. Andrew Wilson, in a controversy which the present writer had with him, gave currency to this mischievous statement. Mr. Justice Day, he said, stopped the Liverpool "corner-men" by a free application of the "cat"; any Liverpool man of an age to remember will corroborate *that*. On his error being pointed out to him he indulged in some genial abuse of humanitarians, and tried to slink out of his own definite statements by the irrelevant remark that at any rate it was the universal belief, or something to that effect.

Now, what are the facts? I do not dispute the statement that Mr. Justice Day put a stop to street ruffianism (not "robbery with violence") in Liverpool; my contention is that he did so without flogging, as mere ruffianism, which gangs like the High Rips commit, is not a floggable offence. The story, it seems, has several variations, one of the most familiar being that the Judge had all the prisoners brought before him at the end of the Assizes and sentenced them to varying terms of imprisonment of twelve months and upwards, and, in addition, to a double dose of the "cat"—fifteen strokes on going into prison and fifteen strokes on coming out. But if it were true, as stated, that the Judge did this, and that the floggings were carried out in the manner described, then such

sentences and floggings would have been distinctly illegal! Writing to me under date of September 6th, 1899, Mr. Charles H. Hopwood, K.C., the Recorder of Liverpool, says: "I cannot, with my opportunities of observation, recognise Liverpool in the description." It may be well to repeat with insistence, in the first place, that Judges of the High Court have only power to flog men under the Security from Violence Act of 1863, *e.g.*, for robbery with violence, and not for the violence only which the street ruffian commits; and, secondly, if the Judge in this instance ordered the second instalment of flogging on the offender "coming out" of prison, then his action was as lawless in its way as that of the men whom he was condemning. In all sentences of flogging, including double doses (a refinement of cruelty which I may say is not approved by the Home Office), 26 and 27 Victoria, chapter 44, which authorises the punishment, provides that "in no case shall such whippings take place *after the expiration of six months from the passing of the sentence.*" It appears that some of the members of the High Rip Gang were flogged, not for ruffianism or violence, but for robbery *with* violence; but, as I have already pointed out, they were the very men who, during the eleven years that Mr. Justice Day sat at the Liverpool Assizes, came up for trial and sentence for the same class of offence.

Mr. Justice Day was a veritable Draco, whose example is not destined to survive his retirement. "Flogging Judges," to quote the words of the *Law Times*, "are now happily in the great minority, and the most eminent criminal judges and lawyers at present are strongly opposed to this mode of punishment. . . . Flogging at no time has ever assisted in the suppression of crime."

Speaking in the House of Commons in the year 1889, in support of the rejection of a Flogging Bill, which had been moved by Mr. Bradlaugh, Sir Edward Clarke, K.C. (then the Solicitor-General), said he opposed the lash on the ground that "no one ever succeeded in proving that in any class of offence the punishment of flogging had a deterrent effect." The late Mr. Justice Keating, in a letter to Mr. Secretary Cross, said:—"I think the resort to flogging will have a tendency to create a criminal class even more desperate than any that now exist."

Lord James of Hereford, referring to the Youthful Offenders Bill, recently before Parliament, said in the House of Lords :—
“Throughout the whole of my parliamentary life I have been an opponent of flogging as a punishment. I believe it amounts to torture, and has no good effect in the end.” Lord Justice Mathew has frequently denounced the lash. In 1898 he told a Birmingham jury that flogging was the punishment of the slave. “An Englishman,” he is reported to have said, “punished with the lash, was either for the rest of his days a broken-hearted man, or he became a reckless criminal.” Mr. Justice Hawkins, Commissioner Kerr, and other judges tried flogging, but soon discontinued it. “You make a perfect devil of the man you flog,” said Mr. Justice Hawkins in 1899, shortly after his retirement from the judicial bench.

It is difficult to resist the argument of Mr. Lloyd Morgan, M.P., that if it is right to flog a man it is right to flog a woman. Pain, shame, flesh, and blood, are alike common to both sexes. In England women are guilty of terrible acts of violence and cruelty to children, as well as men. Indeed, the records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children show that the great majority of the offences of brutality to children are committed by the so-called “gentler sex.” Does the zeal of the floggers extend to women as well as men? Again, if the legislature sanctions flogging for wife-beating, it would also, if it had any regard for logical consistency, be obliged to extend the same punishment for the husband-beater. Weak and feeble men need protection from big brawling shrews just as much as defenceless women need protection from brutal men. The woman warder is available to inflict the lash upon offenders of her own sex, so that any objection to the lash for women must be based solely on sentimental grounds. As a matter of fact there is neither decency nor common-sense in the proposal to flog either men or women. We want a scientific treatment for criminals. Flogging is never salutary or curative; it always injures. It does not reform, for if the culprits are naturally brutal, it makes them more so, and if one was tempted to the commission of crime, the flogging makes him desperate (on the principle that one may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb), stifles every

regret or desire of amendment, and sends him forth a branded and hardened criminal.

There is a wonderful story in circulation about a man who is reported to have "bellowed like an old cow" at the mention of the cat-o'-nine tails; of which I gather the meaning to be that if the culprit screams and begs for mercy when flogged, or even when sentenced to be flogged, it must follow that this mode of inflicting corporal pain is a valuable deterrent. What nonsense! Fear at the time is no proof of the deterring influence of any particular punishment; the permanent effect of this or that system is not to be judged by momentary terror or its absence. The argument, moreover, cuts both ways, but I do not think that either fact proves much. It will be remembered by many readers that a man named Hackett, on being sentenced by Mr. Justice Day, at the Glamorgan Assizes, four years ago, to seven years' imprisonment, shouted at the top of his voice, "Oh, my Lord, flog me!" and he left the dock shouting, "My God! seven years!" This man had been flogged before.

Here is another case: A prisoner, described as a Hooligan, was tried by Judge Addison a few months ago, and when sentence was pronounced, cried piteously for mercy. Yet in this case the sentence was a short term of imprisonment, without flogging.

I give two more instances, of which there are many; but it is too much to hope that they will in any way influence the minds of those who think that a man who "bellows" at the mention of the lash is a good instance of the wholesomeness of their pet specific:—

"ASKED FOR THE 'CAT.'—A young Hooligan named Blakemore was brought before the Recorder of Birmingham yesterday for a murderous assault on a youth. The police said prisoner had 'done time' for nearly murdering a policeman. . . . On the jury finding Blakemore guilty he handed a written request to the Recorder, that instead of a long sentence he would give him a short sentence and the 'cat.'"—*Morning Leader*, May 1st, 1901.

"PRISONER PLEADS FOR A FLOGGING.—A well-dressed man, named Arthur Mannell, 31 years of age, pleaded not guilty at the Manchester Assizes yesterday to a charge of bigamy at Eccles. . . . The Prisoner: I ask your Lordship, in preference to a long term of imprison-

ment, which only hardens a man's heart, to give me a short sentence and a flogging. His Lordship: This is quite premature, I have no power to inflict a flogging for this offence. The prisoner repeated his request, and pleaded that he fell into the trap of a designing woman. His Lordship: You cannot have it. I cannot see any grounds for clemency [*sic*]."—*Manchester Dispatch*, June 25th, 1901.

Flogging, it will be seen, was regarded in this case as "clemency."

Let us turn to the economic argument; this surely will be admitted even by those who dismiss with scorn the appeal to sentiment, to fairness, or to humanity. The only object of the State is to protect the citizens. But the criminal is a citizen, and is entitled to protection against undue or excessive punishment—as would be admitted, for example, if we proposed to flog a man for obstructing the thoroughfare. Any punishment which goes beyond what is requisite for the adequate protection of the public is always too severe; and any punishment which is futile is unnecessary, if it is not indeed a crime. We have seen how much there is in the contention that the cheapest and best remedy for robbery with violence is flogging; and to that must be added the cost of the prisoner to the ratepayer:—

"The lashed and hacked prisoner has no future. He is no longer a man; he has been degraded to a brute, and for the rest of his life alternates between ticket-of-leave and prison. He is alive and yet dead. When you have broken the spirit of a criminal, lacerated his flesh as far as human endurance is possible (gauged by the medical man in attendance), be sure of one thing: You will have to support that man, in or out of prison, for the rest of his life. Let the advocates of the 'cat' note that fact. To lacerate and smash up, morally and physically, the criminal is—apart from all questions of humanity—a somewhat expensive luxury for the already over-burdened people of this country."—*Whitehall Review*.

Flogging is cheap, urges its advocate. Well, he knows now just how cheap it is! In view of such an indisputable fact, could anything well be more senseless than to lash and ruin a man if the only result is a burden to the rates and an increase of brutal violence and crime? As a punishment flogging tends to increase the general brutality of the moral atmosphere, and is productive of much of the modern spirit of revenge and outrage. To panic, prejudice, and passion must be ascribed the silly talk about the wholesomeness and efficacy of the "cat."

And there is another point on which no mistake need be made. Flogging with the "cat"—or the birch—is torture pure and simple, and while it is retained in our penal system, it is a patriotic fallacy to assert that torture is unknown in English law. It is a punishment of violence and blood; and violence, even State violence, is but force backed up by passion, stimulated into action by malice and hatred and lust for revenge, and as such, is a treasonable outrage on our common humanity. "These instruments of torture," as Dr. Douglas Morrison well says, "breed in the heart and mind of the community that spirit of callousness to human suffering which produces crime." Manifestly the chief effect of flogging is to brutalize the offender rather than elevate him; but more, it degrades the executioner and all concerned in its infliction, as well as the sufferer; and perhaps no argument against the continual perpetration of such legalised brutality is more powerful than this. Consider Mr. Owen Pike's significant words—"It is far from an agreeable task to watch the face and figure of the flogger as he executes his sentence." Prison warders do not willingly seek the particular duty of inflicting the lash—far from it; they are paid extra money to perform the loathsome task! We are told in *Hansard*, on the very highest authority, that in Scotland, when flogging was allowed by the common law, the prison governors had the utmost difficulty in carrying out a sentence of flogging owing to the refusal of the warders to inflict in cold blood such a barbarous punishment upon a fellow being. I believe the same remarks hold good in regard to Ireland, where flogging is legal, though never inflicted.

But what would humanitarians themselves do, if *they* were the victims of violence? In reply to this question, which is frequently put to the opponent of physical torture, it may be well to point out that the nature of a punishment to be inflicted on a criminal is not usually decided, in civilised countries, by the amount of exasperation aroused in the minds of his victims. That is a method still adopted in many of the Southern States of America, in cases of outrage on white women, with the result that the offending negroes are tied to trees, drenched with paraffin, and burnt alive. Mr. Justice Day would doubt-

less condemn such cruelties; but none the less he himself appealed, on a smaller scale, to just the same retaliatory instinct—the same spirit of irrational revenge—when he clamoured for greater powers to inflict the torture of the lash on criminals without in the least considering whether such punishments were, on the whole, beneficial or injurious to the community.

“I would urge myself the ‘rehabilitating of a cruel and degrading penalty,’ just because its ‘cruelty’ appeals to what is wholesomely and justifiably cruel in our nature, and also because it degrades still further an already degraded scoundrel.” Such are the words which Mr. Raymond Blathwayt allowed his passion to pen for him, at the same time letting the *cat* out of the bag with a vengeance. Mr. Blathwayt, it will be observed, frankly avows his preference for the principle of retaliation, rather than for what he calls “the canting idea” that punishment is only reformative. “He is a brute; give him the ‘cat’”; that is the cry of those sentimental savages who desire to gratify their feeling of indignation, or to fit the punishment to the crime by means of the *lex talionis*. But why always the lash?—the thing which the sensuous desire. If anyone gains in any way by “fitting the punishment to the crime” (as the flagellomaniacs pretend to call it), why not do the thing thoroughly, and bring back the torture of the boot, the stake, the rack, and the thumb-screw? Some of the most cruel brutes on earth are women. Would Mr. Blathwayt flog women as well as men? If not, why not?

People speak of “sympathy with the criminal classes.” Is it sympathy with the criminal classes to denounce a punishment as unnecessarily cruel and severe?—the pernicious punishment of the lash, which is irrevocable if an innocent person should suffer it. Had Sir Samuel Romilly, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, Sturges Bourne more regard for the criminal than for his victim? These reformers, in their day, were attacked, denounced and told to mind their own business and let well alone. Were the supporters of “law and order,” then as now, the only party who possessed a monopoly of sympathy? All the same, by persistent and determined agitation, Romilly and Howard removed the cause of a widespread

misery, while the good their opponents did was buried with their bones.

The object of humanitarianism in relation to crime is to protect the public against criminals at the smallest possible amount of suffering to the latter. Says Lombroso, the great Italian criminologist :—

“ There are very few who understand that there is anything else for us to do, to protect ourselves from crime, except to inflict punishments that are often only new crimes, and that are almost always the source of new crimes.”—*Revue Scientifique*, July 13th, 1901.

We believe this; and those people who feel so strong an indignation against crime that, as a rule, they would select of two equally efficacious punishments that which caused the larger amount of suffering to the criminal, ought to be taken care of as a danger to society. A Judge, for instance, who metes out sentences which dwarf the mind and deform the body of the criminal should be removed from the Bench. It is the savagery and brutality of his sentences which beget sympathy with his victim. Men who possess these violent passions often become criminals themselves—for example, Judge Jeffreys. Reed, who wrote to urge the hanging of Mrs. Maybrick, was afterwards hanged himself. The State should keep perfectly clear of malice, hatred, and revenge in every shape and form. It should simply aim at doing what is best for the entire community—a community which includes both the injured person and the criminal. Flogging and like punishments evoke a feeling of sympathy for the victim (I do not complain of this); but to work on such a feeling is to injure society and defeat the ends of justice. Savage penalties do far more harm than good—that is becoming a recognised truth. Indeed, a maxim on which many jurists have laid stress is that it is the certainty not the severity of punishment which deters, and, therefore, that it is chiefly to the Police and the Crown prosecutors, not to long terms of imprisonment and doses of the “cat,” that we have to look for the repression of crime.

It is abundantly clear from the foregoing statement that what we hear of the efficacy of flogging in our penal system is of the most shadowy description. The only arguments

advanced by the advocates of this discredited system may be resolved into two :—*viz.*, 1, the brute deserves it ; 2, the brute howls. When anyone takes them to task for the grounds of their theory, he is met with those useful but meaningless epithets about hysteria, maudlin sentimentality, and so forth, as if all sympathy with the tortured criminal meant sympathy with the crime. There is no sentiment more “maudlin” or “sickly” than that which, under the guise of sympathy with the victims of violence, periodically raises the cowardly cry for the lash.

Even if it be assumed that the infliction of physical pain may, in particular cases, exercise a deterring effect on other would-be offenders, there remains the grave consideration that in thus repaying violence with violence we outrage the very principle which it is our object to safeguard. It is sympathy with the crime, not sympathy with the criminal, which is to be dreaded. Indifference to suffering, be the victim only a brutal criminal, is injurious to the community by whose will the punishment is imposed.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

SHELLEY AS A PIONEER.*

A FEW weeks ago, when this lecture-course was in preparation, and I was beginning to survey the lines on which the subject Shelley's humanitarianism might be discussed, I was in some doubt as to the need of once again referring to the old refuted fallacies by which the very meaning of Shelley's message has been obscured. Is it not possible, I pondered, now that we have touched a new century, to assume that the main features of the Shelleyan creed are understood, at least by the more thoughtful and progressive portion of the community? And, as I pondered, my eyes fell on an article in the *Daily News*, in which it was thus written by Mr. G. K. Chesterton :—

"Shelley was only the earthly name for a spirit that every vivacious child must meet once, and must meet alone. He is not a companion for the road of life, not a philosopher, not a prophet, not, properly speaking, even a man. . . . A spirit so valuable and unreliable, with whom we can no more agree or disagree than we can measure a cloud with a yard measure. . . . The whole of his work amounts to a great epic about an inspiring example of nothing in particular, that was done nowhere in particular, at no particular time."

Now if one of the ablest critics in one of the most humane and intelligent daily papers can write thus of Shelley in the eightieth year after his death, it is evident that an exponent of Shelley's humanitarian principles must take nothing for granted. If Shelley's writings had no meaning at all, and if it is impossible

* An address given before the Humanitarian League, in a lecture-course on "Pioneers of Humanitarianism."

either to agree or disagree with his convictions, I do not think he can justly claim a place among the Pioneers of Humanitarianism, for we humanitarians of the present day are commonly understood to mean something, and we have never had the least difficulty in finding people to disagree with us. I propose, therefore, to say a few words about the misunderstandings, past and present, of Shelley's views of life.

That he should be misunderstood by his own and later generations was no more than was to be expected; for, in the first place, he was the bearer of a message to which the majority of men are predisposed not to listen, and, secondly, he delivered that message through a medium which the majority cannot comprehend if they would: that is to say, he thought as a revolutionist and wrote as a poet. True, there are now his prose works, which form a commentary and key to the poems; but these were only posthumously and gradually published, and the unreal Shelley thus got a long start of the real one. But what is more remarkable is that the later misunderstandings of Shelley are, in their way, quite as ridiculous as the earlier. His contemporary critics at any rate did not affect to be in any doubt as to the import of his attacks on all that they held sacred in ethics and religion; and in a typical review of "Queen Mab" we find him described *inter alia* as "one of the darkest of the fiends," "the fiend-writer," "the blaster of his race," and "the demoniac proscriber of his species."

"We feel as if one of the darkest of the fiends had been clothed with a human body to enable him to gratify his enmity against the human race, and as if the supernatural atrocity of his hate were only heightened by his power to do injury. So strongly has this impression dwelt upon our minds that we absolutely asked a friend, who had seen this individual, to describe him to us—as if a cloven foot, or horn, or flames from the mouth, must have marked the external appearance of so bitter an enemy to mankind." *

This was the orthodox conception of the poet till about twenty years after his death; then the "abusive" phase of Shelley-criticism was gradually replaced by the "apologetic" phase, which sought to defend his character at the expense

* *Literary Gazette*, May 19th, 1821.

of his intellect, by representing him as an amiable visionary who knew not what he said. This expeditious way of dealing with an inconvenient man of genius has found distinguished exponents; such as Gilfillan, who fondly mused on how, if Shelley had been better educated, we might have seen the demoniac "clothed, and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus"; Frederick Robertson, who patronisingly spoke of him as "poor, poor Shelley"; Carlyle, who could hear nothing in his poetry but "inarticulate wail"; Mr. Leslie Stephen, who declared "the crude incoherence of his whole system too obvious to require exposition"; and finally, Matthew Arnold, who summed up the whole tale of folly in his superlatively foolish epigram, in which he described Shelley as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." Time forbids us to do more than glance at this curious transition in Shelley's reputation from the "fiend-writer" of 1821, gifted with an infernal "power to do injury," to the "ineffectual angel" of a later period, with whom the *Daily News* critic does not find it possible either to agree or disagree. It will be made clear as we pass on to a consideration of Shelley's principles, that the one view is just as baseless and unsubstantial as the other.

For what is the most trustworthy proof of literary power? There is no test so certain as that of time and experience. If a writer is concerned with matters which have no interest for anybody, if he is a mere dreamer and sentimentalist, crazed, incoherent and ineffectual—is it believable that, a century later, the course of events will be found to have signally vindicated his foresight, and that all the principles for which he fought almost single-handed will have largely increased in importance? And this is precisely what has happened in the case of Shelley. Whether we look at the progress of free thought, or of socialism, or of the sex question, or of self-reform, or of the simplification of life, or of a number of movements which are usually classed as humanitarian, we find everywhere that, as Mr. Leslie Stephen himself complains—not seeing, apparently, that by this complaint he stultifies his own criticism—"the devotees of some of Shelley's pet theories have become much noisier." Yes: for Shelley's "pet

theories," as Mr. Leslie Stephen contemptuously calls them, happen to be of vital importance in the evolution of society.

The starting point of Shelley's principles is to be sought in that instinctive benevolence which he held to be inherent in human nature. "All the theories," he says, "which have refined and exalted humanity have been based upon the elementary emotions of disinterestedness." And again, "If a man persists to inquire *why* he ought to promote the happiness of mankind, he demands a mathematical or metaphysical reason for a moral action." On the power of this benevolence, if allowed to have fair scope, he based his belief in the doctrine of perfectibility, by which must be understood not, of course, a sudden miraculous and final perfection, but the possibility of unlimited progress in years to come. As he says in "Julian and Maddalo":—

"We might be otherwise; we might be all
We dream of—happy, high, majestic."

It is with Shelley's humanitarian doctrines only that we are here concerned, but I wish to refer briefly to one of the commonest fallacies about Shelley, the idea that he attributed all the evils of mankind, and the defeat or postponement of human happiness, to the machinations of priests and kings. The *Daily News* critic, for example, is severe on what he calls—

"that extraordinary theory of the cunning of priests and kings, the theory that several centuries of human history had been occupied in the conduct and continuation of one prolonged hoax. The Shelleyites never realised that it is the people who make the priests, and that all kings, including Nero, are elected by universal suffrage. This pasting down of whole pages in the book of man, this outrageous expurgation of history, seriously impaired the validity of Shelley's view."

I am afraid it is the validity of the critic's view that is seriously impaired in this instance; for if, instead of confining his attention to "Queen Mab," he had studied the works as a whole, he would have been disabused of the idea that Shelley was under such an illusion. Here is a noteworthy passage, taken from the "Essay on Christianity":—

"Government is in fact the mere badge of men's depravity. They are so little aware of the inestimable benefits of mutual love, as to indulge, without thought, and almost without motive, in the worst excesses of

shadows on earth. There would gradually human society into
 a state of perfect harmony, as my existence has become
 harmonious."

Our American Stanley represents the abolition of the crown
 and the sword, and the public mind through many gradations
 of improvement will have arrived at the maturity which can
 disregard these symbols of its childhood. It is quite evident
 that our people have thought Stanley, writing as a poet,
 and even as he was fully armed to do, on the evils of
 war, he was well aware that it is a consequence as well as
 a cause.

In what sense, then, was Stanley a pioneer of modern
 humanitarianism? Now there are, of course, humanitarians
 and humanitarianism, but the complete humanitarian, I take it,
 must have two qualities—he must possess both the practical
 and the imaginative temperament. The divorce of practicalness
 from imagination is often observed in humanitarians, as in
 other things. One has seen, for example, the practical
 humanitarian who stands on every plank in our platform,
 and whose ardor in the higher sympathies that he seems
 to bring to the humanitarian cause about as much sensibility
 and imagination as one might take into a grocery business.
 On the other hand is the sympathetic emotional humanitarian
 who has seen all the sufferings of the universe, yet somehow
 cannot bring himself to the "big game" when it comes to a
 practical reform, and of course, perhaps, or a proposal to
 reform the world. The true humanitarian will be both practical
 and imaginative, and it is under these two heads that I propose
 to now return to Stanley's claim to be our pioneer.

First the practical test. Take Stanley's attitude on some of
 the great vital social questions of human conduct. What,
 for example, was his opinion on the ethics of war? Here is
 his answer in his "Philosophical View of Reform."

War is a kind of superstition—the parade of arms and badges corrupts
 the imagination of men. How far more appropriate would be the symbols
 of an inner life—the great muffled drums, and melancholy music, and arms
 reversed—the avowal of sorrow. When men mourn at funerals, for what
 do they mourn in comparison with the calamities which they hasten, with
 all the circumstances of severity, to suffer and to inflict? Visit in
 imagination the scene of a field of battle or a city taken by assault.

Collect into one group the groans and the distortions of the innumerable dying, the inconsolable grief and horror of their sorrowing friends, the hellish exultation and unnatural drunkenness of destruction of the conquerors, the burning of the harvests, and the obliteration of the traces of cultivation. . . . War waged from whatever motive extinguishes the sentiment of reason and justice in the mind."*

And he goes on to show that the greatest evil resulting from war is that it creates a sentiment in favour of brute force, and diminishes our faith in moral influences. Could any remarks be more pertinent to the position of England to-day?

Again, let us take the social question, and inquire whether Shelley had any right apprehension of the cardinal fact in the relations of capital and labour, that it is the industrious poor who support the idle rich, and that the inevitable counterpart of west-end luxury is east-end destitution.

"I put the thing," he says, "in its simplest and most intelligible shape. The labourer, he that tills the ground and manufactures cloth, is the man who has to provide, out of what he would bring home to his wife and children, for the luxuries and comforts of those whose claims are represented by an annuity of forty-four millions a year levied upon the English nation."

Read, also, the following lines from the dramatic fragment "Charles the First," in which is described the passage of the court masque through London:—

"Aye, there they are—

Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,
Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.
These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not, neither do they spin—unless
It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves
The tithe that will support them till they crawl
Back to its cold hard bosom. Here is health
Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,
Waste by lank famine, wealth by squalid want,
And England's sin by England's punishment."

* Shelley's "Philosophical View of Reform." Extracts given in the *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1886.

The same was written in 1811. I would invite the critics who regard Shelley as a mere visionary and dreamer, to inform us where there is to be found in English poetry a passage in which the true relations of luxury and destitution are more ~~truly~~ more powerfully, and more movingly set forth.

There was more in another great humanitarian question, first of the treatment of crime. In Shelley's short essay "On the Penalty of Death," the best arguments of present-day reformers are anticipated. The death penalty, he says,

"under those customs which it is the chief object of civilization to extinguish for ever, and in the extinction of which alone there can be any hope of better institutions than those under which men now misgovern our nation. But first that their wrongs are justified, and that their severity is warranted, by the sufferings of beings in most respects resembling themselves; and their daily occupations constraining them to a painful task in all their thoughts, they come to connect inseparably the idea of their own advantage with that of the death and torture of others."

It would be scarcely possible to express more concisely, at the present day, the essential objection to every form of penal violence than is here done in Shelley's essay, written nearly ninety years back.

One further example of Shelley's practical adhesion to humanitarian principles will suffice. Perhaps no feature of his philosophy has been more often ridiculed than his vegetarianism; yet here not only the purest but also the most practical of personal humaneness but of practical insight. The food reform is now widely recognised as a necessary part of any well-considered scheme for humanising our relation toward the animals, and everyone who deals with the question of animals' rights is compelled to take some note of it. Alas! among the poets of his generation, Shelley was unwilling to sentimentalise about the beauty of kindness to animals, and at the same time "to slay the lamb that looks him in the face," or, what is still more immoral, to devolve that unpleasant process on another person.

We see, then, from the instances already given (and more could, if necessary, be quoted), that Shelley's humane principles were not, as some of his critics have supposed, mere phantasies and castles in the air, but were based on a firm foundation which has stood the test of time. Poet and child of the future

though he was, he had also a keen eye for the problems of the present, and if his references to contemporary events be compared with those of other writers of his period, in the light of subsequent history, he will be no sufferer by the comparison. His debt to Godwin, however, should be acknowledged in this connection; what we claim for him is not that he was what is known as an "original thinker," but that he instinctively grasped and assimilated—and, it should be added, practised in his own life—the most vital democratic conceptions, the ideas that were destined to survive and flourish and bear fruit hereafter—in many cases humanitarian fruit, as the Humanitarian League is alive to-day to testify. Even in matters of mere policy, the modern reformer (let us say the socialist, or the anti-vivisectionist or the vegetarian) may learn much of Shelley, as, for instance, in that vexed question of the acceptance or refusal of "compromise," the adoption or rejection of what are called "lesser measures," which is apt to divide our forces, quite unnecessarily, into two camps. "You know," wrote Shelley to a friend, "my principles incite me to take all the good I can get, for ever aspiring to something more. I am one of those whom nothing will ever fully satisfy, but who are ready to be partially satisfied in all that is practicable." Would that many of us to-day had the same practical wisdom!

But the practical is only one side, and not the more important side, of a poet's equipment; for he will not be bounded by the nearer humanitarian horizon, but will soar into those remoter regions which are inaccessible to the unimaginative mind. And in Shelley's case, as we all know, the power of imagination was supreme. I do not wish to repeat what has been said of his genius on this score by literary critics; it is sufficient to remember that his "Prometheus Unbound" has been described as "a dizzy summit of lyric inspiration, where no foot but Shelley's ever trod before," and this by the *Quarterly Review*, which in Shelley's lifetime had dismissed the very same poem as "drivelling prose run mad." What I wish to emphasise is the fact that Shelley's imaginative faculty is quite as conspicuous in his humanitarian as in his poetical capacity; and it was by virtue of this gift of imagination that

the poet's own view of himself. His famous description of himself in "Stanzas on Music" comes to mind:—

"A wandering minstrel, ever with his harp
The unworldly passions of the earth."

It is not that I think it true in the strange idea that there is something "musical" in such sensibility as if a stolid indifference to other persons' sufferings were an indication of beauty; but the theory has been, as a rule, fought rather by Mr. Shelley's humanitarian sympathies, while innumerable others have been put in its poetic poems. Yet even from the human point of view of the literary critic, this seems to be a mistake. It is irrational to suppose that the fiery conviction of a lifetime could fail to leave its indelible mark on the verse. Mr. Herbert is in error therefore when—

"If we seek for a more real sympathetic life for Shelley's poetical enthusiasm in the literature and thought of his age, we shall call it the Poetry of Love. It is not merely that Shelley was animated and heartened by the spirit of love. His language everywhere speaks love; and it is this that gives us some of the distinctive marks of passionate tenderness which his poems possess and never forgetful and his followers have never been able to equal."

Love was in fact the guiding principle of Shelley's life and thought. "I have no other aim," he says, "whatever my power may be, than to be subjected to the same sufferings as the commonest of humanity. The only perfect happiness possible is that which comprehends every living being." Shelley himself was in the very last taken a vow in the name of humanity, and in the introductory stanzas of "The Song of the Minstrel" he tells the story of his early resolution and self-sacrifice.

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend, when first
The dawn which wung the world from youth did pass.
Thou rememberest well the hour which bore
My spirit's song: a forest May-Garden it was,
When I walked first upon the glittering grass,
And went, I know not why: and there rose
From the deep wood-echoes voices that alas!
To tell me the tale of a world of woes—
Of slaves and grating wails of tyrants and of foes."

"And then I clasped my hands and looked around,
 But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
 Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground—
 So without shame, I spake:—'I will be wise,
 And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
 Such power, for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
 Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
 My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold."

How faithfully this youthful vow was kept is known to every reader of Shelley's life. "If ever," wrote Leigh Hunt, "there was a man upon earth of a more spiritual nature than ordinary, partaking of the errors and perturbations of his species, but seeing and working through them with a seraphical purpose of good, such an one was Percy Bysshe Shelley." And it was felt by all who knew him that the inscription *cor cordium* placed on Shelley's tombstone was the truest and fittest tribute that could have been conceived.

It is the regenerating power of Love that forms the main subject of Shelley's most characteristic poems. "Queen Mab," "Laon and Cythna," and "Prometheus Unbound," however great the differences that mark them in style and workmanship—ranging as they do from the juvenile to the mature, from the didactic to the imaginative, from the polemical to the ideal—are all three alike in this, that they equally celebrate the peaceful triumph of humanitarian principles. They form, in fact, one great humanitarian "trilogy," each part of which represents a certain phase in Shelley's career. Take, for example, the following stanza from "Laon and Cythna":—

"To feel the peace of self-contentment's lot,
 To own all sympathies and outrage none,
 And in the inmost bowers of sense and thought,
 Until life's sunny day is quite gone down,
 To sit and smile with Joy, or, not alone,
 To kiss salt tears from the worn cheek of Woe;
 To live as if to love and live were one—
 This is not faith or law, nor those who bow
 To thrones on heaven or earth such destiny may know."

"To live as if to love and live were one." Would it be possible to sum up more gloriously, in a single line of ten words, the essence of what we call humanitarianism?

THE HUMANE REVIEW.

when we come to the "Prometheus Unbound," the masterpiece of Shelley's Italian period, that we see the highest of his genius. There is a legend told of one of his ancestors which may be considered prophetic of the trilogy which I am speaking.

"Sir Guyon de Shelley," runs the story, "one of the most famous of the Paladins, carried about with him three conchs, fastened to the inside of his shield, tipped respectively with brass, with silver, and with gold. When he blew the first shell, all giants, however huge, fled before him. When he put the second to his lips, all spells were broken, all enchantments dissolved. When he made the third conch, the golden vocal, the law of the gods was instantly exalted, and the law of the devil annulled as it were, over the potent sound reached."

"Prometheus Unbound," the golden shell of the legend, is a poem of liberated humanity, the supreme expression of humanitarian feeling in the nineteenth century. Witness the concluding

"This is the quest, the downward void abyss
At the Earth's base, the for Heaven's despotism,
And Conquest, the live through the deep :
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

"Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength ;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to re-assume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;
To love and bear ; to hope, till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent—
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

It will be noted that the "victory" which is the final word of Shelley's great poem, is a peaceful and bloodless one ; there is indeed no truth on which he more frequently and strongly insists than the wickedness of vengeance. "I have avoided," he says, in preface to "Laon and Cythna," "all flattery to those violent and malignant passions which are ever on the watch to mingle with and to alloy the most beneficial innovations." The stanzas in his "Masque of Anarchy," in which he develops his doctrine of non-resistance, are well known, and curiously anticipate certain features of Tolstoy's teaching. The true patriot, he tells us, in his "Philosophical View of Reform," will exhort the people peaceably to defy their oppressors, "and to wait with folded arms the event of the fire of the artillery, and receive with unshrinking bosoms the bayonets of charging battalions."

I would say a few words, before concluding, on Shelley's attitude towards the lower animals—a very important part of any estimate of humanitarian sympathies. There is nothing more delightful in Shelley than the utter absence of the "Superior Person" (would that the same could be said of many of his critics!), both as regards his human and non-human fellow-beings. Whenever he speaks of animals, it is with an instinctive, childlike, and perfectly natural sense of kinship and brotherhood. Thus in "Alastor," in the invocation of Nature, we find him saying:—

"If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred."

And the same tone runs through the famous lines in "Queen Mab":—

"No longer now the wingéd habitants,
That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,
Flee from the form of man ; but gather round,
And prune their sunny feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch in friendly sport
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.
All things are void of terror ; man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals."

And again, in his description of the Lady of the Garden, in his " Sensitive Plant " :—

" And all killing insects, and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore, in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

" In a basket of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent."

How different is this spirit of friendship and equality from that which we too often see even in professed "lovers of animals"—that air of remote superiority and patronage which makes one feel that some good people, however much they may be moved (to their great credit) by pity and justice for animal suffering, are very far from *understanding* the beings whom they would protect !

It is now, I trust, sufficiently evident that Shelley's claim to be classed as a Pioneer of Humanitarianism is a genuine one; indeed I think the question for us is not so much whether Shelley is qualified to be our predecessor, as whether *we* are qualified to be followers of Shelley. Certainly, of all reformers, humanitarians have most reason to be grateful to him for the example he has set them; and I would suggest that the two best methods of expressing that gratitude are, first, to study his writings as a whole, sympathetically and fully, and not in that purblind partial way which has led to such misunderstanding in the past; and, secondly, what is still more important, to try, in our own lives, to put his principles into practice. The first was the way of the Shelley Society; the second is the way of the Humanitarian League. They are the only forms of "hero-worship" which are worthy of rational men.

HENRY S. SALT.

NOTES.

THE course of lectures on "Pioneers of Humanitarianism," organised by the Humanitarian League, is in several ways interesting. As a rule the League, like other humane societies, discusses at its meetings the subjects with which its publications deal, and very gruesome subjects some of them are; so that the change from the study of principles to the study of persons affords an agreeable interlude in the humanitarian campaign. There is sometimes an advantage, too, in this indirect method of work; for people will often listen more readily to unpopular doctrines when associated with the life and character of a great man, than when directly forced on their notice—so much pleasanter is it to admire from a comfortable distance the humanity of other persons than to stand face to face with the practice of it oneself. The Pioneers selected for consideration at the League's meetings are Shelley, Tolstoy, Ruskin, and Wagner, all of whom may be regarded as the founders of schools of thought, and, as such, likely to cause the keener discussion. But there are, of course, a number of other great writers, who, but for the necessity of limiting the list of lectures, might almost as well have been chosen. The fact that critics and biographers, in treating of the writings and lives of great men, almost always depreciate or wholly ignore any *humanitarian* tendencies as a mere whim or eccentricity, makes it the more necessary that this bias should be rectified by such a lecture-course as that of which we speak. It is as impossible to understand such men as Shelley and Tolstoy without taking note of their humanitarianism as it would be without considering their literary power.

THE retirement of Mr. William Tallack from the secretaryship of the Howard Association creates an opportunity, which we trust the Committee of that Society will not overlook, for making the work of the Howard Association more worthy of the name of Howard. Mr. Tallack (like many another *quondam* reformer who has gradually become a Rip Van Winkle) has identified the policy of his Society with that of prison officialdom, and has apparently quite failed to recognise the immense strides that have been made during the last decade or two in the science of criminal anthropology. The Howard Association's influence has of late undoubtedly been *against*, rather than in favour of, the humanising of public opinion as regards the treatment of prisoners, and this it is that has necessitated the formation of such bodies as the Romilly Society and the Prison Department of the Humanitarian League. We say with confidence that it would be far better for the cause of prison reform that the Howard Association should cease to exist than that it should continue to be conducted on the same lines as in recent years; and we therefore sincerely hope that the new Secretary will abandon the well-meant but mischievous tactics of his predecessor.

THE Metropolitan Public Gardens Association has done most valuable work in securing and beautifying for the public a number of open spaces in and around London; but its council undoubtedly made an unfortunate mistake in deciding a few months ago to petition the London County Council for the establishment of what have been called "miniature Zoos" in a number of the public parks and gardens. Viewed in the light of modern studies in animal psychology, the practice of caging wild animals and birds for the amusement of the public is the very reverse of being what some good people seem still to consider it—humane. The curiosity which such exhibitions awaken is not an intelligent curiosity, but a senseless and callous one, since it leaves out of account the fact that freedom and free movement are the very breath of life to a genuine wild animal. The denial of these conditions render the Zoological Gardens, and all similar places, as nearly useless as possible for the purposes for which they were designed, and we rejoice to know that owing to the action taken by the Humanitarian League (which had just published Mr. Edmund Selous's excellent pamphlet "The Old Zoo and the New") the London County Council has decided against an extension of the stupid system of bars and cages. It cannot be too widely known that the Zoo, for all its innocent exterior, is a veritable "concentra-

tion camp " of the animals, the rate of mortality among the monkeys, and more delicate species, being a terribly high one. How much better, then, and more interesting, both from the scientific and the humanitarian standpoint, to encourage the presence of *free* birds, such as the gulls and woodpigeons, than to turn our parks and gardens into prisons and mortuaries.

WHY do not humanitarians, sanitarians, and social reformers of all kinds, bestir themselves to induce the London County Council to carry into effect the strong recommendations of their own Officer of Health for the abolition of private slaughter-houses and the substitution of well-ordered abattoirs under municipal control? The scandalous postponement of this much-needed measure is a glaring instance of the way in which trade-interests are allowed (even by a strong Progressive majority) to override the interests of the public. With the exception of the butchers themselves, and a few agriculturists who imagine, quite wrongly, that their interests would suffer by the change, there is probably no citizen who is not in favour of the municipalisation of slaughter-houses; yet owing to the clamour made by the Meat Trade, and the fear of losing trade votes, the last Council allowed the subject to drop, and the present Council has shown no inclination to deal with it. It is for London Progressives to make it clear to the Council, that they too, like the butchers, have votes, and that a question of great national importance cannot be thus shelved in order that a mere handful of traders may continue to profit at the expense of the unfortunate Londoners who have to eat diseased meat, and the still more unfortunate animals who have to be killed in a very barbarous manner.

A FRENCH writer, M. Paul Nourrisson, has recently published a work entitled "*L'Association contre le Crime*," in which he maintains that the exclusive right of prosecution, which is reserved in France for the State, is productive of various evils which tend to weaken the proper administration of the law. For example, he thinks that the prevention of cruelty to children, or to animals, is better secured under the English and American systems, which permit private societies to prosecute offenders, than under the French system by which the police alone can prosecute. That certain disadvantages must attend exclusive State-action in such cases we do not doubt (especially so long as "the State" is

organised in the interests of the upper and moneyed classes, and not of the people as a whole); but we would point out that the system of permitting private agencies to prosecute is also a cause of very serious wrong. For example, though societies formed for the protection of animals may do good work in punishing breaches of the present (very imperfect) law, they are almost powerless for agitating for the much needed extension and improvement of the law, because they inevitably number among their subscribers persons who, while ready to condemn *legal* cruelty, are themselves responsible for other practices which *ought* to be legally prohibited, but are not. Private societies, therefore, find their work, or what ought to be their work, hampered and restricted by the presence among their members of men who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

It seems to us that the right system is for private societies to interest themselves in educating public opinion with a view to further legislation, while the administration of the existing law should be left to the police. Of course if the police will not do their duty, the system will fail. But do the private societies always do *theirs*? We think not. Certainly they fail very scandalously in their duty to *the future*, and that is why the law remains in its present ridiculous state.

WE rejoice to see that English humanity is not altogether dead on the subject of the South African war. The unspeakable disgrace of the Concentration Camps has roused a certain force of public opinion—about a thousandth part, perhaps, of what might have been expected if the sacrifice of child-life had taken place in Bulgaria, Armenia, or under any other administration than our own. Still, it is something that a section of the public should be humane enough to be unwilling to starve and kill the children of our enemies in these pestilent camps, and should be logical and honest enough to reject the silly and sophistical excuse that, after burning the homesteads of the Boers in defiance of every law of civilised warfare, we are doing a humane act in collecting the homeless refugees into these places of torment. Apologists of cruelty always talk nonsense; and the mountain of nonsense that has been written in defence of the Concentration Camps would alone go far to prove that the cruelty had been very great—even if there were no official figures to prove it.

REVIEWS.

The Criminal. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Third edition, revised, and enlarged; with forty illustrations. (Walter Scott & Co. 1901. 6s.)

This edition of Dr. Ellis's well-known work is in many respects a new book, for so great has been the progress of criminal anthropology during the past ten years that it has been necessary not only to revise, but to re-write most of the chapters. Among the many services which Dr. Ellis has performed for the cause of science and humanity, none, we think, have been more valuable than his attempt—already in part successful—to arouse the mind of this somewhat slow-witted country to a fact which has been more clearly recognised elsewhere—that the modern scientific explanation of “crime” is absolutely fatal to the present haphazard and irrational methods of dealing with “criminals.”

“If we recognise,” he says, “that the average criminal, whatever injustice he may have suffered at the hands of society, is at the same time often a more or less congenitally abnormal person, endowed with an ill-adjusted organism which fails to respond to the same social stimuli as the organisms by which it is surrounded, we ought to have little difficulty in discovering the proper method of dealing with criminals. . . . In dealing with the criminal it is useless to approach him with the antiquated blunderbuss of punishment; we must apply to him the most carefully adjusted and various measures to render him as far as possible a person who responds socially to the influences which rule in a civilised society.”

The method advocated by Dr. Ellis is the indeterminate, as opposed to the fixed, sentence of imprisonment, on the ground that “it is unreasonable—unjust alike to society and to the criminal—to let loose an anti-social person on society, unless we have made it probable that he will no longer be a source of misery to individuals

and treatment in the community. . . . Our lunatic asylums among the pauperized have become mental hospitals. Our prisons have now really become what it was long ago said they ought to be, *houses of horror*."

Perhaps the passage in Dr. Ellis's book of most interest to humanitarianism is that which deals with the vexed question of capital punishment. It would be well if our present-day flagellomaniacs, whose one argument is to discourage humanitarians as "sentimentalists," would take note of what is said on the subject of flogging by the most rational and dispassionate of scientific observers:—

"It was scarcely in necessary to say that in any effectual treatment flogging was now little used. The objections to flogging are by no means of a sentimental character. We have seen that the instinctive criminal, although when severely enough it by no means peculiarly sensitive to pain. Flogging is objectionable because it is ineffectual (as was shown long since, and because it brutalizes and degrades those on whom it is inflicted, those who inflict it, and those who come within the radius of its influence. . . . The method of flogging is so obviously unfit to improve and elevate any human being, that the impulse to inflict it can only spring from a taste of cruelty of the coarse kind as that which inspires the criminal, without his excuse of a morbid or defective imagination. It can only be said of those who advocate it, that they have no sympathy in the matter."

For it would be an injustice to Dr. Ellis to regard his book solely from a humanitarian standpoint, since its scope and aim are of the widest. It is a serious, sober, and truly scientific inquiry into the causes of crime, and it furnishes a striking proof that the genuine scientific method is not opposed to humanitarianism.

THE LIFE OF KAG. By EDWARD SETON-THOMPSON, Author of "WILD STORIES OF THE NORTH," etc. London: David Nutt. 1891. 3s. 6d.

A new book by Mr. Seton-Thompson is always a treat, whether regarded from the literary, the artistic, or the humanitarian standpoint. And the present work in our opinion will serve to maintain its author's reputation as the best of all story-tellers that deal with wild animal life. The biography—for such it is—of Krag, the famous man of the Rocky Mountains is a splendid piece of writing, and quite worthy to take its place beside Mr. Seton-Thompson's earlier stories of the Sable Wolf and the Grizzly Bear; indeed in some respects we think it surpasses all his previous efforts, in the

sense of absolute conviction with which it impresses the reader. By no other writer has the *individuality* of animals been so powerfully and clearly expressed. The illustrations, drawn by Mr. Seton-Thompson himself, are as charming as ever; and much praise is due to Mrs. Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson for her share in designing the cover, title-page, and general "make-up" of a very beautiful book.

In saying that humanitarians should delight in Mr. Seton-Thompson's works, we do not mean to imply that his way of looking at things is altogether the same as ours. In a very interesting Preface to the "Lives of the Hunted" he makes his position plain.

"In answer to a question many times put, I may say that I do not champion any theory of diet. I do not intend primarily to denounce certain field sports, or even cruelty to animals. My chief motive, my most earnest underlying wish, has been to stop the extermination of harmless wild animals; not for their sakes, but for ours, firmly believing that each of our native wild creatures is in itself a precious heritage that we have no right to destroy or put beyond the reach of our children."

He also tells us with reference to the wolf story in "Wild Animals," that he has been "bitterly denounced, first for killing Lobo; second, and chiefly, for telling of it to the distress of many tender hearts." We must say our sympathies are with Mr. Thompson in this matter, rather than with his hypercritical correspondents; for the prime duty of a writer is to deal with *facts*, and we cannot blink the fact that wild animals usually meet with a violent end. With Mr. Thompson's personal position, as (at one time) a hunter of wild animals, we are not at all concerned; that is his affair, not ours. But we rejoice that one who can speak from very intimate experience should thus bear witness, by his gift of vivid portraiture, to the humanitarian contention that animals are not mere unreasoning automata, but intelligent and rational beings, gifted with a personality like our own. How foolish, then, and narrow-minded to fall out with a brilliant writer who, directly or indirectly, is doing an immense service to our cause, because he is not, perhaps, a thorough-going humanitarian! Can we not rather congratulate ourselves that, starting from the opposite camp, he has advanced so far in our direction as may be gathered from passages like the following:—

"There was once a wretch who, despairing of other claims to notice, thought to achieve a name by destroying the most beautiful building on

earth. This is the mind of the head-hunting sportsman. The nobler the thing that he destroys, the greater the deed, the greater his pleasure, and the greater he considers his fame."

The book is one which should find an honoured place in every humanitarian library.

Scientific Research: a View from Within. By STEPHEN SMITH, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. (Elliot Stock, London, E.C. 2s.)

The anti-vivisectionist cause will be much strengthened by the publication of this book, which has the great advantage, as its title implies, of being the outcome of a full personal knowledge of what is meant by vivisection. Moreover, Dr. Smith is the possessor of an admirable literary style—a gift not too common among humanitarians—and writes with all the more effect because he does not waste words in rhetoric or denunciation; and, indeed, the practice of vivisection is far too terrible for any ordinary terms of abhorrence. Thus, after a calm and passionless description of a vivisection at Strassburg, Dr. Smith makes this brief but impressive remark:—

"I wish to make no comment on this scene. Well do I remember it. A fine spring day, the sun shining in at the window, the trees outside fresh and green. Inside, several educated men, under the auspices of a great University in civilized Germany, a helpless dog in their power. And—but I must refrain from comment. This dog fortunately escaped further operation. In a couple of days he was dead."

As regards the sentience of animals, Dr. Smith strongly combats the special pleading of vivisectionists that their victims cannot feel much pain. Here is his opinion on that point:—

"Since in the case of auditory, tactile, visual, and olfactory perception, we can say positively that man has no superiority to the lower animals, the inference is extremely strong that he has no keener perception of pain. And there are further grounds for believing this. Pain is not a by-product. It is of the utmost importance in the survival of the individual and race. Without it the child would plunge his hand into the fire. Without it he would take no precautions against injury. Without it the race would cease to exist. The more intense the perception of pain, the more the care to guard against it, and the better the chance of survival. By evolution, therefore, has pain-capacity been increased. In the lower animals it obviously serves the same purpose. As there is the same necessity for intense pain-capacity as in man, as evolution has played the same part in increasing it, all analogy enforces the conviction that it is no less present."

No intelligent person of unbiassed mind, who has been a friend and observer of the more highly organized animals, would for a moment accept the silly contention that they have not a keen perception of pain, even if all the scientists in the world were to insist on it. But it is well that a mischievous professional sophism should also be attacked "from within," and should be proved to be scientifically as well as practically ridiculous.

Concerning Cats : My own and some others. By HELEN M. WINSLOW. (London : David Nutt. 6s. net.)

This handsome book, which will be much prized by cat-lovers, is the work of an American writer who has evidently that profound knowledge of the character of the Cat to which only complete sympathy can attain. The book is a perfect mine of information about cats, commencing with several chapters about individual cats of the author's acquaintance, and going on to speak of historic cats, cat clubs and cat shows, cats in poetry and art, cat hospitals, cat language, the general treatment of cats, and many other subjects. The writer does full justice to the peculiar characteristics of the Cat—the strange mixture of sensitiveness and tenacity, so different from the more pliant nature of the Dog—and, like all real observers of animals, bears strong witness to the fact that "cats have an intelligence which is widely different from instinct." The volume is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and altogether as suitable a gift-book as one could desire.

The Ethical Philosophy of Sidgwick. By F. H. HAYWARD, M.A., B.Sc. (London), B.A. (Cantab.), Fellow of the College of Preceptors. (London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1901.)

A very careful study of Professor Sidgwick's philosophical writings. The chapters which have most interest for humanitarians are those which deal with "Ethics and Evolution" and "The Three Maxims of Philosophical Intuitionism" (Benevolence, Egoism, Justice).

Thought Power: Its Control and Culture. By ANNIE BESANT. (Theosophical Publishing Society. 1s. 6d. net.)

The object of this book, as we learn from the Preface, is "to help the student to study his own nature, so far as its intellectual part is concerned." "If he masters the principles herein laid down," says

the author, "he will be in a fair way to co-operate with Nature in his own evolution, and to increase his mental stature far more rapidly than it is possible while he remains ignorant of the conditions of his growth." It is addressed primarily to Theosophists, but as their minds do not differ materially in nature from those of other persons, it would be a great pity if the book should be limited in its circulation from the fact that it is published by the Theosophical Society. It seems to us very clearly to explain the nature of thought and the way in which it can be guided and turned to the best advantage. As the author reminds us, we cannot avoid thinking to some extent, however weak may be the thought-currents which we generate, and also we must by our thoughts affect those around us whether we wish it or not. The question we have to decide is whether we will do this beneficially or mischievously, feebly or strongly, driftingly or of set purpose. The chapters on Memory, Concentration, Worry and the Strengthening of Thought-Power seem to us likely to be especially helpful.

The Songs of a Child ; and Other Poems. By "DARLING" (Lady Florence Douglas, now Lady Florence Dixie). Leadenhall Press. London, E.C. 1s.

"These songs," says the author in her preface, "were written between the age of ten and seventeen years, but I leave them untouched, and exactly as they emanated from the pen of childhood's days." The book contains a coloured frontispiece portrait of the child-poet, some verses addressed to her by Bulwer Lytton, and a number of poems breathing that love of open-air life and humanity to all sentient beings which characterises Lady Florence Dixie's writings.

Beautiful Birds. By EDMUND SELOUS, author of "Tommy Smith's Animals." With many illustrations by HUBERT D. ASTLEY. (London : J. M. Dent & Co., Bedford Street, W.C.)

No one can write for the young more charmingly than Mr. Selous, as all readers of "Tommy Smith's Animals" are well aware. The present book is a plea for the preservation of the many beautiful birds that are being ruthlessly exterminated, and Mr. Selous's idea is to make the child extract a promise from the mother to abstain from the wearing of feathers. Nothing could be more fitting than that the child should be the peace-maker between the bird-world and mankind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DARWINISM AND HUMANITARIANISM.

To the Editor of THE HUMANE REVIEW.

Sir,—While thanking you for your very friendly review of my book on "Darwin as Ethical Thinker," I should esteem it a great favour if you would allow me to indicate shortly the exact position I take with regard to Darwinism and Humanitarianism.

1. Your reviewer holds that "Darwin's main doctrine of evolution is in no way antagonistic to our principles." Darwin's main doctrine of evolution? What is that? Long before Darwin, the main doctrine of evolution was well and effectively stated, from the philosophic side, by Kant, more especially in his earlier purely scientific works (see Prof. Wm. Hastie's "Kant's Cosmogony"), in Hegel's *Phænomologie*, Goethe's and Oken's works and other works, and they have had a continuous line of followers. On the purely scientific side again, it was clearly intimated by Lamarck and Buffon; hence the new school of evolutionists like Professor Cope and his followers in America call themselves "Neo-Lamarckians." There have been Lamarckians working and writing ever since. Old Hutton's Uniformitarianism was a general evolution so far, and Sir Charles Lyell followed him. Mr. Herbert Spencer had laid down clearly the main outlines of his evolutionary scheme long before Charles Darwin began to publish popular books, "Origin of Species" even. "Darwin's main doctrine of evolution!" and so put as though he were the prescriptive, and putative, and real father of evolution. No; he was here but an echo, if not a mere borrower, and borrowed long-derived ideas; for vague glimpses of an evolu-

tionary system, surely you will admit, come forth upon us now and then even from some of the ancients, and on the main doctrine of evolution Darwin did nothing new, brought little or no new light.

That I am absolutely right in this distinction see even the "Century Dictionary," "Darwin" and "Darwinism"—which is express and unhesitating on this point, that "Darwinism" is not to be confounded with the general doctrine of evolution: it has been more or less effectively enounced from comparatively early times.

In one word, you get help to convey a humanitarian influence into Darwin by implicitly crediting him with a discovery which is not his; a main doctrine to which he has no claim as originator; a theory which was definitely public property long, long before Darwin's time, and had been illustrated in many, many ways.

2. Then what did Darwin do? He set forth some most *mechanical processes* by which this evolution was to be regarded as supported. There was first *natural selection*. Nature having somehow anteriorly got a step forward in producing variations (method and process of this entirely unexplained) so slight as hardly to be noticeable gave natural selection a chance; she chose what among these were so fitted to be useful, so worthy of what he called fixation and permanence as to be regarded then as a variety first, and afterwards possibly as a species; but Mr. Charles Darwin was from first to last haunted by the fate of those other variations which he classed as "neither useful nor injurious"; he was in the greatest difficulty about these, and for a long while took no notice of them, and left the reader to suppose they had become *non-est* till questions were raised; and then he had to admit the possibility of fixation in their case too; the further he went here the more difficulty he had, and now Dr. Russel Wallace demonstrates that variations are not slight, but in a large percentage of cases vary as much as from 5 to 25 per cent. on the average of variations. "Slightness" here was a most indefinite handy something for Mr. Darwin, but, loose as it was, it would not become workable, and on that point, to the last, he never got quite at his ease or was in the least logically satisfactory. Now we know that the large percentage of variations are not slight, nor are they invariably effected with the slowness he at first laid down as absolute. And Professor Hugo de Vries of Amsterdam, in his new work, now demonstrates that new species appear suddenly by "mutation," and never as the outcome of a progressive and gradual development from *very slight* variations.

3. Mr. Darwin's real contribution was thus only a mechanical process, which, in its main lines, the works of his own disciples steadily tend to discredit. Here they are all alike, and discredit it in the very measure of their independence and ability for original research from Dr. Russel Wallace in our own country, to Haeckel, Weismann, and others in Germany.

4. Mr. Darwin's ascent of man, in his system, was no true ascent. If the mind is the measure of the man, he subdued the conclusions of man's mind to the level of arbitrariness and unworthiness and valuelessness, which he said he found in animals; he found his true affinity between man and brute in lawlessness, disregard of true order. He came to lay less and less weight on the facts of mutual aid among animals, as demonstrated over and over again, and as Prince Kropotkin anew demonstrated them, not so very many years ago in the *Nineteenth Century*, he brought man's mind as far as he could down to the level of inconclusiveness and untrustworthiness and valuelessness that he satisfied himself he had found in the brute; and this was all on a level with his deliberately and systematically tracing what Dante called the "divine smile" in man to the exercise of the same muscles, &c., as gives us the snarl of the carnivora. Darwin, in one word, degraded man to find points of what he thought contact with the animals; and so far did he go that his latest position was that of pure and undiluted pessimism. This pessimism, however, was illogical, and the result of one-sided observation divorced from true thought. Natural selection and survival of the fittest prevailed among the brutes, according to him; it did not prevail among men; hence his mourning in his last days over its non-prevalence in human societies, to the utter ruin of his system; for here is a sphere, the very highest, where another law, some other law than that of natural selection and survival of the fittest prevails. Evolution with Darwin, therefore, is not truly continuous, but has great breaks: one of them directly between man and brute.

5. Man is thus cut off, according to Darwin, from the animals; if structure and other physical traits seem to indicate kinship, there is and can be no true kinship by mind and soul; man and the societies he forms are not subject to the same law as brute societies at all; and here there is a great gulf fixed which Darwin with all his power and ingenuity could not pass over. Nor have any of his followers done yet what he so conspicuously failed to do. Dr. Russel Wallace has tried hard only to make matters worse. If the dictum of Darwin holds that animals and animal societies are under the law

higher than man, since in his tail there are but three coccygeal bones to man's four—less 'of a tail, really, you see!*" Darwin acknowledged that poetry, art, and the drama—mediums that are recognised as channels special for human and humane ideas—had become not only unattractive to him but disliked by him, that as to certain scenes and subjects he had become "colour-blind"; and the humanitarian who compiles a book of poems about animals so as to influence youth to humane views and habits is proceeding directly in the teeth of Darwin's own final recorded convictions; and by the very act condemns him and his convictions. If all this is correct, I do not see how or where humanitarianism can get much support out of pure and doubtful scientific curiosity. Scientific curiosity, even in its best phase is, or tends to be, opposed to human sympathy and to its application and full play; and I thought that to set free the one and put limits on the other was the first object of the Humanitarian League and of all true humanitarians.

8. Is not the "nature red in tooth and claw" often cited against you as a justification for inhuman sports and practices? If men did not sport and practise cruelties on the lower creatures, nature herself would affect the same destructions, by processes only a little less sudden, and not a whit more merciful. Few animals in the wild state die of sheer old age and exhaustion—very few—they end by violence. I cannot help recalling one of the great Sir Henry Maine's arguments so far in justification of war; he said that what was destroyed by war would have been destroyed or eaten up by ordinary nature-processes in a very little longer time. True; but only over the range of what may be called the lower necessities—food, clothing, and so forth. It does not apply to the loftier province of mental and artistic products. They do not perish with the using, as for example, pictures, statues, fine art, furniture, jewels, heirlooms, &c. So exactly as Sir Henry's principle does not touch the most vital sphere, so neither does Mr. Darwin's. It is nature red in tooth and claw with him; and he mourns—yes, he mourns—that "nature red in tooth and claw" does not triumph absolutely in human societies as it seemed to him to do throughout in brute societies. So here it appears to me that neither the rule nor the exception to the rule, as held by Mr. Darwin, works to your support. For it was a deep-laid regret that there was any exception. What he went for was

* Coccygeal = caudal or tail.

"nature red in tooth and claw" throughout, and was mournful that it was not so. If you find support for humanitarianism in such a final result I confess I cannot in a single step follow you.

9. Another point still. Mr. Darwin, on his first arrival in the Galapagos Islands, long unvisited of men, found the birds and other shy forest creatures so utterly fearless, and with so profound a trust in man, that they looked curiously and lovingly at him so close that he could have pushed them down, as he says, with a walking-stick or the muzzle of his gun, and that the birds alighted on the pitchers of water as the men carried them, to drink; and he goes on to generalize and to say that all such creatures in such places have no fear of man any more than the birds have of the sheep and cattle in our own fields. The late true humanitarian, F. W. Newman, has a very characteristic snatch of verse on this, set with effect into the prose of one of his books. And yet Mr. Darwin, before he left the Galapagos, began such a slaughter for scientific specimens as quite transformed the feelings, &c., of the birds and animals, I am certain, in that Galapagos paradise. Dr. Russel Wallace has told that he was so busy collecting (that is, killing and employing Blacks or Malays to kill innocent and beautiful creatures) in the Malay Archipelago that some important things he was quite unable to observe. Thoreau, on the other hand, declared that he had never killed a creature in order to observe it, and yet he observed many things to good purpose, as Waterton did, who, by the by, would not allow a gun to be fired during the greater part of the year at Walton Hall, nor a boat on the lake. The one class I hold are the unhumanitarian and the other the humanitarian naturalists. For tell me, please, what, in principle, is the difference between killing innocent and beautiful creatures almost indiscriminately for money or for scientific fame and killing them for money and to gratify the sense of sport, though indeed, the sense of sport in my idea can hardly be wholly eliminated even from such scientific enjoyments and achievements. Such killing anyway does not seem to me to provide a man with a very good argument from his own conduct (as the dyer's hand gets subdued to what it works in) for contesting the right of men to go sporting or vivisectioning or cruelly butchering or what you will. I do not think that either Darwin or Wallace show much on the side of humanitarianism here, if you do. And I have made bold to mention this, just to show how directly theory and scientific conviction bear on practice here as elsewhere, and will not be separated. Evolution with Darwin and such slaughter! well, they must go together,

and you must take both of them, and reconcile them, as best you may.

So that on these following points I am as appears at present somewhat on the other side from you.

1. We most certainly do not owe the general idea of evolution in any sense whatever to Darwin, so that it cannot properly be said to be "Darwin's main doctrine," as though he had first of all stated and formulated it.

2. We do owe to him a clumsy, confused, and most mechanical attempt to explain on one side the processes of evolution, natural selection, and survival of the fittest, with variations of origin unexplained, which so rose that natural selection itself became merely secondary again.

3. That in his development of his scheme he was compelled on the highest plane—mind, soul, sympathy, spirit—to make a great gulf of separation between animals and men, which even Dr. Russel Wallace has completely failed to do away with.

4. The existence of this great gulf in Darwin's thought has presented grounds and justification for the greatest scientific enormities. It would be hard to say how far this allied itself with his pessimistic temper which grew more and more towards the end.

5. Therefore I say that humanitarianism strictly owes little to Charles Darwin if it does owe much to many, who, like Mivart and H. D. Thoreau, were strictly evolutionist, yet held by strong lines of sympathy and tendencies of mind that made the lower creatures to them like "undeveloped men, on their defence, awaiting their transformation"—the one ground, availing ground, for true humanitarianism, as I hold.

6. Mr. Darwin's confessed later dislike of and intolerance of poetry, art, and drama, even of Shakespeare which he said he could no longer read.

7. "The nature red in tooth and claw" argument, efficient from the side of Darwin's clearest deliverances.

8. Darwin's slaughter of the shy, trustful birds and quadrupeds in the Galapagos, and Dr. Russel Wallace's "collecting" in the Malay Archipelago, &c., do not seem to me to illustrate the best ways to establish kinship. But for me, I regard such conduct as quite consistent with Mr. Darwin's principles from one side.

9. Thoreau and Waterton are humanitarian naturalists; what were these other two from this our special point of view?

10. These were my grounds for coming, after a lengthy and I think faithful attempt to view matters from the scientific side, to agree with Miss F. Power Cobbe that Charles Darwin had "*done infinite damage to the cause of humanity.*" If humanity owes anything to the general doctrine of evolution, it owes little to Darwin's illogical and contradictory and wholly helpless mechanical method of trying to explain its workings.

Yours very faithfully and obliged,

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

16, Coram Street, W.C.

While we willingly publish Dr. Japp's interesting letter (without in any way endorsing his view of Darwin or his system), we would point out that the words actually used by us were not "Darwin's main doctrine of evolution," but "the main doctrine of Darwinism, the idea of evolution." What we insisted on was that *the idea of evolution* is not antagonistic to humanitarianism. As to Darwin's particular presentation of the theory, we are not, as humanitarians, specially concerned to defend it.—*Editor HUMANE REVIEW.*

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

Hon. Sec.: HENRY S. SALT.

53, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

The Humanitarian League has been established on the basis of an intelligible and consistent principle of humanness—that it is iniquitous to inflict suffering, directly or indirectly, on any sentient being, except when self-defence or absolute necessity can be justly pleaded.

To secure the co-operation of those who are in sympathy with some particular branch of the work, four special departments have been formed—

- (1) Criminal Law and Prison Reform;
- (2) Sports;
- (3) Humane Diet and Dress;
- (4) Children's Department.

Each of these Departments issues literature and organises meetings of its own, in addition to the regular series of pamphlets and volumes issued by the Central Committee.

Humanity, the journal of the League, contains a monthly record of the work done by the League and its Departments. Price 1d.

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Owing to this Society's operations many brutal sports and practices have become illegal, the Statutes made for the protection of domestic animals having been enacted and enforced mainly by its influence. It is an educational and punitive agency. It disseminates in schools, and among persons having the care of animals, its monthly journals (*The Animal World* and *Band of Mercy*) and other papers and pamphlets, which inculcate the duty and profitableness of kindness to animals; and by its officers, who are engaged in all parts of the kingdom, it cautions and punishes persons guilty of offences. (To show the extent and importance of these proceedings it need only be stated that upwards of 7,000 offenders are convicted annually.) Thus, while its primary object is the protection of creatures who minister to man's wants, it is obvious that in no less degree it seeks to elevate human nature.

JOHN COLAM, *Secretary*.

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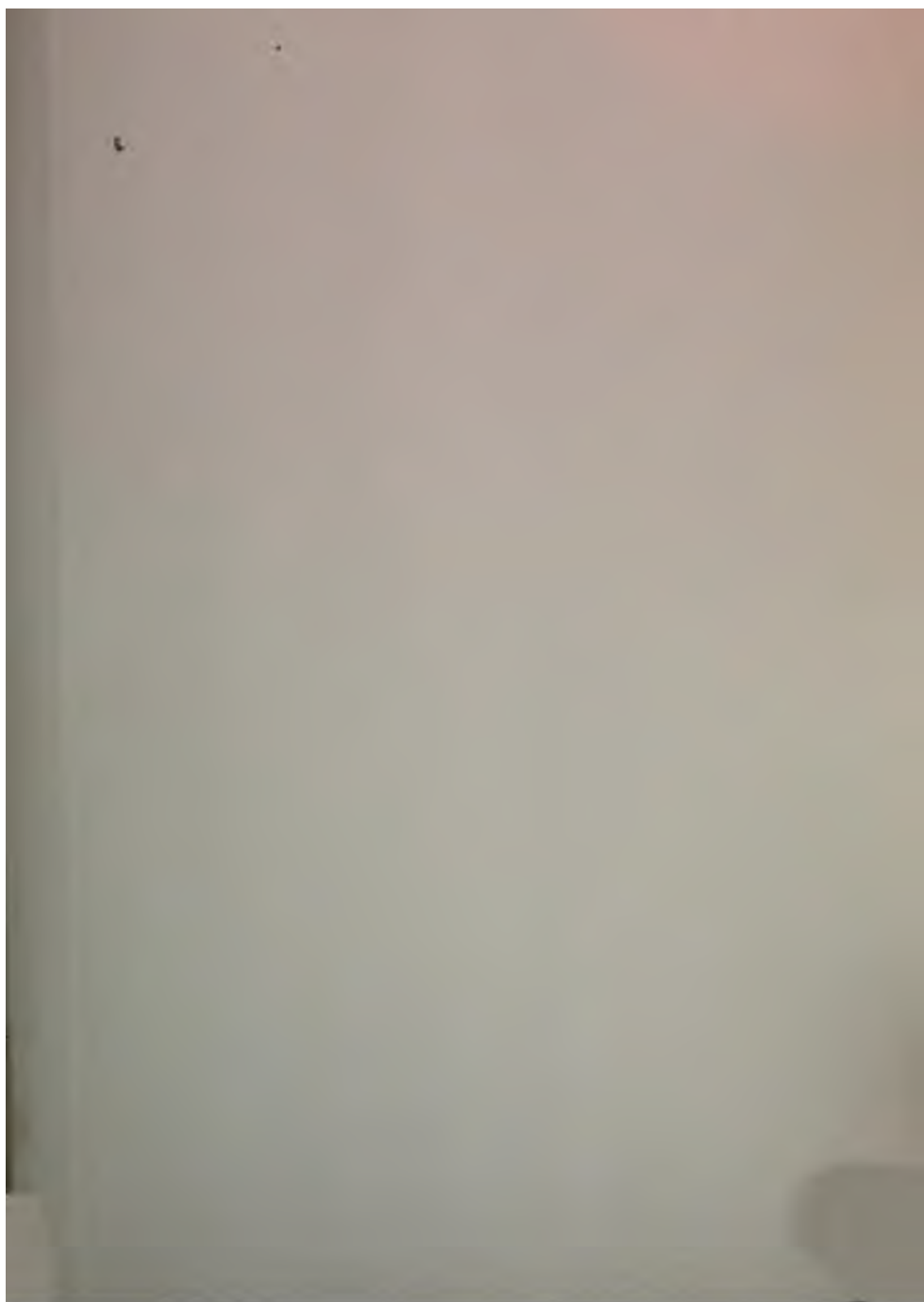
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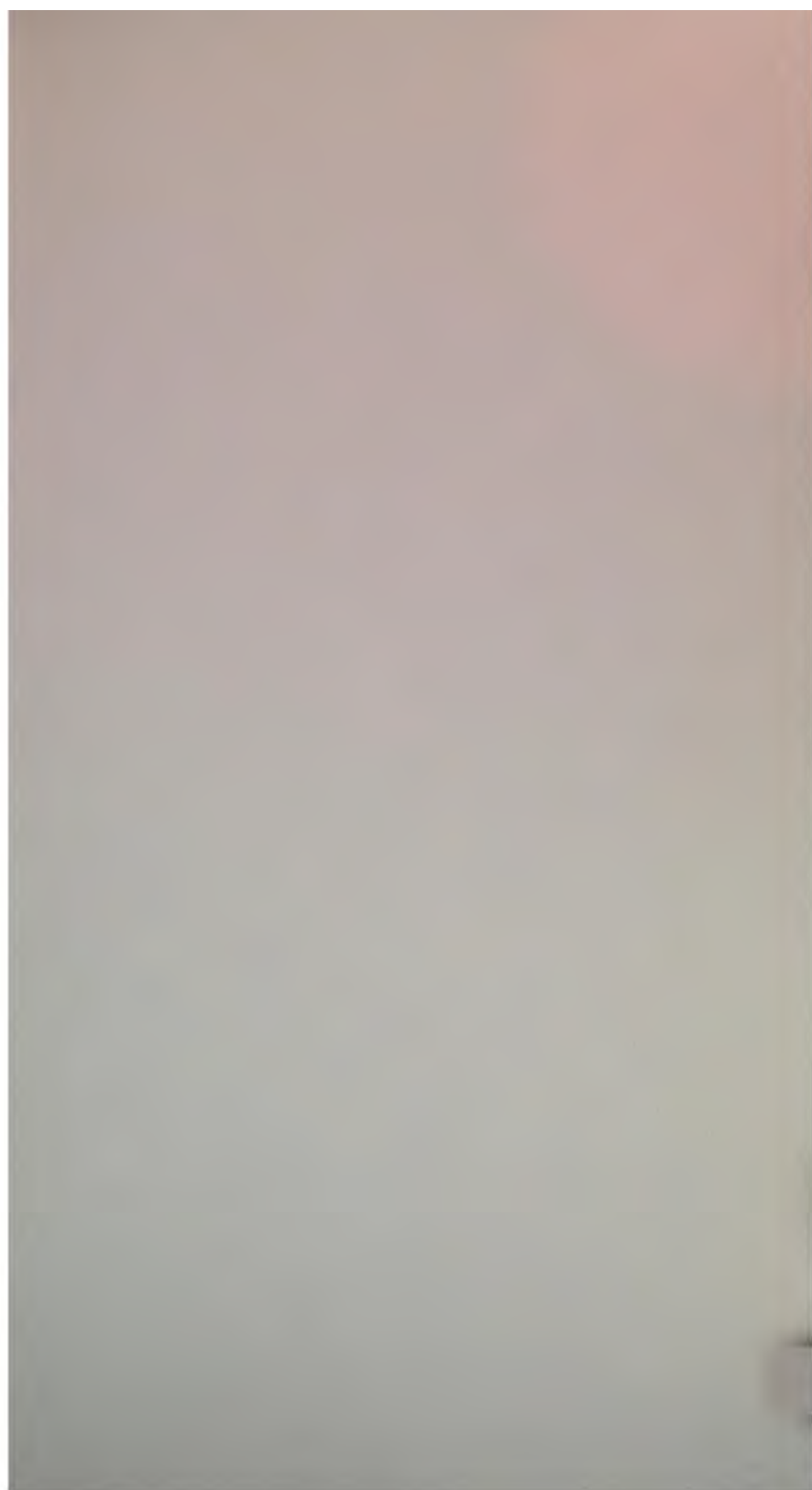
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